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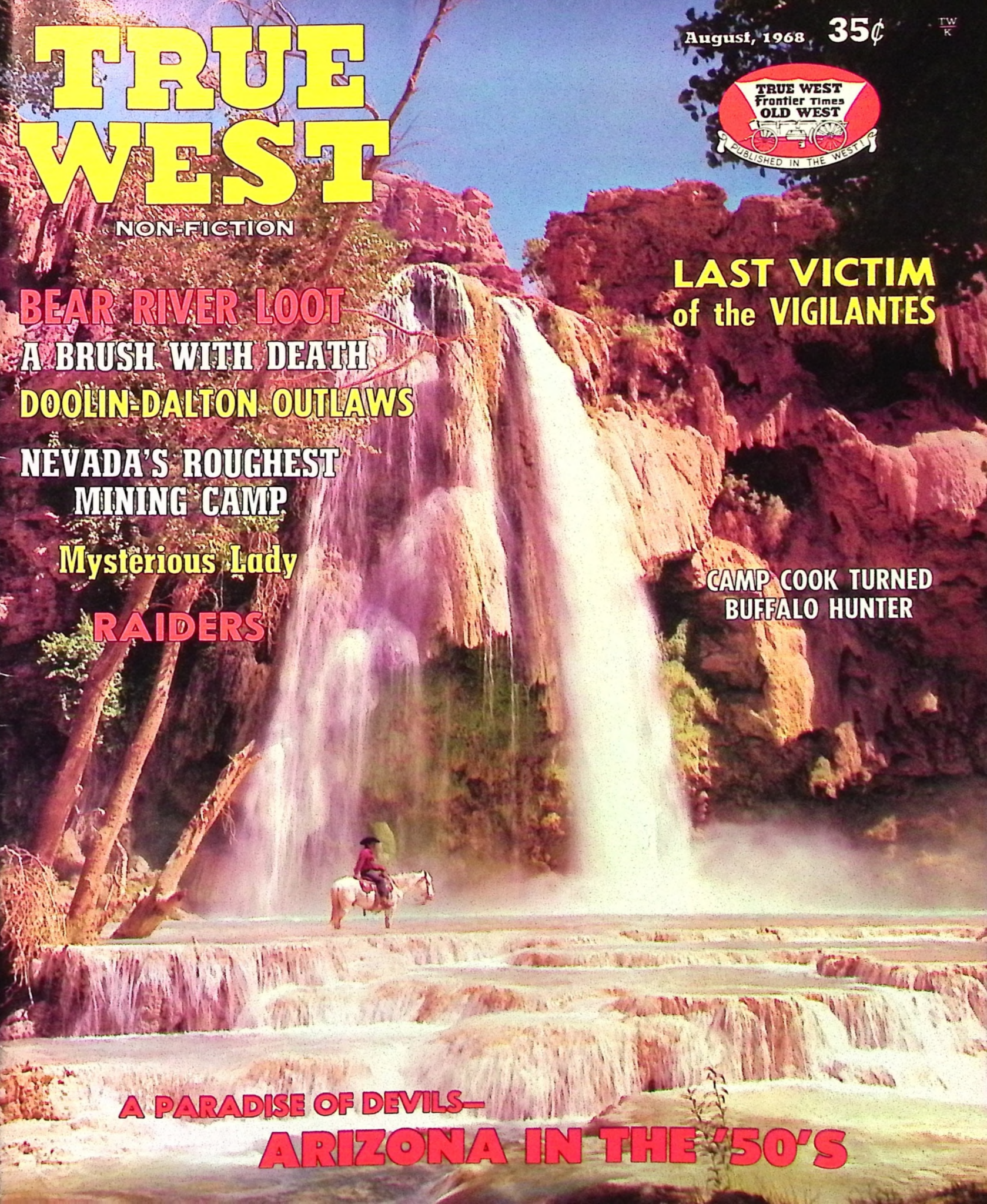
August, 1968 35¢



BEAR RIVER LOOT

A BRUSH WITH DEATH

DOOLIN-DALTON OUTLAWS

NEVADA'S ROUGHEST MINING CAMP

Mysterious Lady

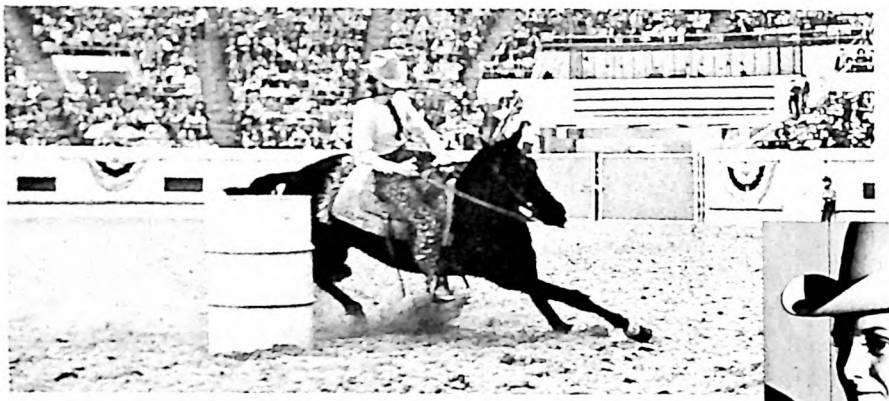
RAIDERS

LAST VICTIM of the VIGILANTES

CAMP COOK TURNED BUFFALO HUNTER

A PARADISE OF DEVILS—

ARIZONA IN THE '50'S



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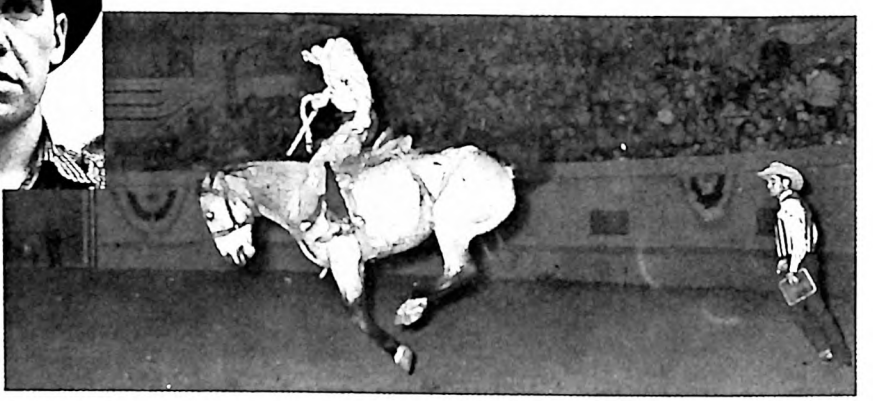

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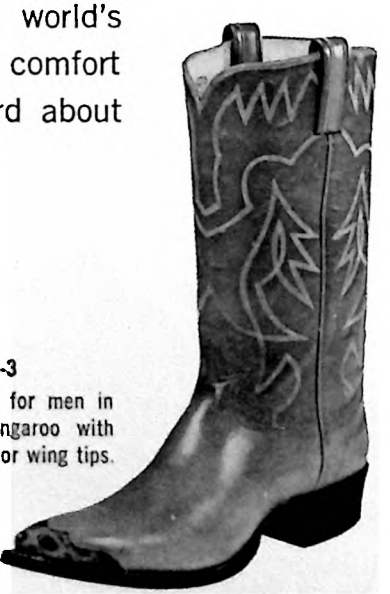

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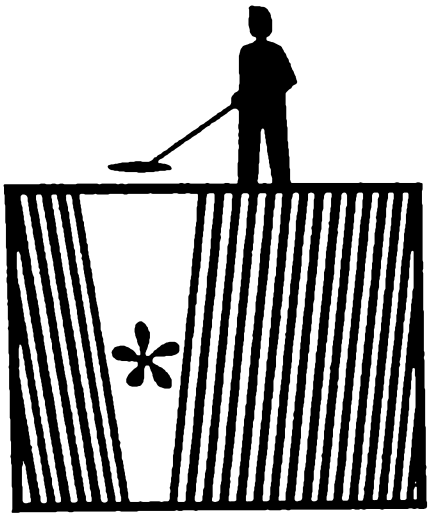

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July-August, 1968
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Whole No. 88

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: Stewart Cassidy
Havasu Falls, Grand Canyon

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

LITTLE BIG HORN PICTURES

Custer's Last, or, The Battle of the Little Big Horn in Picturesque Perspective (The Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, $6.95) is by Don Russell, long-time editor of the monthly Brand Book of the Chicago Corral of The Westerners, historian and biographer of Buffalo Bill. This is not a book about the Battle but about the paintings and drawings made by the artists, who obviously were not there, and the liberties they took with the truth about it. At the time the book went to press, Don had compiled a list of 848 known depictions of the Battle—very good to very bad indeed. There are sixteen numbered plates plus a frontispiece in color in the book with comments and notes by the author. Three of the plates are in color—those by Charles M. Russell, W. Herbert (Buck) Dunton and John Elder. The use of the pictures of the Battle as newspaper, magazine and book illustrations is a highly interesting part of the text. Thirteen days after the first telegraphic reports were received, W. M. Cary had a crude woodcut ready for use in the *New York Graphic and Illustrated Evening Newspaper*—it appeared on July 19, 1876—there were plenty of errors in it as Don points out but it was the first—and then came the deluge! Hardly anyone who could paint (and some who couldn't!) passed up the opportunity to do a "Last Stand" picture (or two). There is much on the Cassilly Adams painting presented to 7th Cavalry by Anheuser-Busch but not before the brewer distributed 150,000 crude lithographs of it free to saloons. It was viewed by more people than any other Battle picture as it was proudly displayed all over the country for nigh half a century. There is a bibliography and first and last it is an attractive and entertaining book.

DESERT PROSPECTING

Odyssey of a Desert Prospector (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00) by Herman W. Albert, an original, is Vol. 35 in The Western Frontier Library. Albert, a theological student, "took up prospecting and roaming around the country" from 1906 to 1920. He is now a retired banker and lives in Los Angeles. As a typical desert prospector, Albert roamed the wilds chasing the elusive golden treasure. He found little gold, but like many other explorers, he found even more valuable and enduring treasures. Albert's experience, hardships, and friendships are recalled in warm and clear detail. One female acquaintance claimed to be Abraham Lincoln's illegitimate daughter—a claim the author neither proved nor disproved in spite of her startling resemblance to Lincoln. A most interesting book with much detail on people and places of early twentieth century Nevada.

CIVILIZATION FOLLOWS THE MINERS

In contrast to the usual frontiersman, miners were not self-sufficient. As soon as a strike was made, transportation, agriculture, business, industry, law and order was attracted to the camp. If the camp had a degree of permanence and stability, churches, schools, and banks soon replaced brothels, saloons, and gambling casinos. The cycle of growth from birth to boom or bust is the theme of *Rocky Mountain Mining Camps—The Urban Frontier* (Indiana University Press, $6.95) by Duane A. Smith. As examples of urban frontiers, the author discusses Deadwood, South Dakota; Central City, Colorado; Gayville, South Dakota; Helena, Montana; several towns in Colorado and other well-known camps. The role of mining camps as the western urban frontier is clearly drawn. Natural tendencies of miners against such encroaching vestiges of civilization as schools, churches and libraries, to say nothing of lawmen, brought growing pains. Crowded classrooms, poor books and other facilities, and reluctant students were conditions found by teachers. But as the miner plied his trade and brought forth the earth's riches, civilization sprang up around him to endure as long as the ore lasted or until agriculture or industry grew sufficiently to support the community.

SAM BASS ET AL

Train Robberies and Train Robbers (Frontier, $3.50) is an attractive reprint of an address by William A. Pinkerton, of the famed detective agency. The author enlightened his audience on the general modus operandi of train robbers and then called the roll of practioners. The James boys, the Youngers, the Daltons, Sam Bass, Sontag and Evans, the Wild Bunch and many, many others were hunted by the Pinkertons. There are numerous photos of the hunted men and Pinkerton concludes his address with the observation that very few train robbers were alive and that most of those alive were in jail—ending with the words "Crime does not pay!" A bargain.

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These "Modern" Cowboys

Dear Joe:

Courage and loyalty to the brand were earmarks of the old-time cowboy. Whatever had to be done in the care of his employer's cattle, he did it come hell, come high water. Cowpunching is not what it used to be, but every time some cloistered clunkhead busts out in print to the effect that the real ranch cowboy of parenthesis legs and horseback-hardy character has completely vanished from the West, I think about some of the bred-in-the-bones, cow-working cowhands I know personally right here around Las Vegas, N.M.—which is fairly typical, in that respect, of cow ranch country most anywhere in the West. And I think especially about a little incident that happened a couple of years ago on the famous old Bell Ranch yonder below the Mesa.

Conchas Dam, buit by Uncle Save-Water Sam on the cow-famous Canadian River, sometimes backs up enough water to make little islands out of a few patches of Bell Ranch pasture. One day George F. Ellis, the Bell Manager, and Yaqui Tatum, his long, lanky wagonboss, discovered two dozen head of Bell's fine Herefords marooned on one of those little islands. Rising water was practically lapping at their hoofs, and some 200 yards of open water lay between them and safe dry land.

Now, cattle can swim, but they don't do it any more willingly than a pussycat puts a paw in a puddle. This is especially true of modern purebred Herefords raised on normally dry range. The chance that this marooned bunch would swim to safety before they got too hungry and weak to make it wasn't very good.

George and Yaqui looked at the cattle, then at each other. These Bell cattle didn't belong to either of them. They both just "rode for the brand" on salary.

"You reckon we can get those cattle out of there?" asked George.

"We can try," said Yaqui.

Without further discussion, they forced their unwilling horses into the water. Some horses can swim pretty well. Some can't. George and Yaqui didn't know whether the two they were riding could or not. Both cowboys were married men, with families. Luckily their cow ponies' hoofs hit mud bottom part of the way and it turned out that both animals could swim well enough to flounder through where the water was deep. To cut this cow tale short, it took around a couple of hours to chouse those Bell cattle across the water to safety; but those two "modern" cowhands got the job done. Then, sopping-soaked from head to heel, they poured the water out of their boots and went on with the day's riding. *And neither George nor Yaqui knew how to swim a lick!*

The next time some supercilious clunkhead tries to tell me that cowboy courage and horseback hardihood have vanished from the Western cow country, I'm a good notion to drop him off the Mesa into Conchas Lake—without any cowboys handy to ride in after him!—S. Omar Barker, 1118 9th Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico 87701.

Pete Peterson

Dear Pat:

I know you will be sorry to hear that Magnus F. (Pete) Peterson died February 9, 1968. He enjoyed the story about his wife, Lorena Trickey, in the October '67 issue. Lorena still has a brother living and Pete has some kin in the northwest states. Tonopah won't be the same without him.—William S. "Bill" Peterson, P. O. Box 657, Sparks, Nevada 89431.

Through With Your Back Issues?

Dear Editor:

I am writing on behalf of my son who is a shut-in. The only pleasure he has is reading TRUE WEST and the treasure stories that you run each month. If anyone has any old TRUE WESTS or treasure stories that they do not want, he would love to have them. As I said, this is all the pleasure he can have, reading or talking to someone. Just mail them to—Mrs. Garnett Oliver, Route 8, Box 23, Monticello, Florida 32344.

Coyotes

Dear Sir:

Permit me to join the defense of "The Old-time Coyote," for I am acquainted with him, as an outdoorsman and observer of Western matters in general. TRUE WEST deserves credit for bringing up the interesting question, and Ted King of Springfield, Oregon talked good sense in his letter when he remarked that he had never heard of a coyote killing a calf or a cow unless the animal was too sick or crippled to protect itself. Yes, a hungry coyote may grab a chicken scratching behind the barn, but he will not harm healthy cows, calves, or sheep. He is a scavenger and as such performs a necessary function in Nature's set-up by keeping rodents—rats, mice, and rabbits—under control.

To illustrate—Slap-happy coyote killers did a lot of mischief in the Mojave Desert of southern California years ago by causing a costly rabbit plague. Alfalfa fields were devastated. Fruit trees were destroyed by being "circled." Business was adversely affected in Lancaster, then a small town seventy miles from Los Angeles. Citizens had to call for help to exterminate the marauders. Vast quantities of chicken wire—miles of it—was hastily sent out, also thousands of suitable stakes, to make a gigantic rabbit trap five miles wide, tapering inward to a small exit in the middle. Hundreds of people armed with clubs spread out and in the ensuing drive 15,000 rabbits were dispatched. In another drive a week later, 10,000 more were accounted for. I recall the occasion clearly—it cost me a lot of money.

At the time I was helping a friend to start an alfalfa ranch sixty-five miles east of Lancaster. We got into the fight muy pronto trying to save a dandy crop of ten acres just about ready to cut and bale. Rabbits seemed to pop up like weeds after a rain. We used shotguns until we ran out of shells and though we killed hundreds they kept advancing like droves of sheep. A ploughed field surrounding the alfalfa patch was covered by rabbits with a disrespectful attitude it seemed. It looked like Hank and I were the interlopers, not they. We wondered if they might organize and chase us away, so critical did things look. Trained biologists could have told us that their seemingly aggressive attitude came because the coyotes were gone. The avaricious bunnies did not put me out of the alfalfa business, however. The bottom fell out of the market. From $25 a ton it

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dropped to $10—less than the cost of production. That stopped me!

An area of about a thousand square miles was affected by the rabbit plague, which lasted about a year, as I recall. It ended when the coyotes returned and were allowed to perform their natural function undisturbed.—Lee Strobel, 1250 Boynton St., Glendale, California 91205.

Dear Sir:

Just a quick note to clarify "Coyotes, Pro and Con." There have been numerous studies made on the feeding habits of the coyote as well as other wild life.

I will quote only one study as an example reported by the Texas Parks and Wild Life Department. One detailed food habit study based on a collection of 8,263 coyote stomachs, revealed the following breakdown: Rabbits, 32%; rodents 17.5%; carrion 26%; sheep and goats 1.3%; calf, colt and pig 1%; deer 3.5%; misc. 1%. Poultry, gamebirds and non-game birds each contributed one percent, with a trace of reptiles, amphibians, fish and invertebrates. Of the remaining, wild fruits made up one percent while cultivated fruits and other vegetable matter contributed half of one percent each. This very closely represents studies that have been made throughout the country.

As a matter of interest this little wild dog has been clocked at forty-five miles per hour and is about the only mammal that can catch the destructive jackrabbits. I may add that the majority of stomachs that contained livestock remains were those of peg legs that man himself created by trapping, thus making it impossible for the remaining three legs to afford the coyote the ability to pursue his normal prey.—Dr. M. C. Coop, D.V.M., Rt. 14, Box 1919-A, Houston, Texas 77040.

Dear Sir:

That coyotes prey on livestock is purely a figment of the imagination. On numerous occasions, in North Dakota and Minnesota, I saw packs of coyotes enter barnyards and pigpens where they simply continued their search for field mice and gophers. Squatting now and then to scratch off a flea, they never as much as gave the stock a side-glance.

The reasons for this are quite obvious. First of all, Nature did not endow the coyote with the brawn and ferocity it would need to tackle anything larger than a rabbit. Its habits are identical to those of the fox in this respect and both animals are smart enough to realize that this is good enough.

Apparently, some of your readers are confusing the coyote with the grey wolf. The latter, because of its larger size and vicious nature, will tackle anything when it is hungry. The coyote lacks this viciousness and usually is quite playful.—C. Jurgens, 8042 2nd St., Paramount, California 90723.

Cattle Drive

Dear Mr. Small:

I would like to add a little to Nick Carter's cattle drive in the April '68 issue. The picture on page 30 is of Ed "Boliver" Rhoades and Calvin George taken in 1906. (There is an A in Rhoades.) They grew up near Sacramento Peak, east of Alamogordo.

Boliver broke many broncs to ride for ranchers in southwest New Mexico. He was one of the best busters, but never entered rodeo contests. When the drive ended at Doubtful Canyon he stayed there and ended his cowpunching for Wayne Brazel who later took over at Doubtful Canyon. He then moved in to Lordsburg. Over the years I would get a motel there then go to his house and listen to him tell of his experiences. His memory was wonderful. Even after going years without hearing my voice, when I said, "Hello," he would answer, "Howdy, Jack," and he couldn't see me.

I reckon he has told me of what happened every day and night of that cattle drive. Too bad there wasn't a recording machine at the visits I had with him. He never bragged about himself.

Our last visit was in the Lordsburg hospital, late in 1965.. Shortly after, he passed away. He was born in 1881. Calvin George died many years ago.—Jack Carter, 8408 Painter, Whittier, California 90602.

Recent Stories

Howdy, Joe:

I especially enjoyed "Horny Toad Man," as I'm an "ex-rail" and spent eighteen hard years as a "Gandy" on the old Spokane Division (now Cascade Division) of the "Big G." I've never been on the Horny Toad Division of the Santa Fe, but it's similar to a mountain division

(Continued on page 72)

By JAMES H. TEVIS

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ARIZONA

CONCLUSION

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

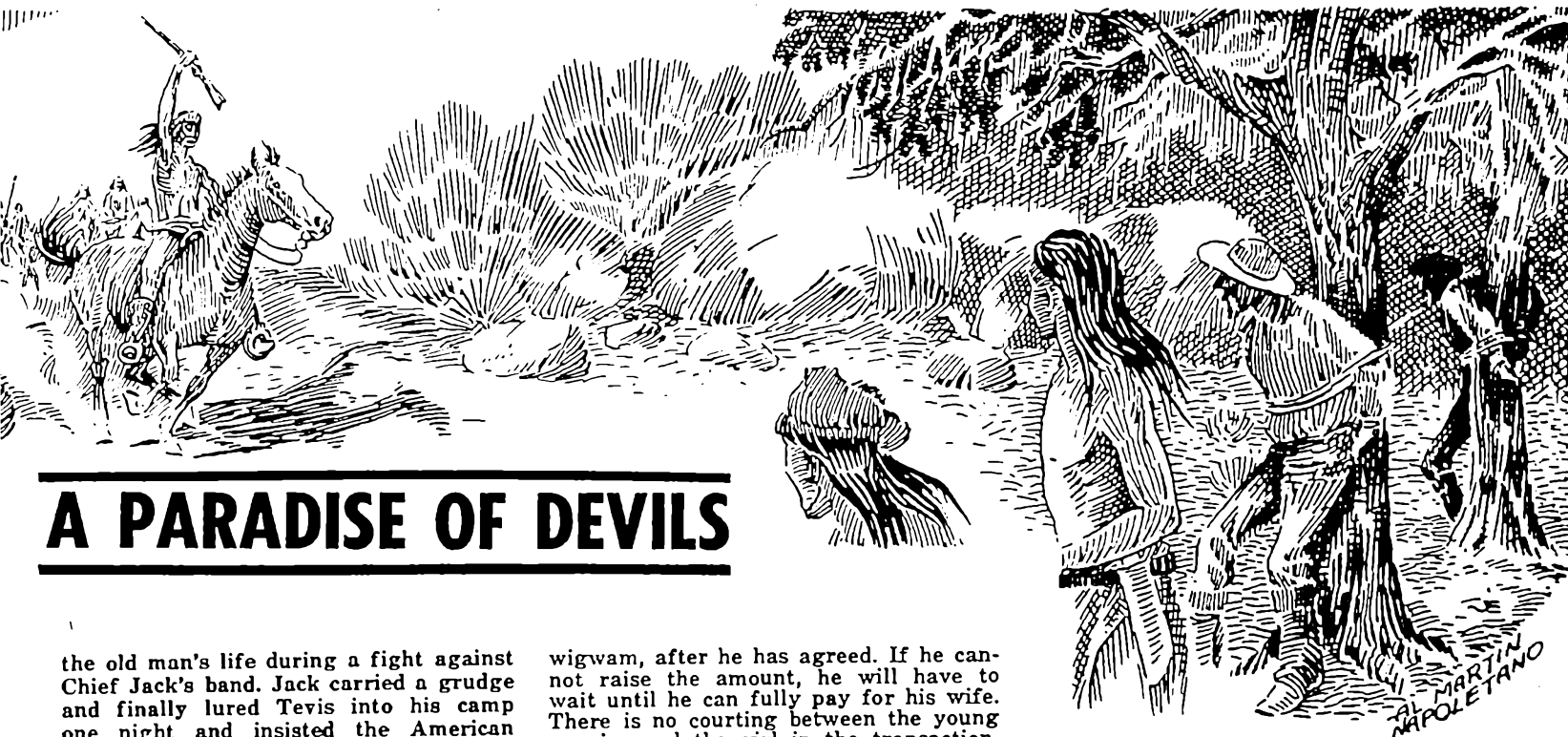
No greater wilderness existed than Arizona Territory after the conclusion of the Mexican-American War. Mangas Colorado, Cochise, and Francisco led their Apache bands on depredations throughout the vast, thinly-inhabited expanse. A few handfuls of intrepid adventurers, including James Tevis, his close friend Mose Carson, "Old Baldy" Ewell and others, chased them, fought them, and got drunk with them, as the situations demanded. By his own admission, Tevis and Mose (still rankling over the undue praise given his brother, Kit, for services Mose had actually performed) stood off and virtually wiped out Mangas Colorado's band on the Rio Francisco.

"Mose," Tevis said, "declared I had killed a dozen Indians with my six-shooters—and he certainly had killed a few. I learned one thing from him, too: A man must learn always to eat heartily before going to work against the Indians."

Later, after an elusive (and unsuccessful) pursuit of the famous "Phantom Steed," Tevis was dispatched on a mission to recover several white women taken captive by the Indians. Finding one in Fronteras, he reported, "She was a pitiable sight. She wore a dress made of some cheap, thin stuff, reaching to her knees, and nothing much else; she was bareheaded and barefooted, living as one of the poorest peons in the town. She said she had been purchased by a Mexican merchant and when he had tired of her, he had sold her to someone else until finally, after having been sold to many different ones, she was as I saw her." But prevail as he might, Tevis was unable to persuade her to return to civilization.

Esconolea, the Apache chief, became a close friend of Tevis. Once Tevis saved

IN THE '50'S



A PARADISE OF DEVILS

the old man's life during a fight against Chief Jack's band. Jack carried a grudge and finally lured Tevis into his camp one night and insisted the American drink tizwin with him. The results of the drinking caused a two-day hangover, but Tevis swore "tizwin hurrahs" were a good antidote for fear. "By daylight," he wrote, "I was as mean as any one of them. I always believed it saved my life that night. Jack never knew how scared I was and I learned to think it best to let them think I wasn't."

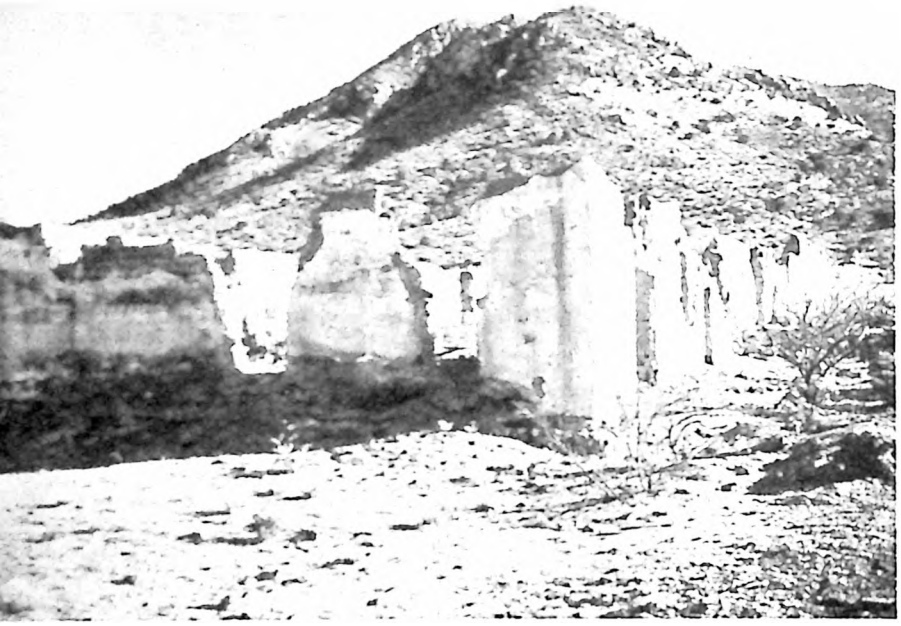
Tevis' first years in the wild, rugged Territory also included bouts with revenge-hungry Mexicans, a friendship with a pianist who later became the head of a distinguished Sonoran household, and confrontations with white sutlers, church robbers, and Army recruits. He had just been given charge of the Overland Mail Station in Apache Pass when Part One of this account ended.

INDIANS are somewhat like the Mormons, concerning polygamy. They buy wives and can have as many as they can afford to buy. I frequently read accounts of Apache Indians getting their wives, and they really do not coincide with the actual methods I saw and knew to be true. An old Indian family may have several daughters, and some young warrior may desire one for his wife. He begins by giving her father a present, perhaps a horse or mule, saddle or bridle, such as he can afford or thinks will please the old man. He will continue his giving of gifts from time to time. The family all know that he wants one of the girls, but neither they nor the girl herself knows which one he likes. When his gifts amount to what the young warrior thinks is sufficient pay, he then goes to the father and asks the price in full. If it is more, and he can furnish the amount, he tells the Indian girl to go make the wigwam, after he has agreed. If he cannot raise the amount, he will have to wait until he can fully pay for his wife. There is no courting between the young warrior and the girl in the transaction, so the number of wives a warrior may have depends entirely upon his ability to pay for them.

I remember once when a warrior came back from a Sonora campaign. I was sitting in front of the station and he told me about his bad luck in a venture for a wife. He had the squaw almost paid for, only lacking two horses. He felt sure of getting them on his Sonora raid, and had, in fact, gotten them and others also; but the Mexican troops overtook the party, and they were compelled to leave their horses, taking to the mountains on foot. He said he would have to wait till next moon to make another campaign. When he got up to go, I told him to wait. Going into the corral, I brought out a rope and gave it to him, saying, "You will find some of my horses between here and your rancheria. Rope two and go get your squaw." He seemed happy enough over it, and left. He made his payment to the old Indian father and took his squaw. When he returned the favor, he gave me four head.

This was my first venture into the marriage-brokerage business, but after that, hardly a month passed but what some warrior wanted assistance, and I generally helped them out. One good-for-nothing warrior capped the climax. He came, asking for stock enough to buy his squaw. I asked how many he needed, and he answered, "Six head." I said that her father must value his girl highly, and how many had he paid? "None," he replied. I thought that was brass and told him as much. "Well," he said, "if I wait until I capture the stock, I am afraid I will never have a wigwam." I let him have the six head, and to my surprise, he paid me back the next month.

When a squaw marries, she becomes a slave, for a warrior will not do a thing but forage. Even if he kills game within a short distance of his camp, he will



Courtesy C. W. Herbert, "Western Ways Photo"
Ruins of Fort Bowie, Arizona.

Photo by Bardsley, Courtesy "Western Ways Photo"
Apache Pass with the old stage road in the distance.

not carry it in, but will send his squaw for it. When they move camp, a warrior simply picks up his arms and starts for the new camping place, leaving his squaw to do the entire job of moving. He lies under a tree, generally ignoring her presence, while she settles in the new camp. The squaws who camped around Apache Pass always gathered the live-oak acorns; picked the mesquite beans, ground them into flour; gathered the mescal and dug the pits to roast it; and, in fact, they did all the work.

Apaches like either mule or horse meat better than antelope or deer. They do not like bear meat, since they have a superstition that dead warriors sometimes turn into bears. They say that this is the reason that bears are so brave, and they seldom attack a bear unless the bear is the aggressor. Old Esconolea's sixteen-year-old son had such an experience; and, as I remember the incident, he was coming up the trail which leads over the divide east of Cow Peak, when a large bear raised up on his hind feet, right in front of him. Most boys of his age would have made themselves scarce just about that time, but not he. He carried in his belt a small butcher knife. Drawing it out, he closed in on the bear, striking at him as best he could. The bear threw his paws around the boy, and they both lost their balance and tumbled over the rocks. When they struck ground, the boy was on top, and the bear was so stunned by the fall that he loosened his grip on the boy, who began to work on the bear with his knife. He killed him, and that night he was made a full-fledged warrior for his bravery, and was given the name of "Ah-wall-toon," or "Brave."

Apache Devil or Spirit Dance. Photo taken about 1887-91 by Gen. Timothy E. Wilcox.
Courtesy Leola Lehman

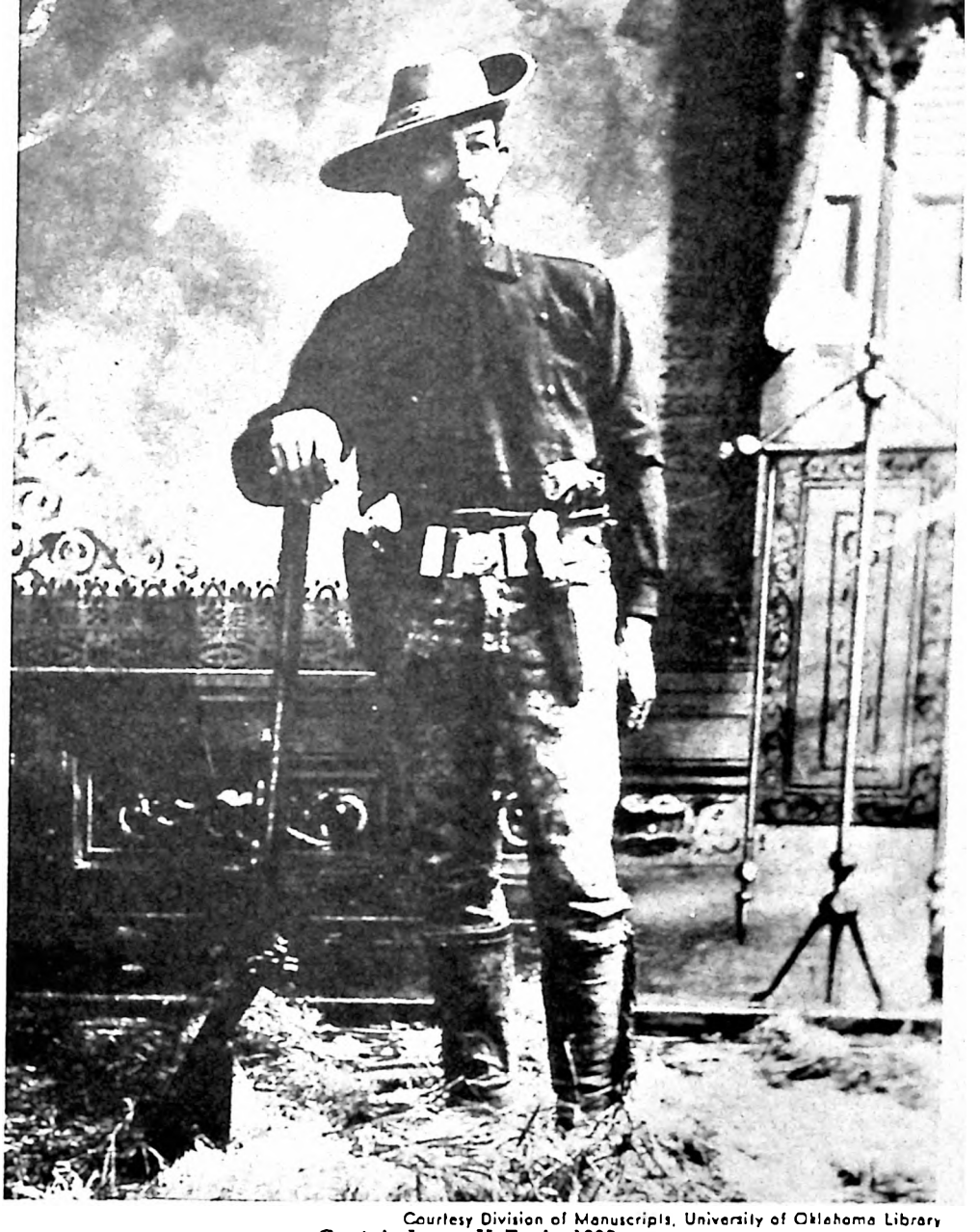
The Apaches believe in a Great Spirit, and that when they die, they simply change from one hunting-ground to another, and are able to make occasional visits to the old hunting-ground in the form of some animal—a bear, very likely. The thunder, eclipses of the sun or the moon, comets, or falling meteors, were all manifestations of the power of the Great Spirit. The Apaches say that, at one time, they were a great war tribe, but that a great army invaded their country with such terrible war implements that their people were killed before their arrows could reach the enemy. When it came to a hand-to-hand fight, the enemy used broad-bladed hatchets with deadly effect; and when the Apaches would lunge at the invaders, who wore shields, their lances would break; and so it seemed to the Apaches that the lives of their opponents were charmed. Even though the Apaches numbered twenty to one, the enemy was successful in every engagement, and kept driving them north. Behind this vast army came a great number of people in charge of priests. They settled along all the water-courses, building forts and churches. In the mountains they also built furnaces and melted the rocks like water. Finally, the Apaches had to succumb to the tyranny of the invaders, and they were no better than slaves, for warriors, squaws, and children worked for them.

NORTHWEST of Apache Pass, about ten days' journey, lay a valley somewhat like a tableland, many miles in length and very wide, with a fine stream of water and an abundance of timber.

Here a large city was founded. Pack trains of hundreds of animals would come and go every few days. This went on for years, and the Apaches became more burdened, until secretly they began planning their release from such tyranny. At last, when preparations were completed, they began battle and massacred all but those in Montezuma City, the stronghold of the hostile commander. All of the enemy, coming and going to the city, were killed. I asked old Esconolea if this great army came from that portion of the coast where Guaymas is situated, but he said no, that they landed a great many miles farther west, but came through that country now known as Yaqui country. There were sufficient Indians to guard the entire country, and also to closely surround the great city. They put a check on all farming and drove the enemy's stock away. The city held out for about a year after the uprising until nearly all were starved to death. The remaining few were easily captured; and so, from then on to the time of Esconolea's story, the Apaches were sole occupants of the vanquished enemy's ground. I told Esconolea I did not think such an account was to be found in history, and he asked me what history was, and how old my country was. He laughed. Then he asked, "How does your history say about your people taking this country from us? I'm going to tell you what my father told me that his father told him."

"All right," said I, "there are old churches yet today in New Mexico and Old Mexico, which are over three hundred years old, so there must be something left to designate such a city as you describe. I would like to go and see it." He consented to take me.

A few days afterwards, we started for Montezuma City. (Near old Camp Verde, in the northern part of the state.) Our course led us in the direction which I have described before, and our journey lasted about ten days. In making our trip to the ruins, we camped at the foot of a large mountain, near a magnificent spring which ran into a little valley, where there was an old acequia—a primitive form of irrigation ditch—which had been used to carry the water out over the valley from the spring. Esconolea told me that the mountain ahead of us was the last we would have to climb. Just over the top lay Montezuma City.



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library
Captain James H. Tevis, 1886.

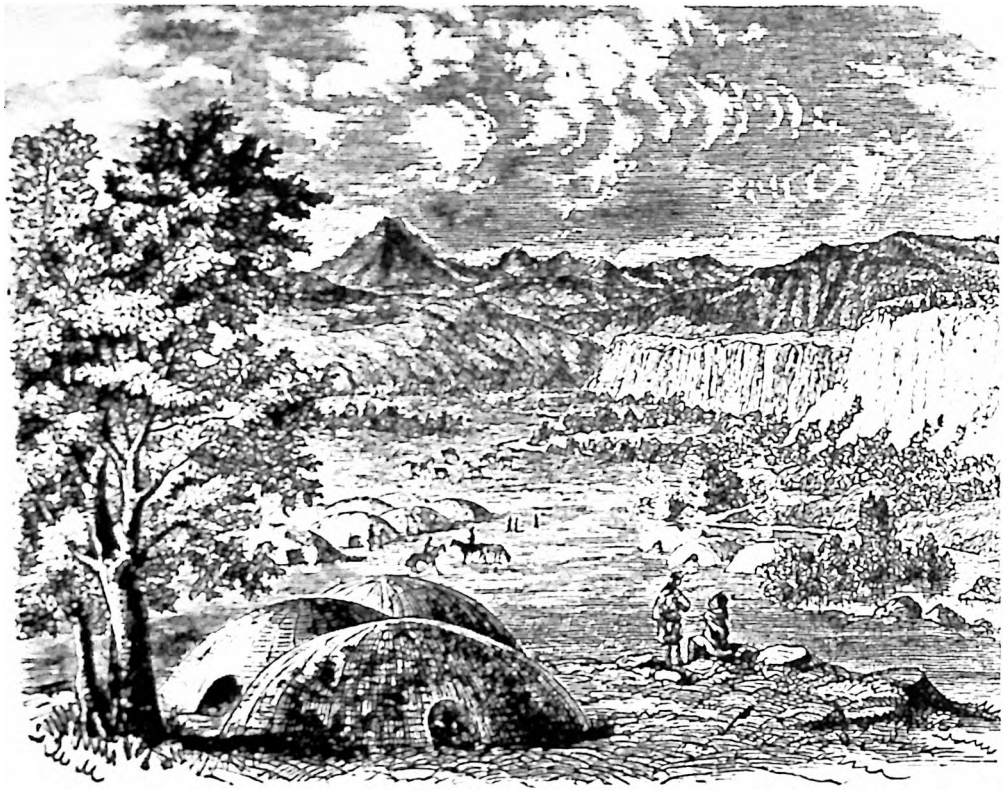
Early next morning we started out on our climb, which proved to be very hard for the first three hours. Through a thick growth of pines we climbed until we came upon an old trail, which ascended more gradually than the course we had just finished. We arrived at the top of the mountain at about two o'clock in the afternoon. The view from the summit, just as old Esconolea had said, overlooked the valley with a stream running through it; and there, just a short distance into the valley lay Montezuma City. Thrilled by adventure, I was eager to reach this spot. After we had ridden about a mile, we began to pass a great number of mounds of various sizes, which lasted until we reached the stream, where we camped. Large herds of elk and deer could be seen on either side, and wild turkeys were everywhere. The stream was filled with mountain trout. Here we spent two days, riding over the valley, examining mounds which extended for miles on both sides of the stream. The courses of the acequias were quite discernible. Esconolea took me to a very large mound, where he said the commander had lived; and as we went around the old crumbled walls, we found old pottery and copper implements, and some articles which resembled helmets and breastplates. While I was examining these things, old Esconolea watched me very intently and said, "Ton, oo, ga," or "What is the name of it?" I explained to him why their arrows and lances had no effect upon the invaders of their country. I told him that it was a metal covering which even the balls of a rifle could not penetrate, much less arrows.

Inside these ruins were signs everywhere of a once-populous city. If these ancient ruins were not the ones described to me by Esconolea, then what could they have been? It was certainly one of the loveliest valleys I had ever seen, and nature had provided food for a lifetime within easy reach. I asked old Esconolea why his tribe did not live here. With great surprise he answered, "*Foo, du, cah, scatcel,*" or "God Almighty's Blood. This is sacred ground, the same as Cajón de López. The Great Spirit forbids our living in it."

A low place on the top of a large range of mountains about eight to ten miles wide, extended east and west as far as the eye could see. On the other side of this, old Esconolea told me we would find a mountain as large as we had climbed going into Montezuma. I judged, from the distance we had traveled, that it was between three and four hundred miles northwest of what is now Teviston, and that it must lie east of the Colorado River; for old Esconolea told me that the waters running through Montezuma City entered the "Too-Intza," or "Large Waters," meaning the Colorado River.

At this time, he described the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and he called it "Terus-too-sho-do," or "Bad Mountains," and said that the mountains on either side of the river were perpendicular. The river had cut its way through the bad mountains; and frequently he had heard his people say that the invaders had an underground passage through the Grand Canyon. "This," he said, "I have never found."

On our return home we took the same trail, but did not turn off at the thicket of pines. On the east side we could see old shafts made by Jesuits, and a few miles farther from the point where we had entered the valley were the remains



From This Marvelous Country, Courtesy "Western Ways Photo"
Apaches' home—the wickiup.

of an old reduction works. Each day, as we traveled, we continued to pass old abandoned shafts. The last ones were between the San Francisco and the Gila Rivers, about twelve miles from the point where the San Francisco enters the Gila.

At our first camp on the Gila River, we met the chief, Francisco, with his band of warriors. They camped with us that night, and to my surprise, Francisco invited me to his ranchería which was just a day's journey away. I told him that I had been away too long and must hurry back, but that the next time he came by Apache Pass on his way from Sonora, he must stop with me for a few days' visit.

Upon our return to the pass I found everything going wrong. The men had not been to the spring for water for three days. I questioned the Indians about it, and they said that Cochise's orders were to kill any of my men who went for water. I told the men to put the barrels on the burro, and I started for water. The men begged me not to go. I said, "All right, boys, it won't do for you to go, if there is danger, but we will be lost if the Indians have the idea I am afraid of them; and to show them I am not, I will go." Turning the burro out of the corral, I found no difficulty in driving him, as he was thirsty, too, since the men had not watered the stock since they were first threatened. When I passed the warriors, they looked somewhat surprised and seemed to be at a loss just what to do. Ignoring them entirely, I whistled as I rode on. Esconolea sat on his horse, scowling, which showed that he was not pleased. When I reached the spring and began filling the barrels, some of the squaws came up, saying they would fill them for me. I took that load to the station, returning for more.

ESCONOLEA went to his ranchería, and soon after dark I saw a great number of fires burning a quarter of a mile distant, to tell me that Cochise had ordered a council of war, and had sent word by him [Esconolea] for me to come. I asked Esconolea why Cochise was angry. He replied that one of the warriors had been killed on the Sonoita, and Cochise wanted revenge. He added, "I think it is the big pile of corn in the station, more than revenge, that Cochise wants." [This paragraph is not clear, but evidently Mr. Tevis accompanied Esconolea to his rancheria, although he does not say so. While Tevis is presumed to have been able to read fire signals, it may be that Esconolea was not aware of this and passed the information to him.]

Esconolea and I went to the council with over a thousand warriors present. Cochise stood and talked to the tribe for over an hour, telling them that it was a disgrace to allow the Americans to take possession of their country and to kill their people. Bill Aike and Sugar Davis were suspected of the murder of the warrior. Cochise said that the land, water, wood, and grass were theirs; and that the Americans had taken possession, but had given the Indians nothing in return; there were twenty-five Indians to every American, and he wanted to drive them from the country. The Indians of Mangas Colorado and Elias were ready at any time to join them in warfare against the Americans, but old Cochise did not have much to say either for or against war. Esconolea was decidedly against war and told them he believed the Americans would treat them well, if they were not molested; and he reminded them of the times I had given corn to their families during the winter when the warriors were out raiding. Turning to Cochise, he suggested that I could speak for the Americans, and that I might tell him something to prevent the break. Cochise said that he would not believe any "Nod-li-pi-Tinna," or "American man;" but if I could, I might tell the reason for the killing of his warrior. I told him that it was not difficult to do, since all Americans look upon a thief as a fit subject to be killed at any time, and that perhaps his warriors were trying to steal the Americans' horses, and one Indian was killed. Cochise denied it, and said his warriors did not steal from Americans.

I said, "Stop! You say you don't steal from Americans? How was it when you headed the band and rode your dun-colored horse at the time you stole the stock from the Babocomari? My stock was with that stolen stock, and the day when you wanted me to eat with you in your camp and when I refused, it was because I did not like to eat my own mules. I have seen every head of the stolen Babocomari stock in your camp since I came to Apache Pass. You also drove off the Santa Rita Mining Company mules, and a third or fourth of them are in your camp at this time. I only tell you this to show that I know you and that I am no enemy of your tribe. I would rather be friendly and show you that I have been friendly in the past. When Captain Ewell was here, I knew all this, and had I told him, the troops would have killed half your tribe. At present, the Indians outnumber the whites in this country; but should the Indians cause war, we would outnumber you one hundred Americans to one Indian. In the direction where the sun rises, the Americans are as plentiful as the blades of grass on the hillsides. It is true that you can kill every American now, but what benefit would it be to your people, when six months later the Americans could come in such numbers as to sweep your whole tribe off the earth? That's why we Americans do not fear you. Take my advice and leave the Americans alone. They have paid the Indians for everything in presents, supplies, and sometimes in money."

Cochise replied, "Do you mean that we have been paid like Dr. Steck paid up, three wagons instead of fifteen?" I told him no, that a big government like ours has not eyes enough to watch every agent. We have some bad Americans like Dr. Steck. Cochise answered, "All Americans are bad." I said, "You will change your mind when you treat them fairly."

I saw that Cochise was in no mood to be argued with, so I left the station.

THE NEXT DAY, nine California prospectors rode into the station and remained overnight. They told me they had been placer mining for gold twelve or fifteen miles west of the Chiricahua Range, but that there was too much for them, so they were going over to California to bring back supplies and machinery with which to resume their work. They had with them a few pounds of gold dust. They told me they could return within sixty or ninety days. Cochise's tribe murdered them at the little knoll just outside of the pass, but I did not hear of it until months afterwards.

Shortly after the killing of this party, the Indians fired upon the Overland Mail coach, killing the conductor. When the coach reached the station, the driver was too unnerved to go farther. There was no one at the station who had ever driven a four-horse coach. Six Englishmen, who were passengers, said they wanted to get out of the pass before daylight. I replied that none of us could drive, and that the road was fearful for the first three miles; but that if any of the passengers could drive that far, I could drive and finish the job. One spoke up and said, "Blast me, if there's money enough in America to get me to ride outside on the coach." Knowing that the

coach must leave, I climbed up into the driver's seat and took the lines of a four-horse coach for the first time in my life, and I believe for the last time.

The passengers began climbing in. When I told them that the passengers always walked until they were clear from the pass, they said, "Not us, we paid our fare, and we are going to ride." They all got in, buttoning down the canvas curtains, and I drove off, and things went well for the first mile. The road made a sharp turn down into the gulch, leading up over the opposite ridge. I put my foot on the brake; but instead of holding back the hind pair of horses and whipping the leaders ahead, as I should have done, I did the reverse, letting the wheelers go, and held back the leaders. The coach tongue began rattling between the hind legs of the leaders, and they sprang forward so suddenly that it jerked my foot off the brake; and a few moments later the coach was overturned and dragged to the upgrade. Still hanging to the lines, I managed to stop the team.

I found myself bruised, but I feared that the passengers had fared worse, to judge from their howling inside the coach. They unbuttoned the canvas and crawled out, exclaiming, "That beastly driver has killed us." I made no reply until I was sure no bones were broken and that all were safe; then I said, "Damn it! I told you I was no driver and that the road was rough. So now you must believe me, the best thing you men can do is to put the coach (which proved undamaged) back on its wheels."

The Overland coaches were not Concord style, but rather something like the covered buckboards of the present day. After I had taken the driver's seat, one of the Englishmen said, "Driver, between two evils we think it best to choose the lesser, the danger of being killed by Indians is less than that of riding in the coach. If it's all the same to you, we prefer to walk until we reach the valley."

I replied, "All right," and drove on, getting out of the pass safely and taking on the passengers again. Daylight appeared when we were about halfway across the Sulphur Springs Valley. One of the gentlemen stuck his head out of the coach to ask for some water to go with their whiskey. I stopped the stage and was invited to have a drink. I said I had all the whiskey in that team of four that I could take care of. Then the one who seemed to be the representative of the party asked me if he could ride outside on the seat with me while he smoked. He got up beside me, lit his cigar, and gave me one, saying that he would drive while I lit mine. He took the lines and reached for the whip; and the manner in which he handled the reins caused me to say, "You must be an old coach driver." He smiled and said that he was. He seemed to enjoy it so much that I let him drive all the way to Dragoon Station, while I answered all the questions he put to me.

DRAGOON STATION was the changing-place of conductors and drivers. Before the stage left, he came to me, asking my name, making a memorandum of it, and gave me some gold. Then he shook hands with me and said goodbye. The others did the same and said I might hear from them some day. Three months afterwards, I received a package from London which contained a handsome meerschaum pipe and a printed account of the night's ride, pictured more glowingly than was really true. A letter came also, saying that the one whom I accused of being a coach driver was a live earl. They were all gentlemen of rank, coming out here on a buffalo hunt. He said that, if I ever came to London, to call on him, and he would drive me behind a much faster team than I had seen; and that I was welcome to stay for a year at no cost to me.

Among the station hands at Dragoon were a Mexican herder and a Mexican cook. Shortly after my drive there, the Mexicans attacked the Americans while asleep. Thinking they had killed them all, they took the stock and left for Sonora. When the next stage came into Dragoon, no one appeared to change horses. Upon going into the station, they found but one man, Silas St. John, the lone survivor, fearfully mangled, one arm being entirely severed from the body. He recovered, and at this time (1886) is Indian agent at some point out here in the West. [Silas St. John was the first secretary of the Arizona Pioneers Society at Prescott, Arizona.]

After that, the Overland Mail Company employed only one Mexican at each station.

It was a rule at Apache Pass Station that no Indians were allowed inside of the corral at any time. In the kitchen was a big fireplace, and I would let them come there to get warm, but never when the coaches came in. One day, as the coach horn blew, I heard Abbot, the cook, say "Uga-she," or "Go out," and a warrior answered, "To-was-te-do," or "I don't want to." I went in, took him by the hair and breechclout, and hustled him out the doorway. I was shutting the door when he hurled his lance at me. The door was made of split ash logs and was pretty well seasoned. The lance buried itself in the wood and missed me.

We had given this warrior the name of "Dirty Shirt," as he wore a hickory shirt given him by Dr. Steck, and it was dirty and greasy, never having been changed since he first put it on. After he threw the lance, I was angry enough to have killed him. I caught him by the

Mr. Silas St. John, lone survivor of a Mexican attack. Photo taken November 17, 1858.

Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Arizona

Courtesy "The Southwesterner"
Sylvester Mowry

hair and banged his head against the stone wall. Dirty Shirt was one of Cochise's warriors, and when Cochise heard what I had done, he planned revenge.

When the coach came in from the east, loaded with passengers and with Sylvester Mowry, Cochise was handy. Louis O'Shea was the conductor; and Brad Daily, the driver, had a great terror of the Apaches. When all were seated to eat, I came in from the corral. At a glance I knew that Cochise was there for a purpose, for he had always gone from the station at other times when the coach came in. I knew that something had to be settled right there, so I walked up to him and told him kindly, in the Apache tongue, that he knew I never allowed Indians in the house when the coach was in, and that he must go out. He told me very frankly that he would not go, and I immediately performed the same operation upon him that I had upon Dirty Shirt.

Brad Daily was sitting at the table and could see Cochise and me. When he heard me speak to Cochise, he was all attention; and when I pitched Cochise out the door, Brad just went over backwards. Three-legged stools were used along the table, and they were none too steady, even when one sat quietly. Brad scrambled to his feet, saying, "My God, Tevis! What have you done? For God's sake, call him back and tell him he can stay."

All the passengers had scurried from their places at the table, having only begun their meal. I told them to sit down and eat, that I could take care of Cochise and did not want their advice.

Brad said, "Hitch up my team and let me out of here. We will all be murdered."

Seeing that I could not detain them, I said, "Gentlemen, the dinner was cooked for you; if you don't eat it, it's your own fault, so just pay for your dinners, and you may go." No time was wasted in exchanging money, and away they went out of the pass.

Lieutenant Mowry told me afterwards that he never had ridden faster than on the trip on the Overland stage, and the time taken was only four hours to Dragoon Station, a distance of forty miles. Upon reaching there, Brad insisted on making the through trip to Tucson, pleading as an excuse that he had business to attend to; and when he reached Tucson, he asked for a layoff for one trip. He told the people at Tucson that he was sure that Cochise had killed everyone at Apache Pass by that time. At the time I am writing this, Brad Daily and Louis O'Shea are living somewhere in the Territory.

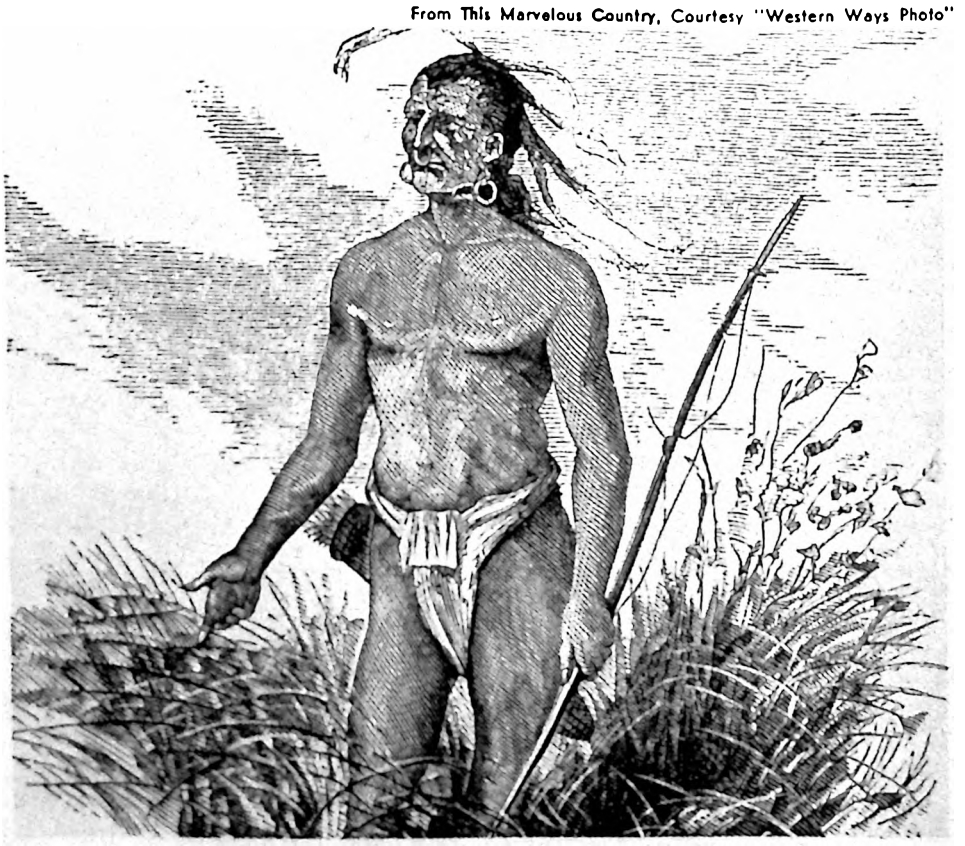
COCHISE was as fine a looking Indian as one ever saw. He was about six feet tall and as straight as an arrow, built, from the ground up, as perfect as any man could be. He only had one peer in physique, Francisco, chief of the Coyoteras. I don't suppose that Cochise ever met his equal with a lance. I always recall the handsome picture he made as he stood out in front of the station with folded arms until after the coach left. Then he turned and said, "San-daisy," or "Mule." They named me that because it was the first word I learned in the Apache language. I bore that name for over a year. "You have made me look like a boy before my people." And to show whether I was brave, he wanted me to fight him on horseback, he with the lance, and I with my six-shooter, starting at a distance of fifty yards. If I should kill him before he reached me with his lance, well and good; and if I did not, he was sure to kill me, and his whole tribe would go out on the warpath and kill everyone along the line and aboard the coaches.

I was upset and did not relish the proposition of facing Cochise with a lance in his hands. I said, with all the courage I could muster, "Cochise, I will not fight you unless you start the duel. If I have to fight, I want to kill you instead of being killed by you." Then he began in the regular way of the Indian and called me a coward and said that I was afraid of him. Finally I replied, "Listen to me, Cochise, you have your habits and customs, and so have Americans. If you should request an American to leave your wigwam, he would go, knowing that it was your right. You should not try to break the rules I have made between your tribe and mine. You are not acting like the great warrior that you are. You ought to set a better example for your warriors and leave such trifling work as this to such Indians as Dirty Shirt. I have tried to be friends with you, and I still want to be. Cochise, if I could do you a service, I would gladly do so. Now, I'm not going to begin any fight with you, but if you start on me, I'll kill you if I can. Do we understand each other?" He answered, "Ushah," "Good," and left me.

The next day he brought his little boy, Nachez, to the station and said, "You told me you would do me a service whenever you could. Now take care of my boy. I will call for him this evening." I told him that I would care for him, and he left the little fellow, a boy of six or seven years. Late in the evening Cochise came for him, and the next day he brought both of his boys and left them saying the same as on the day before. I knew he was purposely trying me, thinking I might refuse. He was putting me in the place of a squaw, for warriors never care for children. When he came that night for them, he asked me if I knew how degrading it was to care for his children. I answered that I knew how the Indians looked at it, but that I was an American, and Americans like children. Cochise looked glum, and I was getting mad with all of his foolishness. I said, "Cochise, I told you the other night that I was a friend of yours; and being your friend, I thought it my duty to

Early engraving of Cochise.

From This Marvelous Country, Courtesy "Western Ways Photo"



consider any favor you might ask of me. Now you have asked me to fill the lowest position in the eyes of your people, and I have done it, and you are not satisfied. I did it as a favor, but had you demanded it, I would have refused and seen you to the devil first, even if I faced your whole tribe. Now, once and for all time, we are going to decide whether we shall be friends or enemies. Which shall it be?"

He said, *"Na-too-E, vot-so-se,"* "Tobacco" and "newspaper."

Then I knew all was well with him for this affair. He took the tobacco and paper, and we smoked; then he left, taking his two little boys.

I was relieved at the turn Cochise had taken, but I knew that this would not be the end of it. The next day, Cochise's brother-in-law, whose wedding I had recently attended, came to me and said that his sister had gone wrong and that the law of the tribe left it to the elder member of the family to pass her sentence. This fell to him, and she either must have her nose cut off or be sent to the mescal grounds. He was troubled over this duty and came to talk about it with me. I told him to bring her in, and I would talk to her. He soon came back, bringing her in. She was a very good-looking squaw, about fifteen years of age. I asked her which she preferred, to have her nose cut off, or to be banished from the tribe to the mescal grounds. She chose the latter, so she was taken there to end her days by gathering mescal, digging the pits, and roasting the mescal for the tribe. She only saw others of her tribe when the squaws went there for mescal.

I had been with the Apaches for over a year, and that was the first instance of the kind to happen while I was there. Among the two thousand squaws of the tribe, there were only three who had their noses cut off. I felt sorry for the poor girl, and offered twenty horses for her release, but they refused and said that ten horses would buy the best squaw in the tribe; and that it would ruin the morals of the tribe to do such a thing; that her punishment would be a warning to the other squaws of the tribe. Any warrior who was caught talking to a banished woman was killed. I asked Esconolea about sending corn to her by the squaws when they went for mescal. He said, "No, it would never do. She will have plenty of mescal, acorns, mesquite beans, and piñons to eat, and that is enough. Meat she must never be allowed to eat."

Courtesy Department of Library and Archives, State of Arizona

Cochise's son Nachez (left) and Lem Perico at Canyon de los Embudo, 1886.

AFTER my plain talk with Cochise on the night he took his two little boys home, he had been more friendly, and often came to the station, while we talked of the Americans. He seemed quite interested in our mode of fighting and asked how the Americans fought the Mexicans. I told him about our troops in the Mexican War, and what I knew of warfare against the Central Americans when I was with Walker's Army. He finally asked me if I were in his place as chief of the tribe, and at war with Mexico, just what I would do. I answered that, instead of allowing the warriors to go into Mexico every new moon in bands of five or ten, I would head my whole tribe down there, clean out the whole country, and bring home enough stock to last for six months; that I would not molest the women and children, for they were not responsible for the murder of his father, and that taking women and children captive was not right. He left, saying that he would think about what I had told him. The next new moon, he came to the station, heading his warriors, and said that he was going to try the American plan; that he would go as far as Aravaipa and take the trail which crossed the mountains east of Cow Peak. A long line of warriors, reaching from the station to the divide, were afoot, traveling single file, and Cochise was the only one on horse. A few hours after the warriors had passed, the medicine man followed on horse and spoke to me, saying he feared the Great Spirit would not be pleased over such a movement; and he predicted no good luck.

None of Esconolea's or Jack's warriors accompanied Cochise. Their warriors kept to the old custom of going out in small bands and in many directions. Old Esconolea stayed at his camp, and several days after the full moon he came to me and said that signal fires indicated that Cochise had reached Mexico, and so far had been successful. For several more days such reports continued, and Cochise boldly rode close to the towns, and actually camped at night within a short distance of Fronteras.

This kind of a raid was a surprise to the Mexicans, for instead of a few braves, there were hundreds. They sent couriers to all posts and towns, asking that every available man be equipped for war, and by forced march come to Fronteras. These men began arriving the same day Cochise left there. The Mexicans remained there all day; and the next evening, when all troops had concentrated, they took the trail, leaving at dark.

Their march began two days behind Cochise, and when midnight came, it found them where Cochise had camped the previous night. Keeping straight ahead, the Mexican troops halted at 3:00 A.M. for an hour's rest. A scout sent out soon brought back the news that Cochise and his warriors were camped in the foothills a few miles ahead.

The Mexican command was mounted and in position, planning to open the fight at daybreak. Instead of going toward the mountains, the commander ordered his troops up an arroyo a half-mile this side of the Apache camp. When there was enough daylight to enable them to distinguish friend from foe, the attack was made and the stolen stock recovered. Very few Apaches were killed, and I think eight or ten Mexicans and a number of wounded was the loss to the troops. Cochise took to the mountains and started for Apache Pass.

The news of his defeat reached the station before noon. Esconolea came over

(Continued on page 26)

The last will and testament of many a robber was a shaky sketch and mumbled directions—and seldom did his deathbed gratitude pay off his benefactor...

Bear River LOOT

Lafe Roberts and his family about 1894. The Wyoming cowboy aided one of the outlaws and later tried to find the loot.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE FAST northbound express of the Colorado and Southern Railroad had hardly gained speed out of Colorado Springs before it was stopped by a tie block on the tracks. The men in the cab leaped off onto the roadbed.

Two masked bandits sprang aboard before the brakes had ceased squealing. A third soon joined them. At first the engineer and fireman, hands half lifted, surmised some confederates were taking charge of the cars, but only those three held up the train. What made the deed surprising was that they could pull off a successful robbery so near a large city.

The express car next to the tender carried valuables for Denver that October night in 1881, and the armed messenger inside was told to open the sliding door. If he didn't he would be blasted apart along with the car. He hesitated long, listening to the engineer's pleas that refusal might get them all killed.

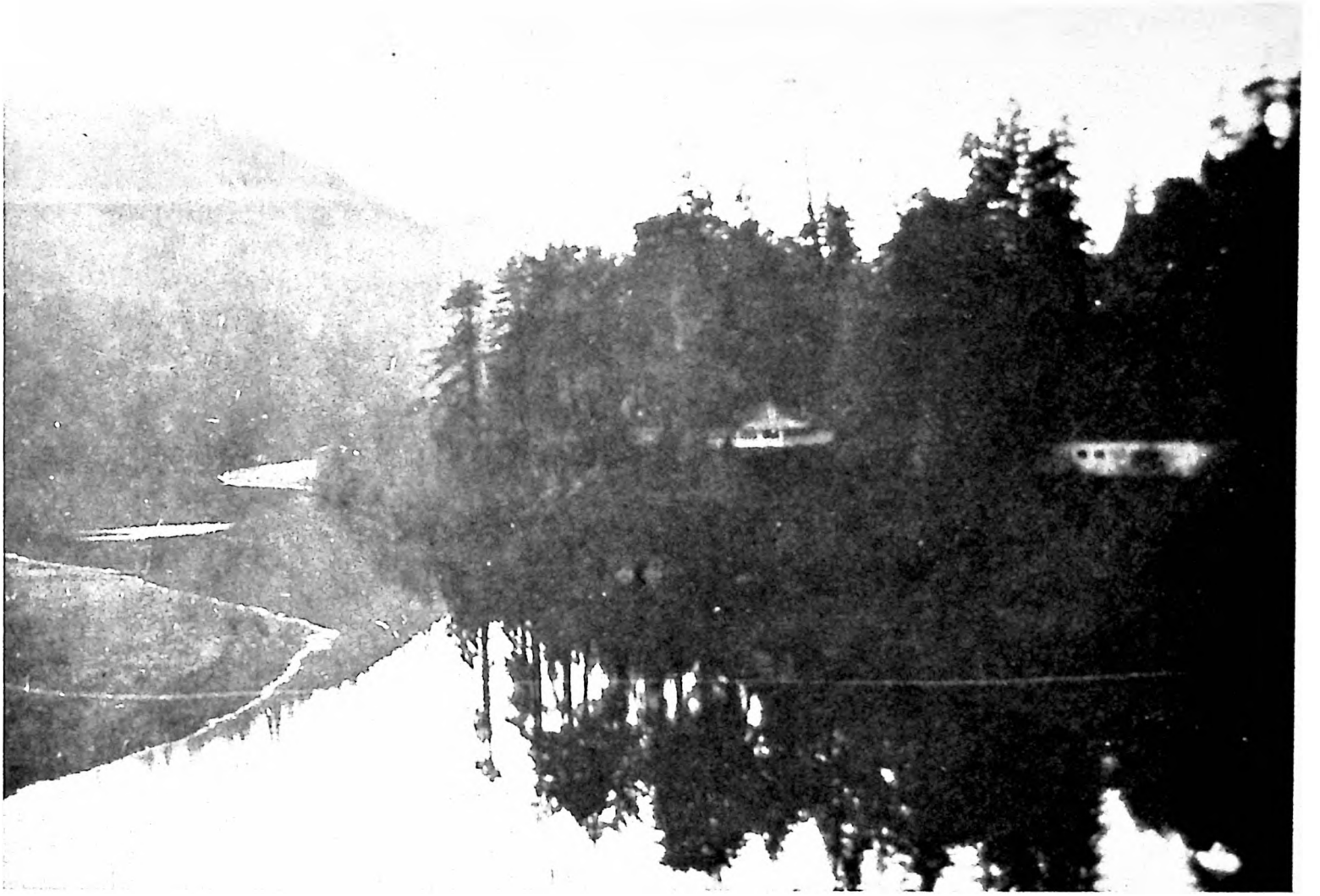
The conductor and several curious passengers chose this moment to descend from their car, but one of the bandits drove them scrambling back aboard with one well-placed bullet. The express messenger then opened the side door and joined the other two trainmen who were herded to the barrow pit under guard.

Two of the bandits had blown and sacked the safe inside the express car. They also found some jewelry which had not been afforded the safe's "protection." Joined by their partner who was guarding the trainmen the group walked north into the black night, each carrying a bag of loot.

The train backed into Colorado Springs, and half an hour later it was on its way north again. A sheriff's posse fanned out into the countryside to contact ranchers and farmers, and at dawn trackers picked up the trail of the audacious robbers.

Ten miles north of the roadblock they found the first relay of horses had been exchanged for fresh mounts. At this point the trail led northwest into the mountains of the Continental Divide. There it was lost. After cutting many circles the trackers could not find it again.

A few days later the express company announced the loss as $105,000 in cash and about $40,000 in jewelry, this shipment consisting principally of watches and diamond rings. Interest in the sensational holdup lasted about a week. It



Bear River between Bear River City and Corinne, the area where the train robbery money was cached.

revived briefly ten days later when the outlaws were identified by the railroad company as George Tipton, Eugene Wright and Oscar Witherell.

Law enforcement agencies sent descriptions of Wright and Witherell into adjoining states and territories. Both were well known and "wanted." Tipton was apparently a newcomer to the gang's ranks. Lawmen had no description of him and no previous criminal record.

AFTER EVADING PURSUIT the outlaws worked their way leisurely into the sparsely settled northeast corner of Utah. Continuing, they crossed the line into Idaho along Bear River. In the first town they entered to replenish supplies, they attracted suspicion.

After seemingly continuing north, the fleeing men wheeled around and followed winding Bear River south towards Corinne, Utah. About four miles upstream from that town, where the river made a bend against a low timbered hill, they cached most of the Colorado loot. A few hundred dollars was held out by each for spending money and buried away from the main cache; several of the gold watches and some diamond rings were pocketed. Keeping the jewelry was not a wise move. In fact, it brought about their downfall rather quickly.

Corinne was a wild, tough town of frontiersmen, prospectors, miners, stockmen, freighters and soldiers. On the railroad, it served as a supply point for areas around Great Salt Lake and for ranchers and farmers farther north.

The town always had its quota of badmen seeking respite there from lawmen elsewhere. For this reason the three train robbers, who had been to Corinne before, reasoned that they would be unnoticed until they were ready to move on again.

The main street was lined principally by saloons, bordellos and gambling dives. None of the joints ever closed, day or night. For a few days the trio caroused in grand style. Then Witherell went broke one night in a three-card monte game. Putting up two of the expensive, engraved gold watches, he again lost. Finally the game operator was persuaded into betting $100 against a diamond ring Witherell claimed was worth $5,000. Witherell departed broke and joined Wright down the street in the Wasatch Saloon.

The monte dealer had a friend who was a jeweler. If the diamond in the gold setting were genuine the gambler wanted to keep it. The stone was indeed a diamond and worth fully $200. Because the ring bore no evidence of having been worn, the jeweler remarked about it to the town marshal. That led to the watches. The manufacturer's numbers were on the list of loot taken in the Colorado robbery.

Tipton, who didn't drink much, usually stayed out of trouble, but the next morning he was gone from the wagon yard. Wright and Witherell set out to find him. They were in the mood to go for more of the cached loot. About noon they entered the Wasatch, intending to hock a watch for some drinks before locating Tipton.

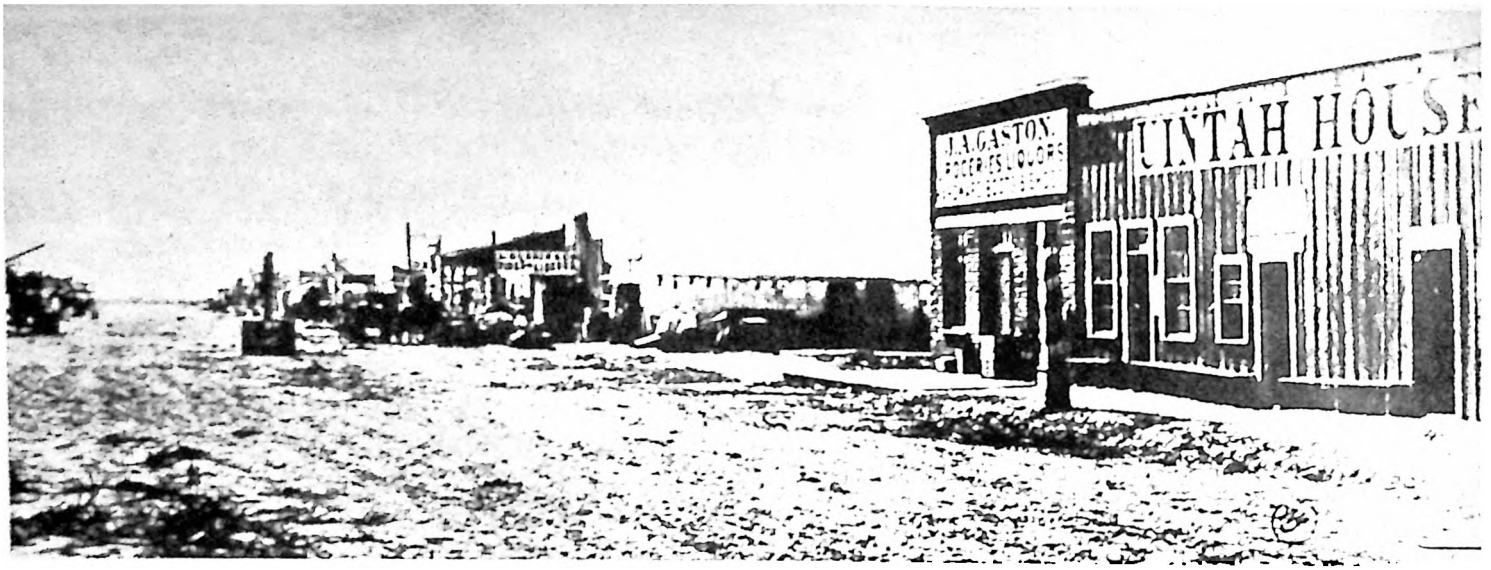
The marshal followed them in, accompanied by two county deputy sheriffs. Unknown to any of them, Tipton was in a card game in the back. He had started forward, intending to join Wright and Witherell, when the officers jerked their guns to arrest the outlaws.

Wright and Witherell immediately drew and opened fire. They shot fast and wildly, which was a sad mistake. The three officers squeezed off lead in the same heedless fashion.

Wounded, Wright dropped his gun and surrendered. Witherell followed suit.

The officers' wild bullets struck witnesses to the affray standing some yards beyond in the big barroom. One of them was Tipton. He fell with a bullet-broken right leg.

The officers withdrew with Witherell



Corinne, Utah, on Bear River where the outlaws came to sudden grief.

and Wright, while Tipton was given medical attention as an unfortunate bystander. He was, of course, wholly unable to walk.

The local officers' catch was a good one, for nominal rewards had been offered for the outlaws. Colorado authorities were notified and detectives came to pick them up. Neither would admit to any knowledge of Tipton. Wisely they refrained from trying to get in touch with him, even secretly, although they apparently knew that he was going by the name of Rankin.

In due course Wright and Witherell were sentenced to twenty-five to forty years in the penitentiary.

On April 9, 1882, the Denver *Republican* reported that officers were en route with the prisoners to the pen at Canon City to begin serving their time. The *Republican* also stated that "Wright and Witherell were arrested before they could return to where the train robbery loot had been buried on Bear River near Corinne. Authorities in that state are seeking it at the behest of the Wells Fargo Express Company."

Supposedly the two outlaws had revealed that the swag had been buried there. No money was found on them when arrested, and only a few pieces of jewelry. The bulk of their haul remained somewhere on Bear River.

TIPTON was a presentable young man, twenty-two years old, black-headed and medium in size. While the two older outlaws were moldering in jail, he was having troubles of his own. Leaving bed too soon he slipped, fell and fractured the broken leg anew. Complications set in, and the leg had to be amputated just below the hip. A public charity case, he assured the attending physician in Ogden that as soon as he got up and around again he would "dig" up the money to pay everything he owed.

The Denver *Republican* story of the conviction and sentencing of Wright and Witherell had been reprinted by Ogden newspapers. It was known that a third outlaw had not been apprehended. Some suspicion already rested on Tipton, and when his statement was repeated by the physician, the county sheriff questioned Tipton at length. His conclusion was that the injured man could well be the wanted third outlaw.

Tipton was not remanded to jail to complete his recovery. No one believed it possible he could move around, much less escape. Yet while Colorado officers were still en route to identify him he accomplished the remarkable feat of disappearing.

The young man's misfortune had made a few friends among those coming in contact with him, and undoubtedly he received considerable help in getting away. Amazingly, he tried to flee into Wyoming on a horse. To the saddle was tied a pair of crutches and in his pockets was a hundred dollars in money.

Tipton had plenty of nerve, but was misguided and unlucky. His flight ended no farther away than Bear River again, where the stream curved north toward Idaho inside the Wyoming border.

One night Lafe Roberts sat in a lamp-lighted pole cabin on his small spread where he ran cattle. Aroused by barking dogs he went outside to find a one-legged young man sitting his saddle too weak and fever ridden to talk. He had been attracted there by the light.

Roberts took him inside the cabin to a bunk. His horse was then put away. Without revealing his identity Tipton told him that he was trying to get through to Rock Springs where help could be obtained from his family. He claimed that the amputated leg had healed but that during the past day's ride he had been badly injured when his horse spilled into a rocky wash.

Knowing nothing whatever about the Colorado robbery, Roberts cared for him the best he could. By morning Tipton's fever was much worse. Two days later both men realized gangrene had set in.

Loading Tipton into a wagon bed Roberts started south for the railroad to get him to help. In the first night camp not ten miles from the ranch, Tipton awoke him at midnight.

He said that it was no use going on, that he was dying. When Roberts asked what relatives were to be notified, he was told that no one must be. Tipton begged until he obtained a promise that he would be buried beside the trail in an unmarked grave.

Only then did he reveal his name. He said that he had been with some out-

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The Central Hotel, Corinne. The two outlaws were captured in a saloon next to it.

SCOREBOARD of the RAIDERS

By DOYLE AKERS

Photo Courtesy Author

A few lines on an old scrap of paper show how fast horses could change ownership in 1870 Texas...

Webster Waide of Canones, New Mexico discovered a tattered note when he looked through an old billfold given him years ago in Texas.

THE PIECE of onion-skin paper has been folded for so many years it is torn across the creases. The penmanship is strong, the notations brief. It records a death of gunshot wounds, thefts, and loss of horses. Reflected in the words are much more—the terror of the early settlers, the loss of loved ones, the struggle through blood to bring raw country under the plow of safety.

The paper concerns a ranching area of North Texas just south of the Red River and the Indian Nations above. It was found in Canones, New Mexico removed from its source by nearly 1,000 miles and across a full century of time.

The discovery of this page from Texas history began in 1917 when Webster Waide was a rancher in Denton County, Texas. A neighbor gave him a billfold, presumably empty, which had belonged to an ancestor, a pioneer of the blackland plains where once great ranches spread for miles. (Cotton came to that land later, but now, slowly, it returns to cattle.)

The handcrafted soft-leather wallet was put away. In 1925 Waide moved to El Paso where he became Director of Child Accounting for that city's schools. He remained at the job thirty-six years. In 1961 he bought a farm and ranch in Canones, New Mexico, where he spends the summers; in the winter he returns to El Paso. At seventy-five Waide has a deep interest in history. One day he was examining the billfold which bears the inked inscription: "R. G. Johnson pocket book, August 1851." Unexpectedly he found a scrap of paper, folded into a thumbnail size, tucked away in the corner of one of its several money pockets.

The writing was clearly legible and obviously had been penned by the owner of the billfold since the handwriting was the same.

It reads:

INDIAN RAIDS

1868

Jan. 5 raided down Clear Creek by Era to Gainesville killing Fitzpatrick and others.

1868

Aug. 27 killed Sol Forrester and wounded Jeff Chisum and Giles. Killed Waides black stallion.

1868

Oct. 23 killed Waides mares near Jonny Wilsons and killed 5 head of Gists horses in Cook Co.

1868

Oct. 28 killed some 5 head horses for Waide near Dillons in Cook Co.

1868

Oct. 30 Killed Coomes and Severe Fortenberry on Clear Creek in Denton Co.

SOME IDENTIFICATIONS can be made. The Waide referred to was Webster Waide's grandfather, James Moylan Waide. Gist was John M. Gist who later moved to West Texas where he again pioneered in the cattle business. He died in Amarillo. Jeff Chisum, who was wounded by Indians on August 27, 1868, was the son of the famous John Chisum.

In 1861 Waide and Chisum moved from Tennessee to take up ranching in North Texas. Waide later bought Chisum's 160-acre homesite in Denton County. He became Captain of the Minute Men which he organized. The brass-engraved .44 caliber Winchester rim-fire rifle issued to him by the State of Texas is still in the family.

The slip of paper, of course, gives only glimpses of one period. There were other run-ins with Indian raiders from the Nations across Red River, mostly Kiowa and Comanche.

On January 8, 1865 Waide led his thirty Minute Men into battle at Dove Creek against an estimated 1,400 Indians. The Indians won, sending several men to their deaths, wounding a few, and capturing all the white men's horses, some of which later were recovered.

The Indian problem continued and at one time J. M. Waide, the fire-eater who lived among Confederate sympathizers during the Civil War and yet was outspoken for the Northern cause, once took on the Federal Government when he thought he had been wronged.

On April 10, 1887, he wrote a letter which was published in the *Gazette*, Fort Worth, Texas, in which he outlined "a claim against the government."

It reads, in part: "In 1871 a party of Kiowa and Comanche Indians stole 65 head of horses from me. In 1874 some of the same Indians left the Fort Sill Reservation on a little scalp-lifting expedition.

"General McKinsey [Ranald S. Mackenzie] with a company of soldiers was ordered to go in search of these poor downtrodden children of the Plains and if possible persuade them to return to their Great Father's Mansion at Fort Sill.

"The General came up with them near the line of New Mexico, and owing to a little unpleasantness he took 2,300 head

(Continued on page 42)

LIGHTNING STEALERS

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

Men who could manipulate a telegraph line discovered that they could "peddle calamity" and reap a fortune—no sweat involved!

THIS IS a story of fake reports of sinking ships, of untrue mine disasters, of ups and downs in Wall Street, of feather-bonneted Indian hunters, and of "lightning stealers" pursued by Pinkerton's men.

Beacon fires, signals of sounds, lamp and flag signals and the like, had served many purposes down through the years, but by the late 1860s the only medium carrying swift transcontinental news was the telegraph. With the springing up of new towns and new industries between the Atlantic and the Pacific the electrical telegraph filled a great need.

In 1867 the financial circles of New York City were thrown into turmoil by the frequent reception and publication of telegraphed information which upon subsequent examination proved to be spurious. The stock and gold exchanges were continually agitated by conflicting statements. There was much reckless speculation with disastrous results.

For instance, telegraphic news (apparently authenticated) of the burning of a railroad bridge, with attendant loss of life, resulted in a "Board" movement which depreciated the stock of the corporation alleged to have sustained the damage. Worthy and needy persons would be forced to dispose of their investments at ruinous prices while the villains who had perpetrated the lie would buy up stock and enrich themselves.

One point of attack seemed to be the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The reported loss by telegraph of vessels connected with that line was frequently the means of bankrupting careful business men. Manipulators of the "Lightning" grew rich upon the spoils.

By October, 1867 searching inquiries proved that someone was maliciously manipulating the "news." Circumstances pointed conclusively to someone who either had been in the employ of the telegraph company or was in active cooperation with present employes. The manner of transmitting the messages clearly demonstrated that the persons interested were adept in the mechanics of the telegraph and were intelligent observers of the workings of the money market.

WILLIAM ORTON, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, a man of rare ability and integrity, called in George H. Bangs, general superintendent of Pinkerton in New York. Orton explained that it was evident that the spurious dispatches were transmitted from some point in the West where operators could tap the wires and by the use of pocket instruments either receive information and prevent its further passage eastward, or could successfully forward the bogus intelligence by preserving all the forms of numbering and

cipher necessary to establish perfect confidence in its authenticity. It also appeared certain that some of the company employes were actively engaged in this work.

Bangs immediately got in touch (through cipher) with Allan Pinkerton in his main office in Chicago.

The next day Pinkerton, accompanied by General Stager of the telegraph company, visited the operating rooms in order to "scrutinize" the employes. While walking casually around in the upper story of the building where a number of men and women operators were receiving and dispatching messages, Pinkerton noticed one young man who turned around with a start and slightly changed color before resuming his work.

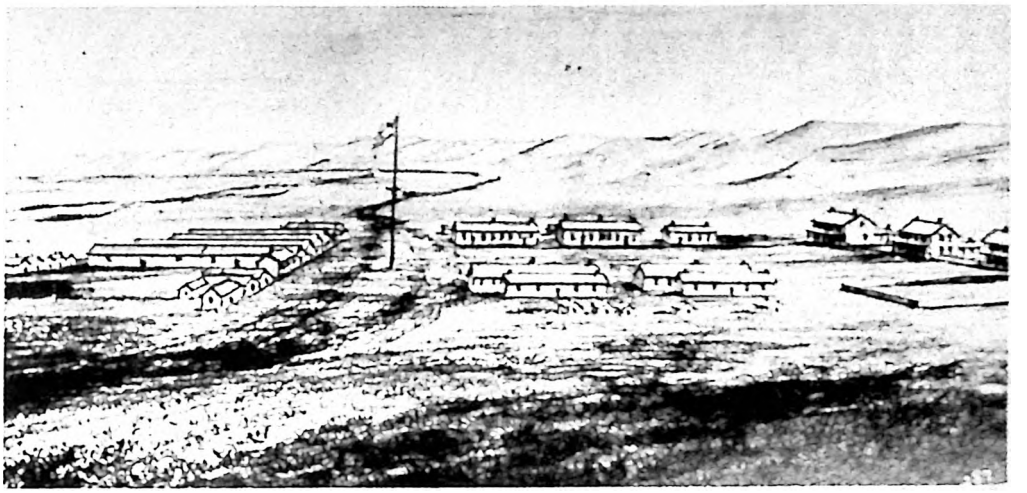
Pinkerton immediately became suspicious as the young telegrapher had, as he said, "a conscious look of guilt." The man's name was Charles Cowdrey. According to Stager he was "an exceedinly smart young operator," who had been in the company's employ for three years. His brother George had been with the company seven years.

When Pinkerton asked what wires Charles worked, Stager replied, "The western wires from Omaha, Salt Lake and San Francisco." Pinkerton decided to have Cowdrey watched.

Pinkerton and Stager arranged with Frank Osborn, a young operator who sat next to Cowdrey, to try to win his confidence. It was decided that Osborn would be discharged without any apparent cause. He was to express himself in no uncertain terms to Cowdrey and thus try to elicit sympathy.

The next day plans were carried out and Osborn was dismissed. As he was leaving his desk he related his grievance to Cowdrey and threatened to "repay the company for the injustice" which had been done him.

Cowdrey called Osborn back. "Frank," he said, "meet me tonight at the Randolph Hotel. I want to tell you about something."



Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado
Fort Sedgwick near Julesburg, circa 1870.

Osborn met Cowdrey as agreed and was introduced to "George Van Stein." After a drink at the bar, Cowdrey proposed a walk. The three men lighted cigars and sauntered out toward the lake front.

After a time Cowdrey asked, "Frank, do you want to make a fortune and at the same time pay the company the grudge you owe them?"

Osborn immediately signified his readiness to become a party to any operation that would enable him to get even. His companions, convinced of his sincerity, invited him to Cowdrey's residence where they could talk freely.

Osborn was astonished that Cowdrey had one of the handsomest dwellings on Michigan Avenue. It was luxuriously furnished. How, he wondered, could a telegraph operator afford such elegance?

Upstairs, after locking themselves in, the two men explained their plans and assured Osborn that detection was almost impossible. They not only had some employe of the company in every main office working for them but were backed by some of the most prominent brokers in New York City, men whose social standing was above suspicion. These businessmen were the prime movers in a systematic attempt to subvert the telegraph to stock-gambling and "respectable robbery."

Van Stein confessed that he was George Cowdrey, brother of Charles, but said that he was compelled to disguise himself and to change his name on account of information received that inquiries were being made.

IN THE MEANTIME Allan Pinkerton had converted his private office into a temporary branch of the Western Union Telegraph Company. One of his company's operatives presented a letter at the telegraph office in Chicago apparently written by General Grant, then Acting Secretary of War, stating that the exigencies of the Government services required that wires should be run into Pinkerton's office and requesting the company to cooperate. Wires of the company were taken into Pinkerton's building, necessary working machinery was set up, and trusted men were selected as operators.

Very quickly Pinkerton and his men were ready to intercept any fictitious items which might be coming through intended to influence the New York money markets.

Nothing happened that week in Pinkerton's Chicago office, but plenty was happening to Frank Osborn. He had suddenly disappeared. The detective agency was concerned. Then a dispatch was received from him in the cipher agreed upon as follows: "Send somebody to Fort Sedgwick. I am watched too closely to do anything myself. Send someone unknown. Send at once. Osborn."

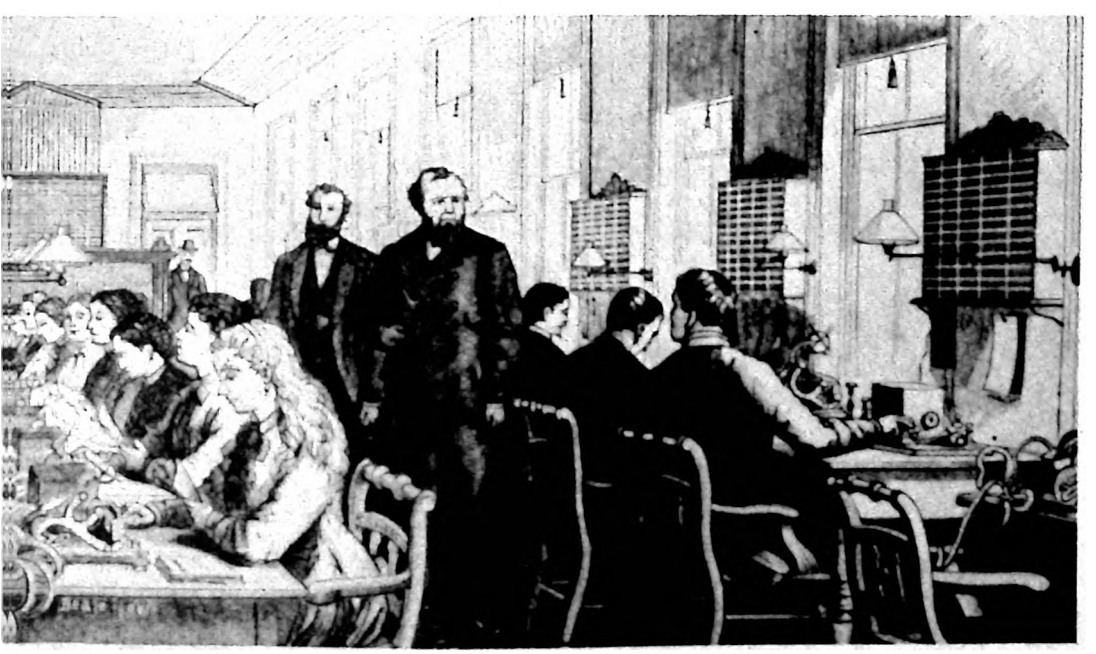
Pinkerton and General Stager decided to send John Conway, a fearless man who could be trusted in any emergency.

The second evening after Osborn had won the confidence of the Cowdreys he was surprised in his hotel room by the sudden appearance of George Cowdrey, accompanied by another man who appeared to be quite excited. Cowdrey closed the door and produced a revolver.

"Osborn, when a man's life is in danger there is no use in wasting words. I want

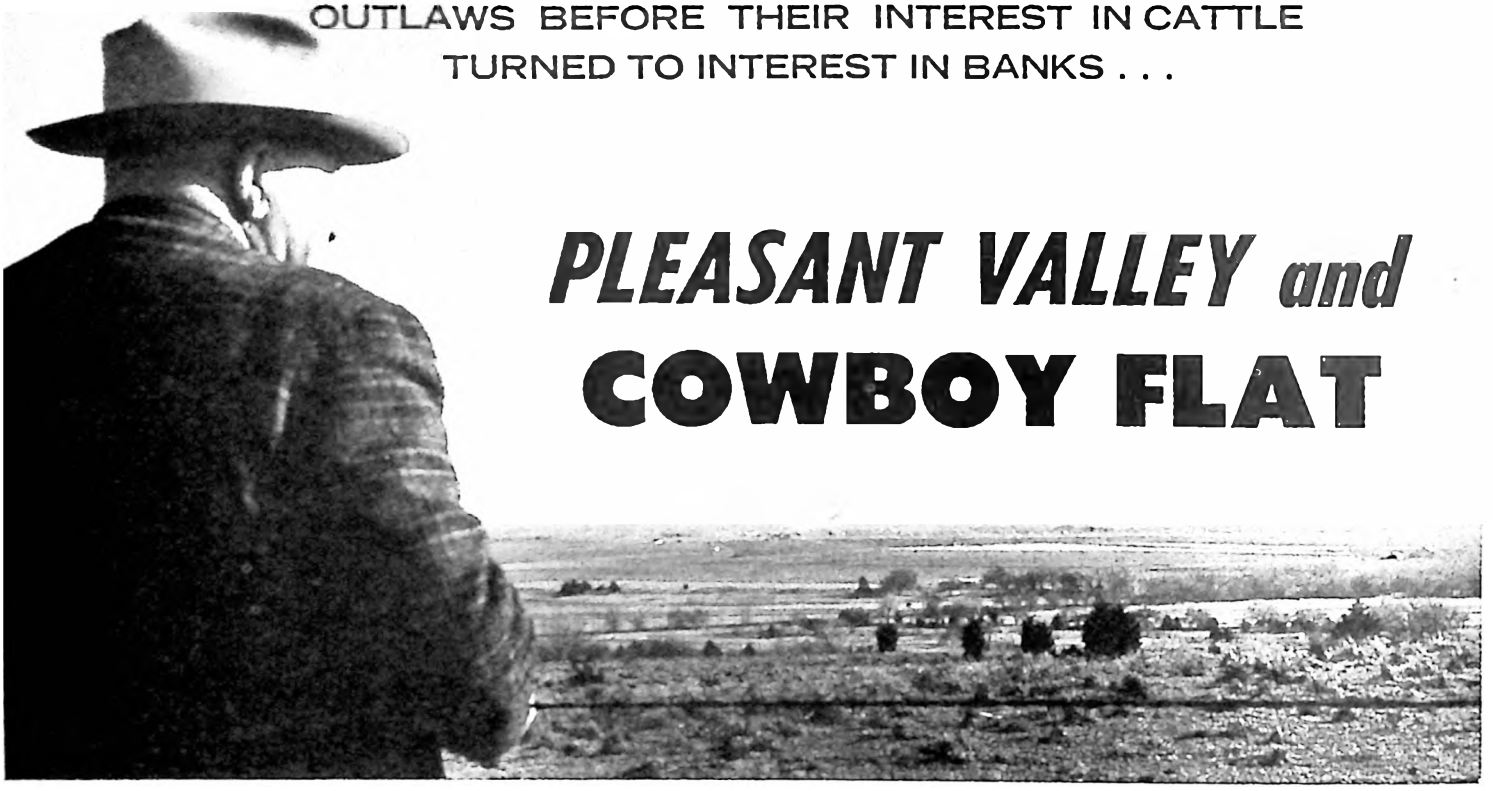
(Continued on page 53)

Pinkerton is suspicious of a young telegrapher who had a "conscious look of guilt."



A LAST GLIMPSE OF SOME OF THE DOOLIN-DALTON OUTLAWS BEFORE THEIR INTEREST IN CATTLE TURNED TO INTEREST IN BANKS . . .

PLEASANT VALLEY and COWBOY FLAT



M. C. Rouse looks at view of Pleasant Valley where he has spent most of his life.

By M. C. ROUSE

Photos Courtesy Author

Editor's note: At Pleasant Valley in 1892 George Rouse purchased a homestead relinquishment from "Zip" Wyatt, later known as Dick Yeager. M. C. Rouse, his son, has lived at Pleasant Valley since childhood. There he operated a general store and was postmaster. He relates things learned from the '89ers, telling how the village, near the farm of his family, grew to a population of 250 and then became a ghost town.

PLEASANT VALLEY, located on the south bank of the Cimarron River at the northeast side of Logan County, affords a good case study for a score of early towns established by pioneers in Oklahoma. Before the day of Fords and tractors, the small towns served a necessary purpose. There settlers secured mail, frequented the general store and blacksmith shop, and established a school and church. To relate how Pleasant Valley was born, grew to maturity, and then declined to a mere ghost, is to outline the general pattern for a score of neighboring towns.

The following men were cowboys in this community before the country was opened for settlement. They filed on farms and later sold out and joined outlaw gangs or formed their own gang.

Alfred G. D. Newcomb, later known as "Slaughter Kid" or "Bitter Creek," filed on NW quarter of 34-18-1N on May 20, 1891 and relinquished May 11, 1892. He later joined the Bill Doolin gang and was killed near Ingalls, I. T. in 1895.

Richard L. Broadwell, also known as "Dick" Broadwell and "Texas Jack," joined the Dalton gang and was killed in Coffeyville, Kansas.

William Powers filed on SE quarter of 33-18-1W on May 14, 1891. He relinquished on November 19, 1891 to Anna Campbell. He was known as "Bill Powers," also "Tom Evans." He joined the Dalton gang and was killed at Coffeyville, Kansas with the Dalton gang.

Ellsworth Wyatt, known also as "Zip" Wyatt, "Dick Yaeger" or "Wild Charlie," filed on SE quarter of 82-18-1W on June 29, 1889 and relinquished on May 7, 1892 to George Rouse. Later he formed the Wyatt-Black gang and died in Enid of gunshot wounds in 1895.

Dick West, known as "Little Dick," held the NE quarter of 33-18-1W but never actually filed on the land. He operated with the Bill Doolin and Wyatt-Black gangs and was killed south of Guthrie, O. T. in 1898.

The region of Pleasant Valley had been well explored and partly occupied when the land run of April 22, 1889 occurred. The area extending from Langston west to the Cimarron was known as Cowboy Flat. It consisted of 10,000 acres of fine grassland. Homesteaders said that the grass was tall enough to tie the heads or tops together over the back of a horse. Suitable well water could be secured at a depth of twenty feet.

It was at this cabin that the Dalton Gang met before the Coffeyville raid.

The day of the cattlemen preceded the arrival of homesteaders. In 1880, Oscar D. Halsell brought a herd of cattle from Little Wichita River in Texas to present-day Guthrie. The cattle belonged to his uncle, Glenn Halsell. Daniel Livingston served as Glenn's supervisor. He established a camp seven miles north.

In 1882, Glenn moved 10,000 head of cattle to Cowboy Flat. During the same year, he and his brother, Billy Halsell, sold an estimated 14,000 cattle to the Wyeth Wholesale Shoe Company of St. Louis. The company boss claimed that exclusive right to graze the lands of Cowboy Flat went with the sale. Nephew Oscar and his brother, Harry H. Halsell, insisted on remaining on the lands with their herd of 250 head. They could do this because the title was held by the Creek Nation.

During this time, Captain David L. Payne was leading boomers into central Oklahoma in attempts to establish settlement. Cattlemen disliked this competition, and insisted that Payne "wasn't captain of anything" but only led "mobs of wild and woolly land grabbers." To maintain order and to keep out the boomers, a company of Negro soldiers, led by Captain Combs, came from the Pawnee Agency to the cow camp in 1883. The soldiers called the place Camp Russell.

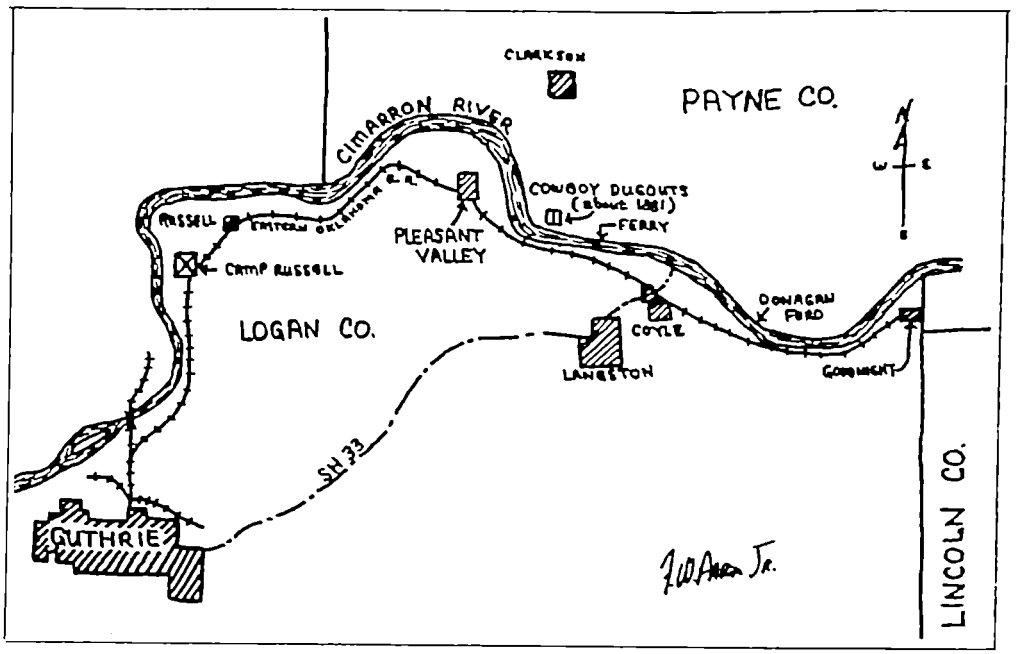
In a book, *The Old Cimarron*, Harry Halsell said the camp was located in a grove of timber and was "blessed with an abundance of shade trees and cool spring water." The cool spring water flows to this day, and helps to preserve for history the site of the camp.

The presence of the soldiers disturbed the cowboys, and they moved to the north bank of the Cimarron, seven miles northeast. There they found two sand hills, sixteen feet apart. They made a dugout in each, set the doors to face each other, and roofed over the space between the doors. Each dugout was 16 x 20 feet, and was sealed with split cedar logs, making the inside a pleasant place to live, both winter and summer. The hall, roofed over, was a convenient place for men to enjoy their meals. This camp served as headquarters for cowboys until the country was opened to settlement. They made smaller dugouts at other places as the need arose.

Pat Welch was cook for this cow outfit, and had as helper a colored man known as George. There was a bountiful supply of wild game, including deer and turkeys. Camp foods included coffee, hoecake, sourdough biscuits, beans, bacon, and beef.

ABOUT 1885, President Grover Cleveland sent General Philip H. Sheridan to "put all cattlemen out of Oklahoma," especially those in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation. Similar orders had been given in previous years, but the influence of rich cattlemen had prevented removal. Sheridan ordered that all cattle in the vicinity of Cowboy Flat be driven north of the Cimarron, and sent troops to enforce the order. Soldiers were to kill the cattle if they were not moved. Harry Halsell said, "We

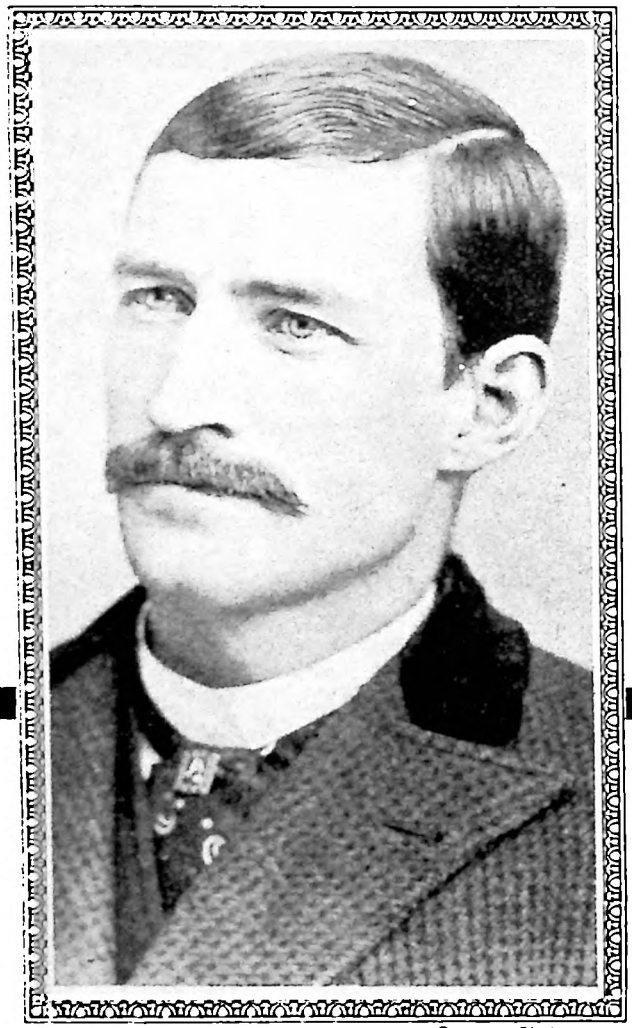
(Continued on page 68)



Map showing Pleasant Valley area.

Above, the students of Victory School District 68 in 1901. George Martin, teacher. Below, the bridge built across the Cimarron River in 1908 and washed away in 1912.

One thing about being nineteen and ready for adventure, bad experiences are easily forgotten—even



Emmett Arnett

Courtesy Clyde Arnett

A BRUSH WITH DEATH

By FOREST CROSSEN

Photos Courtesy Author

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THE ARNETT, on upper Pearl Street in the old section of Boulder, Colorado, was a real Old West hotel. It stood near the foothills of the Rockies, and the view of the great spruce and pine-covered slopes, rising so abruptly from the valley, always made me glad to be alive.

It was a plain brick structure, mellow with the years. The entrance was a double door, reached by a couple of wide sandstone steps rising from a sidewalk of similar sandstone slabs. The stone had come from nearby quarries in the foothills long before the days of concrete.

The lobby had a proud, peaceful air—proud because its old wainscoted walls, hung with pioneer pictures, had looked upon a stirring parade of life; peaceful because it now drowsed in the past, having met and overcome the hardships of the raw frontier.

The proprietor, R. E. Arnett, and his wife Ida were true pioneers. Emmett was the son of old Anthony Arnett, who rounded Cape Horn to California in a windjammer during the 1849 gold rush and was a stampeder to the Pikes Peak country in the 1859 gold rush. Emmett was a slender man a little above medium height, with clean-cut features, bright blue eyes, and an easy manner. He had a pleasant, carrying voice, and he loved to tell stories of the early days. He had a remarkable memory, and he was an excellent raconteur.

One summer afternoon in the cool, high-ceilinged lobby, he began telling me about a trip into the desert country of southern California when he nearly lost his life. This is his story as he told it:

Early in September, 1880, I left Boulder with two men, one named Day and the other Phillips, for a mining camp called Calico on the Mojave Desert near Death Valley.

Day had previously been to this camp and had sold a mine there for $40,000—quite a stake at that time. He had returned to his home in Boulder with the idea of forming a company to put in a mill to treat the ore from this camp, as there wasn't any mill in that part of the country. Phillips, an experienced mining and milling man, went along to look over the situation.

My father, who had had considerable experience in the mining game, agreed to join Day and Phillips in the venture. However, on account of business interests at home, he wasn't able to leave. He told me, then a boy of nineteen, to go with the two men. If the proposition looked good to me, he would put up his part of the money. I was to stay there and look after his interest in case he did invest.

At that time we had to go by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad, because the Santa Fe was under construction. People said that this railroad had a crew of 1,500 Chinamen working on the desert between Needles and what is now known as Barstow. It was so hot that only Chinamen, drinking lots of tea, could stand the work.

We were six days getting to Los Angeles, then a city of 15,000 people centered around the Plaza, in what is now the oldest part of the city. We stayed in Los Angeles a few days to see the sights. The orange groves were a great attraction to me; I had read and heard about them and the "country of sunshine and flowers, where the snow never falls." I was delighted with it all.

We left Los Angeles for San Bernardino, where we were to buy supplies for the desert trip. While we were buying our outfit, which consisted of a team, a buckboard, grain for the horses, grub for ourselves, cooking utensils, a ten-gallon keg for water, etc., we met a man who said he had a copper mine on the desert.

He offered us a good "layout" on the claim if we thought it was all right, saying that he would go with us and show us the claim and stand part of the expense. So we made a deal and started.

WE EXPECTED to fill our keg when we reached El Cajon Canyon, just before entering the desert, but when we reached the shallow well, we found it full of dead rabbits and coyotes. The water stank so bad we couldn't stomach it.

The man who owned the copper mine thought he knew where we could get water that night, and so we went on. But we didn't find any water that day or night, nor the next. It got hotter and hotter the farther we got into the desert, and the sand got deeper and deeper. Nothing but desert, desert, any way you looked. Without water we began to suffer. Our tongues swelled up so we could scarcely talk, but we moved slowly on.

We began to see mirages of lakes with stock feeding around them, and large towns with trees. But we knew better than to follow these phantoms. We came across three or four skeletons—men and pack animals that evidently had become lost too.

When we had left the road three days before to hunt for water, we thought, of course, that we could follow our tracks back. In the meantime one of those terrible, treacherous sandstorms had come up, covering our trail. For hours we battled for our lives against the wind, the heat, the dust, and the sand and gravel that cut our faces unmercifully. Our thirst became so intense that we seemed to be on fire inside. I've often wondered since if there could be a death more torturing than dying from thirst.

Our horses were weaving from side to side, and we expected at any moment to see them drop in their tracks. We backed the horses into the wind but none of us expected to get out alive. Just as the last rays of hope seemed to vanish, the wind died down.

We decided to turn the horses loose, thinking that they might lead us to water. Right away they struck out for a mountain not far away. Mr. Phillips became so desperate that he drank the vinegar from a bottle of pickles and became the next thing to a raving maniac.

We finally reached the mountain at the mouth of a long canyon, which must have run several miles back into the hills. We took heart, knowing that when it rains on the desert it rains hard, and these canyons collect water for miles.

The horses pushed on faster, and we stumbled after them. All at once they stopped and began to paw. They were so weak they could scarcely lift one foot after the other. Then we saw the dampness on the surface of the ground.

We led the horses aside and began to dig. We hadn't gone more than four or five feet until water began to seep into the hole. The horses went wild, and we had a hard time keeping them away. We knew not to drink too much at first. There wasn't much danger of this, because the water oozed in so slowly that we could drink only a few drops at a time. We gave the horses a little at intervals.

Mr. Phillips recovered all right, and we stayed there a couple of days until we were pretty well straightened up.

DESERT MEN say that the Mojave River "runs upside down." In other words, the bedrock in the bottom of the underground river comes near the surface in places, bringing the water with it, causing an oasis. In looking over the desert we could see one of these green spots several miles away, so we filled our keg with water and started across the sand for it. The heat was intense. We arrived there about ten o'clock that night. We dug down three or four feet in the river bed and found plenty of water.

The next day we discovered the road leading to Calico. There were wells on this road every sixty miles. We finally arrived there, a place of two or three hundred people—if everybody was at home! The town was located on the south side of a bare mountain, in a place so hot that nearly everyone had pulled out until fall when it would be cooler.

The town was three miles from the river. Water had to be hauled uphill, and it sold for twelve and a half cents a bucket, making it pretty expensive for us with horses. After looking the situation over, I couldn't see what there was in that country to run a mill with. No water, no wood or any other fuel. Nothing, unless it might be the intense desert heat itself. It seemed hot enough to run almost anything. Of course, I was only a boy and my judgment may not have been mature, but it appeared to me that any sixteen-year-old could figure it out. At any rate, I had had about all the desert life I wanted, although I didn't let on to my companions. The copper mine we gave up, not even going to see about it.

Several days after we hit Calico, Phillips and Day asked me, "Kid, will you take the team into San Bernardino if we pay your fare back on the stage?"

"Sure I will," I told them, tickled half to death at this chance to get away. Secretly, I never intended to return. I could scarcely wait to get started, although I knew I had 180 desert miles, through hot winds and sand, ahead.

I got along all right until the second day, when one of the horses played out between wells or stations. I worried along until midnight when I reached the station and woke up the agent.

"What do you want this time o' night?" he asked.

"I've got a sick horse," I told him.

He came out to help me, felt the horse all over and said, "Your horse has got the 'thumps.' He's been without water. See," he went on, putting his hand on the horse in different places, "you can feel his heart beat as distinctly on the hip as anywhere else."

I told him that the horse had had plenty of water for the last few days, but then related our terrible experience on the desert before we reached Calico.

"That's what is wrong," he said. "That horse hasn't got over the effects of being without water then."

We cared for the animal the best we could, and the next noon he was able to travel again. As I left the desert and neared the summit of El Cajon Pass, there came a change in the weather. It turned cold and commenced to rain hard. There wasn't any top to the buckboard, and by the time I reached the toll gate at the bottom of the pass, I was soaked through.

(Continued on page 56)

The lobby of the Arnett Hotel in Boulder, Colorado.

Courtesy Clyde Arnett

LAST VICTIM OF THE

Tearful ballads used to be written about good boys and bad companions—and fellows like Con Murphy kept the tunesmiths amply supplied with examples

By PHIL S. LONG

THOSE who knew his parents in Hannibal, Missouri, said Con Murphy wasn't born bad. But many who met him in Montana during the wild years between 1876 and 1885 would have disputed the fact. As it turned out, he almost escaped a sentence of death and would, the Hannibal friends claimed, have led a decent God-fearing life had he been able to return to Missouri.

Born John Redmond, the man Montanans knew as Con Murphy arrived on the frontier in 1876 as a young teamster employed to help move army supplies on General Terry's famous march down the valley of the Yellowstone. He was a good worker and got along well with the troops; but something—perhaps a desire for adventure—prompted him to abandon the security of government paychecks and take off on his own. Making his way into the Gallatin Valley he adopted his alias, borrowing the first name Con from his younger brother. He launched a new career in the Lewis and Clark country—horsestealing.

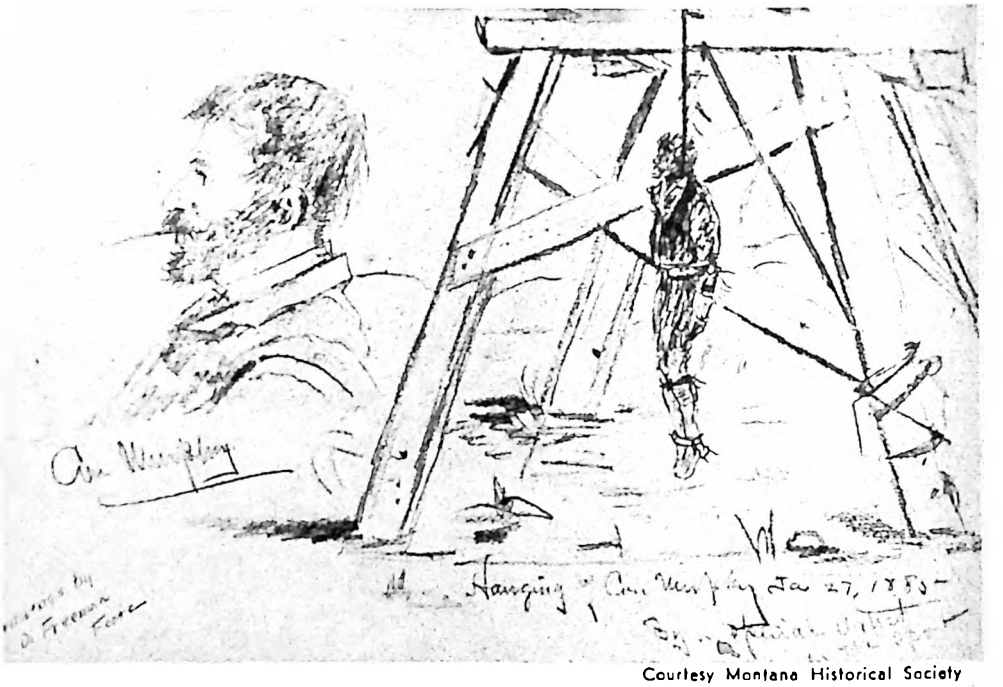
His luck took a dip in 1879 when he was captured and sentenced to the penitentiary at Deer Lodge. After serving about seven months he made his escape—the first of several—but was recaptured on the Dearborn River by a posse led by Charles M. Jeffers, the sheriff of Lewis and Clark County. Returned to prison, Murphy served the remainder of his sentence and was discharged in 1882.

That winter he stole only enough horses to provide himself with a living, and in his "spare" time investigated the activities of the Fort Benton stage. That spring he attempted a one-man holdup in Prickly Pear Canyon, thirty miles north of Helena, and got away with comparative ease.

But the driver, an old-timer in the area, recognized him and before long Con was arrested and impounded in the Helena city jail. He made his escape by cutting through the roof, and headed east but was recaptured at Big Timber, Montana, and brought back to Helena.

This time he was imprisoned in the county jail, which was much stronger. But again the prize prisoner escaped and no one heard of Murphy again until spring of the following year.

In the high country away from Helena Murphy recruited the assistance of John and Henry Edmonson and George Munn. They made plans carefully and moved to the head of North Boulder Creek, where they stole twenty good horses, some of which belonged to rancher John Keating. Then, in a covered wagon driven by Mrs. John Edmonson with her children, they masqueraded as emigrants and headed for Idaho by way of Madison Valley. At Wigwam Creek they decided to rest for a day or two as they were sure they were far ahead of any pursuers.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society

Shortly after they had left the North Boulder, Deputy Sheriff Jack Alport had started after them. He arrived at Ennis about two days after they had been there and organized a posse consisting of George Thorpe, Harry Thompson, Ed Stiles and a few others. They intercepted Murphy's gang south of Wigwam Creek early in the morning before they had broken camp. It was a poorly arranged attack; although considerable shooting took place no one was hit on either side. But the thieves' firepower was enough to drive the posse away and Murphy and his companions fled south past Henry's Lake and down the Snake River.

WALTER LONG, my father, then a boy twelve years of age, was herding cattle at the Sawtell Ranch on the northwest side of Henry's Lake when the horsethieves came by. A cold drizzling rain was falling and Murphy was wearing a dark overcoat and leather chaps and a huge wide-brimmed hat. When he approached the boy he had a Winchester rifle on his right arm and the butt of a .44 caliber six-shooter protruded from one of his saddle pockets.

Murphy was very pleasant and asked, "Son, do you know if they have any fish for sale over at that house?"

"I don't think so," replied the boy.

Then John Edmonson, a black-bearded, surly man, rode up and demanded in a gruff voice, "Well, then, have they got anything to drink?"

The boy stammered that they only drank water, and the dark giant of a man muttered several bitter oaths and wheeling his horse, rode off to join the herd. As the strangers left, Walter watched and saw them quirt a small colt unmercifully.

Early the next morning young Long followed the tracks of the horses in the mud and as he expected, he came to the colt a short distance down the trail. Hoisting the forlorn animal up on his saddle he returned home with it, but it died later in the day.

When Deputy Alport and his men returned to Ennis with news of their forced withdrawal the men of the Madison Valley became aroused. A posse of fifteen was formed, led by William Ennis, and they vowed to capture the thieves and return the stolen horses. On the third night after the outlaws had passed the Sawtell ranch the posse arrived and questioned Walter Long. The strangers' treatment of the colt had made him so bitter he had deliberately tried to remember every detail he could about the

VIGILANTES

Courtesy Montana Historical Society

The Helena Fire Department in 1880. Presently the site of Lewis and Clark County Jail, it was here that the body of Con Murphy was displayed.

thieves and their equipment. He begged to be allowed to join the manhunt but, of course, was refused.

The posse traveled fast down the Snake River. The next day it overtook the wagon driven by John Edmonson and his family. The Edmonsons were placed under arrest. The following day the rest of the gang was located in a house in Rexburg, Idaho, where they had obtained supper and lodging at the home of Brigham Ricks. Ennis and his men contacted Ricks during the night, and the next morning Ricks told the outlaws that breakfast would be served at his brother's house across the street.

About seven a.m. Munn and Henry Edmonson strolled leisurely out of the house. The men of the posse ordered them to throw up their hands. The two thieves went for their guns and shooting began. Edmonson dropped to the ground but Munn scrambled back into the house and an instant later reappeared in the doorway with a rifle. As he was drawing down, a bullet hit him and he fell back on the floor.

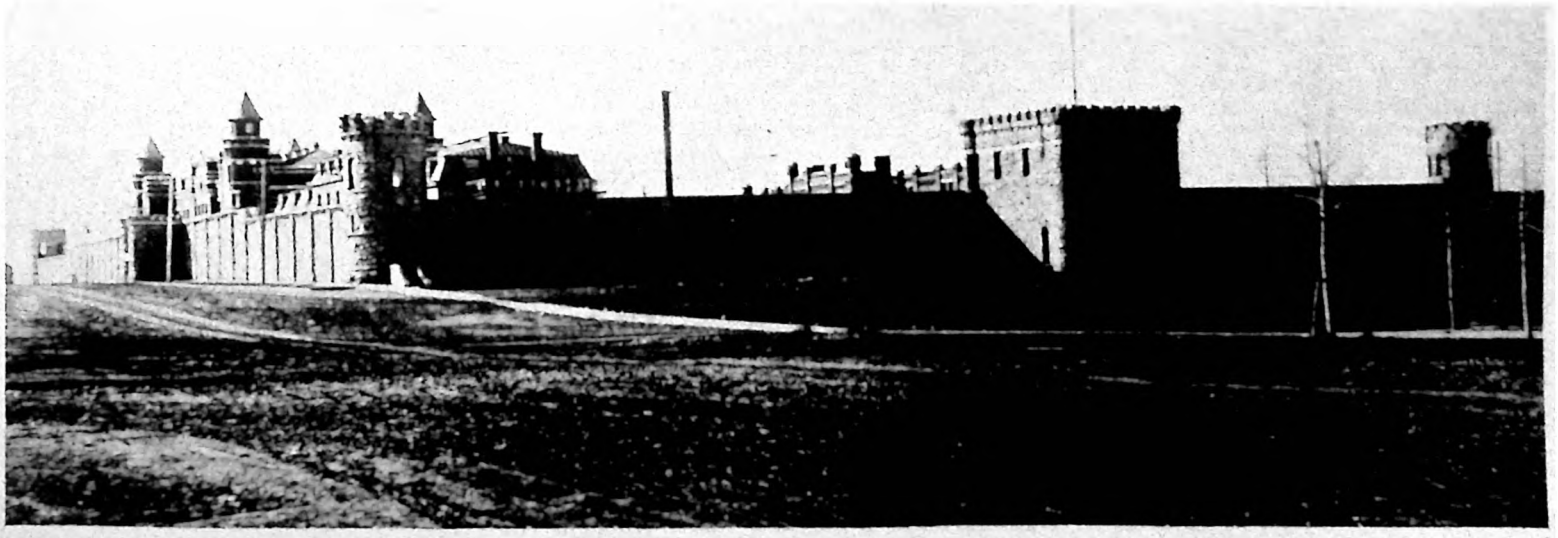
During a lull in the shooting Murphy called to the posse that Munn was dying and that he (Murphy) wanted to surrender. The posse stopped shooting and Con Murphy came out with his hands in the air. Henry Edmonson, who had not been hit after all, got up from the street and also surrendered.

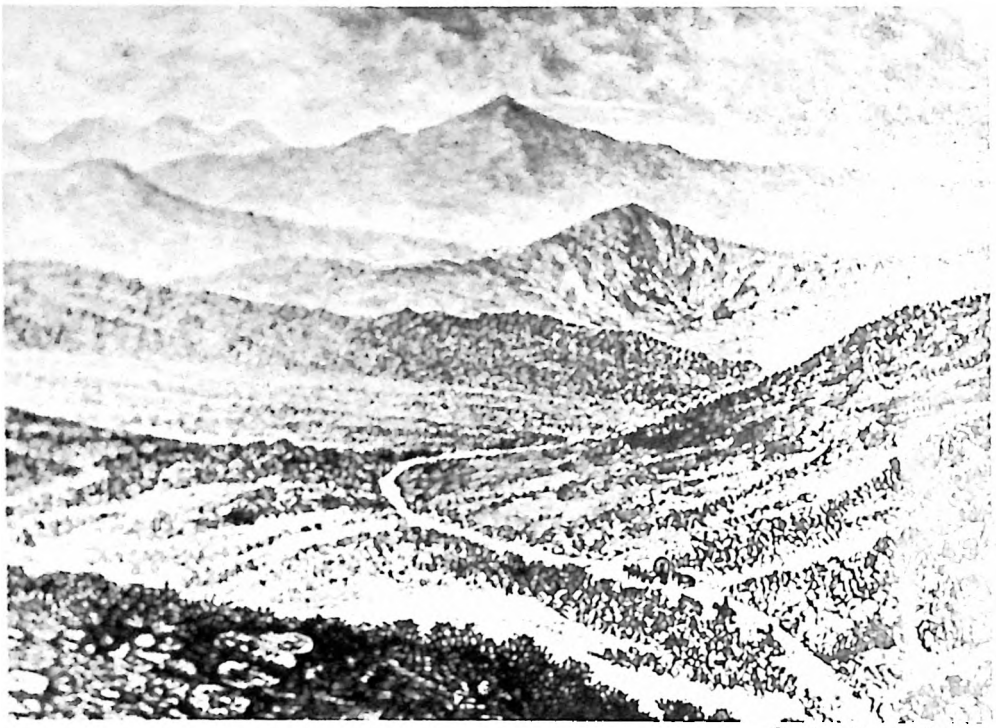
Munn was dying—he had been shot through the body, the ball striking him in the right side of the breast. He lived about two hours and during that time dictated several letters to relatives in Missouri. He spent the rest of his time

(Continued on page 48)

Early photo of the Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge from which Con Murphy escaped.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society





Courtesy Maurice Kildare

Apache Pass by J. Ross Browne—1869.

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 13)

at evening and said that Cochise would blame me for the disaster. I contended that it would not be fair, since Cochise could only blame himself for allowing the Mexican troops to get into his camp. When Cochise arrived at the camp, he was in a terrible humor, saying that he would burn me at the stake and massacre my men. This was the first time that any chief had taken his whole tribe upon a raid into Mexico, and the venture was watched with a great interest by all the other tribes.

As the first part of Cochise's raid had been a decided victory all the way, the news had been signaled from the pass to all the remaining tribes. Francisco, of the Coyoteras, started for the pass to meet the victorious Cochise and at the same time to make me a visit. But when he had come as far as the Graham Mountains, about forty miles northwest of the pass, he received the signal of Cochise's defeat and became undecided whether to keep on to the pass or turn back to his rancheria; but he arrived at the pass in advance of Cochise's return.

THE NIGHT before Cochise's arrival, Francisco, Esconolea and I sat up late into the night, talking the matter over. I contended that Cochise was entirely to blame for not guarding his warriors against the surprise. I told him that, with half the number of warriors, I could have made a victory over the Mexicans, and that I felt quite sure that Cochise would consider me the scapegoat of the whole affair and make me pay the penalty.

I was a prisoner, and every outlet from the pass was guarded, barring any attempt on my part to escape; and as soon as Cochise arrived, a council was held, and I was told to be present. I said I would go, provided that warriors were left to protect my men at the station, for I knew that Cochise in his present mood could not be trusted, and would not hesitate to do any mean thing. Esconolea and Francisco promised me that their warriors would guard the station. On our way to the council ground, Francisco asked me if I was sure that I could take the same number of warriors that Cochise took with him and make a successful raid. I answered that I was sure I could.

Cochise was sitting there, sulky and sullen, when we arrived; and it convinced me the more that I would have to fight for my life. He began his talk, going over the whole trip from beginning to end, laying all blame on me for the failure it was. He hissed my name and blamed Esconolea for befriending an American. He finally said that he would soon put an end to all American interference by killing every American in the territory; and, as for me, he was going to burn me alive and dance while I was burning. As he was saying all this, his face lit up as though it was going to be a great pleasure.

When it came my turn to speak, I told him that he was to blame, and not I, and that I could have brought back all the stock captured on the raid. I added, "Give me half the number of warriors, and I will bring back horses, saddles, and bridles." He jumped up, exclaiming, "Too-de-cah-scateel," "God Almighty's Blood. I will furnish you with warriors and give you your liberty to make the raid, postponing your punishment until you make the trial. If you succeed, you will have your freedom, but if you fail, you know what will happen to you." As there was nothing to lose by accepting the proposition, and a good chance was offered to save my life, I accepted.

Esconolea asked Cochise if he, Esconolea, could furnish the warriors. Cochise said, "Yes." I told him that, if I failed, he need not keep the pass guarded; that I would accept the penalty, as I was so sure I would succeed. Francisco offered to furnish half the warriors needed. The following new moon, we started with the understanding that I had nothing to do with collecting the stock, and would only be expected to take command of the warriors in case of an attack.

The warriors collected large numbers of horses, cattles, and mules, and we were on the return trip without having been molested by the Mexican troops. We made camp about 9:00 P.M., a few miles nearer the American line than where Cochise met with his disaster. The warriors wanted to camp at sundown, but I said we would not halt before 9:00 P.M. I asked to have the herd driven a mile farther on, and told Esconolea and Francisco to send the poorest warriors to tend the stock, and to have all others lie down for sleep. Esconolea's warriors were in a line on the left, and Francisco's on the right, and in case of an attack I was to take the center, and they the left and right commands. I had left some warriors about a mile in the rear of our camp so as to avoid a surprise by the Mexicans during the night.

Old Esconolea slept close by me, and just as the sun was beginning to rise, he called me, saying that the troops were coming. His eyes were keener than mine, and I had to look for some minutes before I could distinguish their lances gleaming in the early sunlight, but they looked to be several miles away. The warriors, by that time, had all left their line and were rushing for the stock. I turned to Esconolea and Francisco, telling them to call all good warriors back into line as they had been all night, and to let those in charge of the stock drive them along, pretending that they did not know of the enemy's approach, and to do this until within a mile of the Mexicans, and then to get hurried and drive as though they were getting out of their way.

All this time, I had managed to get the warriors in line in a shallow arroyo, which extended from the mountain southward over the tableland. The Mexicans were coming directly at us. As soon as they advanced over the tableland, they saw the stock. I rode up onto the mesa with about twenty warriors and went toward the Mexicans. Before starting, I told Esconolea and Francisco to keep their warriors all mounted and out of sight, and that I would ride to the front and get the Mexicans to charge me; then I would turn and run back to the edge of the arroyo and face them again. When I should give the signal to advance, we would all charge clear through the Mexican command and back. I added, "If you will do as I say, we will come out all right."

WHEN THE Mexicans saw the Indians rushing the stock, and only the twenty mounted warriors, they thought it would be easy to clean up, so they carried out the command to charge. In a two-mile charge, half of the troops were strung out for a quarter of a mile in the rear, and only the best horses were keeping in line. They opened fire before they were close enough to hit us. When they were within about one hundred yards of us, we began firing and running back to the edge of the arroyo, where we faced about. When halfway back, I signaled for Esconolea's and Francisco's lines to advance, and they came up into line just as I reached the arroyo, and then we charged with a solid column. It was more than the Mexicans had expected, and they broke and ran; but with their tired horses they found it difficult to make their getaway quickly. It all took about a half-hour and I called to stop pursuit and to gather the stock which were running riderless over the mesa. They collected eighty-three horses, saddles, and bridles; and,

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

The main street of old Mesilla, 1880. The Overland Stage office and stables can be seen left of center.

I think, perhaps one hundred lances.

I told them to kill some of the animals and to eat, and then start for home. I felt satisfied that the Mexicans would not molest us again on that trip. It is needless to say how pleased the warriors were with me, for they showed it in every way, and there did not seem to be anything too good for me. Cochise received the signals of the victory that day, and I knew that he would not relish the news.

Now, I am well aware that many Americans will condemn me for my part in this raid, but I was really able to pay a little debt that I owed Mexico for the punishment of some friends at Mier, who were fortunate enough to draw the white beans; but, instead of being given their liberty as promised, they were manacled and driven to work at the point of the bayonet. The few who made their escape from such cruelty did so by overpowering the guards. In those days, my likes and dislikes were very decided, and in my opinion one thousand Mexican lives could not have paid for the lives of those friends. [Before the narrative opens, in December of 1842, a band of Americans who had been pursuing Mexicans in Mexico surrendered and were placed in prison. Black and white beans were passed out, and those who drew black beans (supposedly one in ten) were executed, while those with the white beans were promised a freedom which they gained only after many difficulties.]

And there was still another grudge. After the Crabb expedition into Mexico, the Mexicans made it a point to trump up charges against every American who happened to cross the Mexican line. I happened to be a victim, along with four others, in prison in Paso del Norte, now called Juarez. When we appealed to our American consul, Dieffendorfer by name, in reality a brute, he answered by asking why we did not stay home. There was an Englishman in the group of prisoners, and he said that if we failed to get out, he would himself call the English consul to our rescue. He did, and refused to leave jail unless the Americans got their liberty. Then he demanded damages for every day in jail, and he got them, while we Americans received insults as pay for our request for damages.

Well, my life was at stake, and the raid settled the score all around.

We arrived at Apache Pass with all the stock, and immediately signals were sent, inviting all the Apache tribes to a general feast. They began coming a few days later and continued to appear until the entire tribes of Francisco, Mangas Colorado, Elias, Chino, and several others had come. The feast began and continued until every horse, mule, and beef captured on the raid had been slaughtered. There was not a grain of corn left, either, for it had all been made into tizwin. As long as the tizwin lasted, nothing was done in council; but as soon as the Indians recovered from their drunkenness, the council began.

Everything was reviewed in connection with the Americans. There seemed to be great enmity against the Navajos, who, it seemed, had whipped the Apaches on every occasion that they had raided the upper Navajo country. The first night was given to discussing the subject of how the Americans were overrunning their country. Cochise, as usual, was very bitter, and Mangas Colorado and Elias slightly favored Cochise's policy of extermination, but all the other chiefs took sides with me. Before the council closed, the first night, they changed my name from "San-Daisy," "Mule," to "Cheese-Golee," "White Chief." All tribal differences thereafter were to be brought to me. I was the authority on how to plan raids and was vested with some power, along with the chiefs. The first thing I did was to settle forever the tribal feud between Esconolea's and old Jack's tribes.

The great ambition of the Apaches was to overcome the Navajos, and they begged me to go with them. I told them that I was employed by the Overland Mail Company and had my trading post to attend to, and that it was impossible for me to go with them; but that I would help them plan the raid, and Cochise or any other chief could command the expedition. I said it would be compulsory for all to follow the leadership of whichever chief was chosen to command them. The council finished its work on the third night, and each tribe left soon for their own campground to prepare for the big raid on the Navajos, which was planned for the second new moon after the council closed.

The campaign was made, and after a month's time they were returning with over ten thousand head of sheep; but a great many warriors fell in the battle, and they felt their loss keenly. They told me that they got into the camps without being noticed and drove off great herds. In fact, they found themselves burdened by such numbers of sheep as to hinder their progress in returning.

(Continued on page 32)

Beer
5¢

She was a beautiful woman - - an ornament to the town - - but she had one wedding day too many!

By ED ELINE

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

MYSTERIOUS LADY of YANKEE FORK

ON AUGUST 11, 1890, a freight wagon piled high with packing crates and boxes rumbled along the main road to Bonanza City, sending rooster tails of dust into the windless noonday air. At the edge of town it halted in front of a small frame house. Driver and helper climbed down from their high perch and were greeted by a slender blonde woman. They talked a moment and then, with the woman directing them, the two men began unloading the boxes and carrying them inside. In the packing crates was new furniture to celebrate the beginning of a new life in Idaho Territory.

At about the same time a well-dressed man of middle height and years stepped out onto the street in the center of town. He was quickly joined by a friend, the ten-year-old son of a local businessman, and the pair began a casual stroll. They stopped often, to greet an acquaintance, to watch construction of a new building, to discuss the endless topics of interest to man and boy. They were obviously in no hurry, and in that time and place there were many distractions.

The settlement was less than three years old but it was already taking on an aura of permanence, undiminished by the excitement and bustling activity of a gold rush boom. The sounds which accompanied the visible busyness were those of substantial, lasting industry—the keening whine of big saws ripping into pine logs, a steady thump-a-thump from a dozen little quartz mills, the hammering and shouts of carpenters, an occasional powder blast from one of the mines.

The freighters were finished with their unloading and were preparing to leave when the man and boy approached. The four exchanged a few minutes of casual conversation before driver and helper climbed aboard their wagon. The man entered the house; the boy stopped to investigate something in the yard.

Moments later there was a piercing scream and echoing reports of gunfire. The boy cautiously peered into the house, then raced out of the yard and along the street, shouting for help.

A crowd quickly gathered. On the floor, sprawled beside unopened packing crates, were the bodies of Robert Hawthorne and his bride of sixteen days, Agnes Elizabeth King Hawthorne.

The house contained no trace of the killer—not even the gun which fired the fatal shots. Nobody could recall seeing anyone lurking near the house, or anything else out of the ordinary.

The man upon whom suspicion would have otherwise turned had pushed his way through the crowd outside the door to stand in grieved silence over the body of the blonde woman. His name was Charles Franklin. And in the legends which grew out of the talk and speculation following the double slaying, he is mentioned often.

The central figure in those stories is the blonde woman. The old-timers called her "Lizzie," and even today though none who knew her remains, the mention of her name will often spark a lively story-telling session in the mountains split by the forks and tributaries of the wild Salmon River. She lives on in those stories, a symbol of the time when the eyes of a gold-hungry world were focused on the Yankee Fork Mining District.

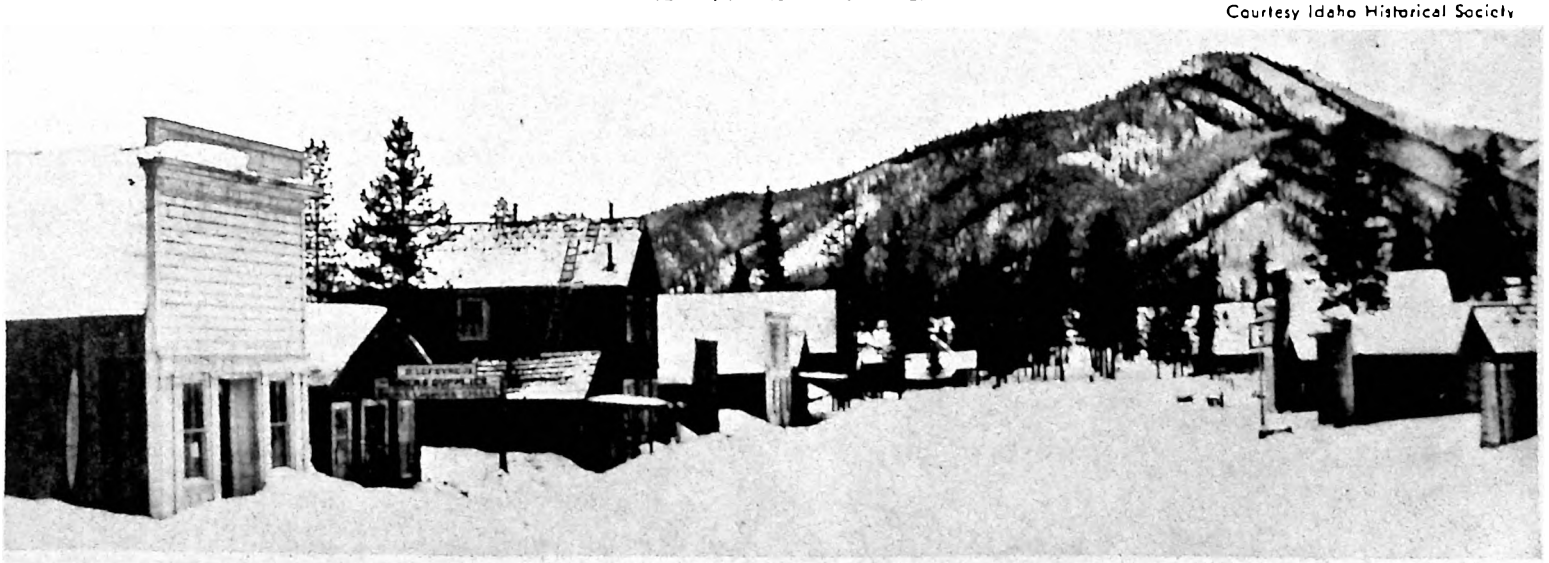
But the legends surrounding the life and death of the lady known as Lizzie do not tell the whole story. There were other leading "characters," not the least of which was the mining camp which gave her fame. For upon such chance occurrences as the discovery of gold hangs the fate of men and nations—and of the strong-willed women who somehow manage to rule both.

THE GOLD STRIKE which drew the western mining world to the Yankee Fork was recorded in August 1876. It was made just a few days after news of General Custer's defeat at the Battle of Little Big Horn reached the mountain wilderness, and so was named the General Custer Strike. There had been desultory placer mining activity in the district for several years, and one or two smaller

(Continued on page 50)

Bonanza, Idaho in the 1870s.

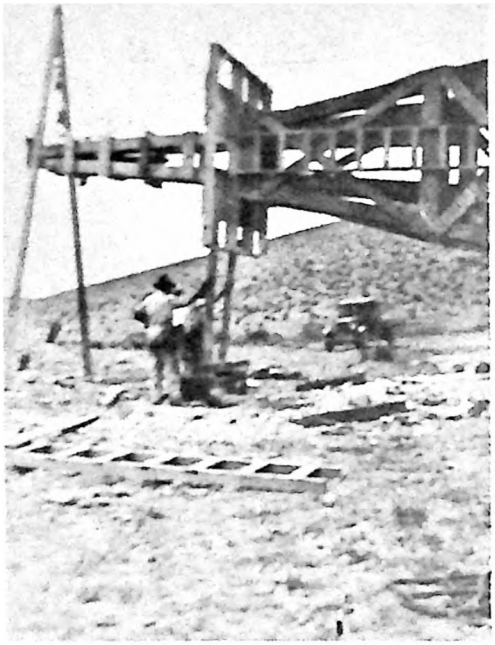
Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



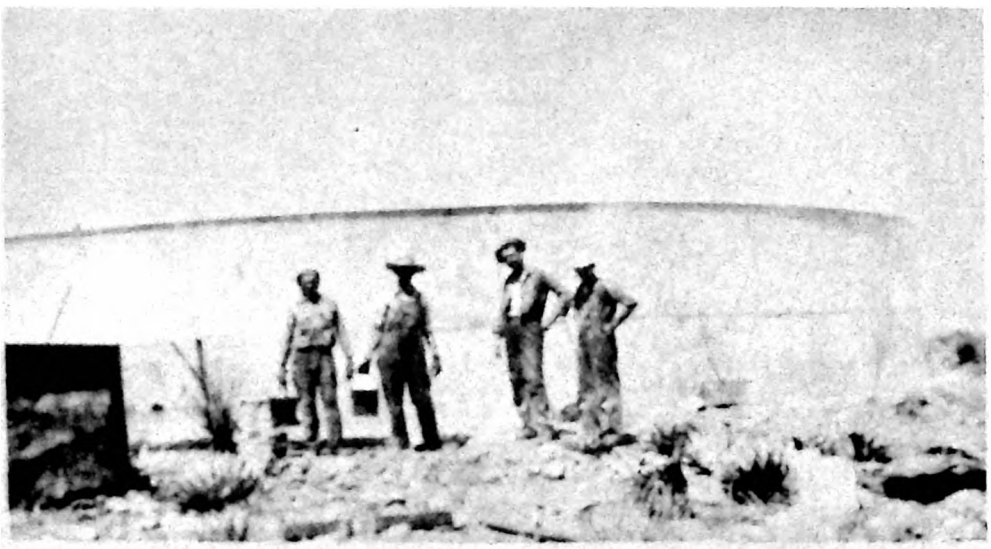
KING

By KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author



The above four photos show the erecting of a wooden tower and windmill. Below, the Slash X Ranch. The mill and well extend 1¼ miles below this tank. A bulldozer pump lifts water. Mr. Knox is shown on far right.



DON QUIXOTE sought to slay the windmills on the plains of Spain, believing them to be evil monsters, but Ray D. Knox, installer of seven out of ten windmills in the range country around Roswell, New Mexico, acclaims the whirling giants as saviours of the land, and is proud of his well-earned title of King of the Windmillers.

Knox at eighty-three has the clear eyes, the firm handclasp, and the authoritative manner associated with men who are dedicated to their work. Born in Nebraska of a farming family, Knox headed for the Southwest as a teenager, lured by the excitement of cowboy and rodeo stories. Today, at his home in Roswell, he and Mrs. Knox look back at a life full of pioneering adventure and the satisfaction of important accomplishment.

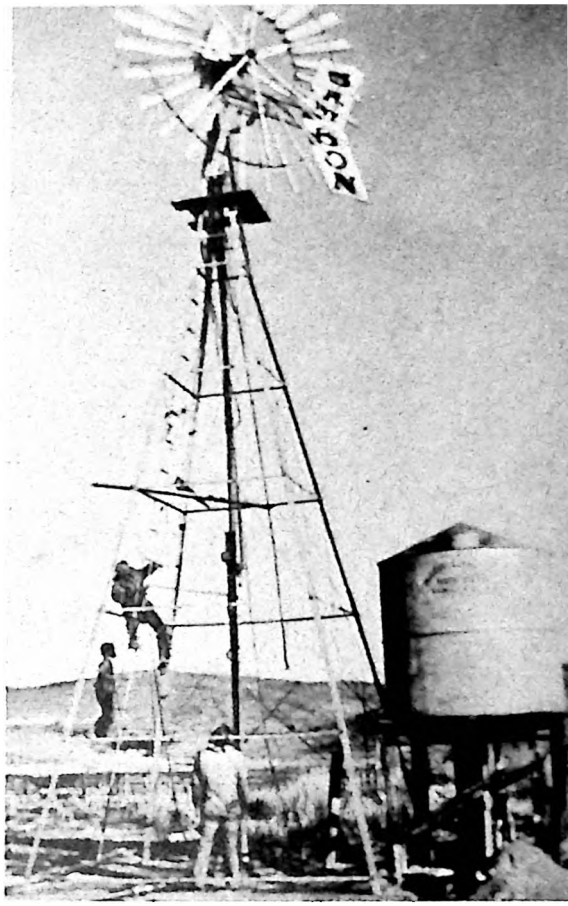
In 1911 Knox began his windmilling career on a small scale, working on the ranches and farms around Roswell. The first windmills were made of wood, built on the ground and then lifted into place. Later the steel towers and mills were introduced, and they came ready for assembling. This was done from the ground up, bolt by bolt, piece by piece.

"That," Knox said, "was quite a job, especially the tall wooden ones. We would put a heavy jack under the very top of the tower, the first brace. Of course the windmills were put in place after the towers were erected. We used horses and very strong ropes to pull the tower up. A strong wedge of wood would be placed under the brace and slipped gently forward as the horses, and later truck, pulled the tower erect. Guide ropes helped hold the tower where it should be, exactly over the well. A sturdy ladder inside the tower led to its platform, because windmills do lose spokes and can be damaged in storms. The well tower was anchored with strong timbers set well into the ground, with earth dampened to get better packing and capped by cement when dried out. That tower had to be able to withstand any big gust of wind."

That year Knox also began building watering troughs for the well towers he installed. He has always been handy with tools and even today likes to work with pretty and unusual woods. When the Knoxes bought their home in 1911 it had only two rooms. He added the rest, designing and putting in a large, small-paned window across one entire end of the living-room, truly a beautiful piece of carpentering.

of the Windmillers

An old-timer in the profession sums it up: The wind was his greatest enemy; winter the hardest time; "blacking out" the deepest dread . . .



Corn Ranch windmill, 1941.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1916, Knox went to work for Mabie-Lowery Hardware Company in Roswell. He stayed with this firm for twenty years, quitting to go into business for himself as a windmiller. His first duties with Mabie-Lowery were building harness racks, helping to unload railroad cars, putting in and taking care of machinery. Each morning he started up and ran for a few minutes the little pump engines the company stocked, a task he liked.

Along with building towers and putting up windmills Knox began directing the installing of artesian engines on artesian wells in the vicinity of Roswell, Pecos, and Artesia. This is fine farming country, producing good alfalfa and feed crops in the early days, with cotton later becoming one of the main crops. For the artesian wells Knox erected half-towers, these being necessary for pulling pipes. He did one of these jobs for Prude Brothers near Hope, and another for Prader-Miller on the Macho River, a dry canyon which ran only after heavy rains.

"Frank Smith and I worked an engine over and built a tower for The Big Four Company down on the Bullis," said Mr. Knox. "The four men comprising the company were Pete and Jack Cassabone, Harry Thorne and, I think Jaffa Miller. The well was 1,300 feet deep. It was on a large ranch of many sections, running both sheep and cattle."

During the years Ray Knox worked for Mabie-Lowery much work was done on the Mescalero Indian Reservation in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico. This Apache reservation is one of the most scenically beautiful and richest in the country. Knox installed four windmills there, each with 6,500-gallon capacity, all having cement tanks and watering troughs. On this job he had four men, among them the Carruthers brothers, Raymond and Claude, the latter a youngster of seventeen. Knox says these men were two of the best windmillers he ever had, unafraid to tackle any job. The Carruthers brothers are still friends and neighbors.

In 1936 one of the reservation contracts took 119 days to complete. During this time the crew put up one 84-foot tower with a 20-foot windmill and three 60-foot towers with 20-foot windmills, and built six 6,500-gallon steel tanks. One tank oddly enough was 84 feet higher on the mountain than the well. This was at a place called Elk's Silver. A cone-shaped concrete top was erected over this tank to shed the snow which sometimes gets six feet deep there. The men also laid six miles of pipeline (three feet underground to prevent freezing) and built four concrete troughs for the sheep the Indians ran in this part of the mountain reservation. These troughs were forty feet long with six-foot aprons on both sides.

"Some people don't think that there is any bother from flies in the mountains," Knox remarked. "Well, any doubting Thomas who thinks high country has no flies ought to have been with us that summer in the Sacramentos. When we were putting in the 84-foot tower at Upper Indian, John Cook, our camp cook, fought flies all day every day. He was great to use raisins in custards, bread pudding and other dishes. We often debated the identity of some of the "little black things" which filled those desserts that John fed us.

"It was sure a gala day on September 1 when we finished that 119-day job. I had eight men working for me—John Cook, Willie Porter, Jimmy Linn, Alvin Harcrow, Claude and Raymond Carruthers, a fellow named Garberry, and my son, Melvin. All are still living except John Cook."

ON APRIL 2, 1937, Knox bought some tools from Mabie-Lowery and began contracting windmilling jobs for himself. This he continued to do until after World War II ended. He took a contract with his old company to put two big tanks and one windmill, pump jack and engine in Fence Canyon on the Mescalero Indian Reservation. In 1938 he had another contract with Mabie-Lowery to put in a small windmill and tower there, all steel. The following year he put in a 14-foot mill, a 2,800- and a 3,000-gallon tank, and built a tank tower on the reservation. All steel towers with a 20-foot mill have 14-foot towers with platforms which have 8 corners and a 38-inch railing around the sides.

The crew suffered no lack of entertainment on the long nights out on windmilling jobs. "There were four French harps and one violin in the group," Knox relates, "and John Cook played drums on the dishpans. The Indians would drop by often in the day, and sometimes at night they would congregate just outside the light of the camp and listen to our music. They seemed to enjoy it. Once after we'd played about an hour they began to beat their tom-toms, joining in with good rhythm. And, of course, we had card games. Often in the long summer evenings we would just sit around the campfire and spin yarns."

Roy and Claude Carruthers like to join Mr. and Mrs. Knox in recalling the adventurous and hard-working days of their windmilling.

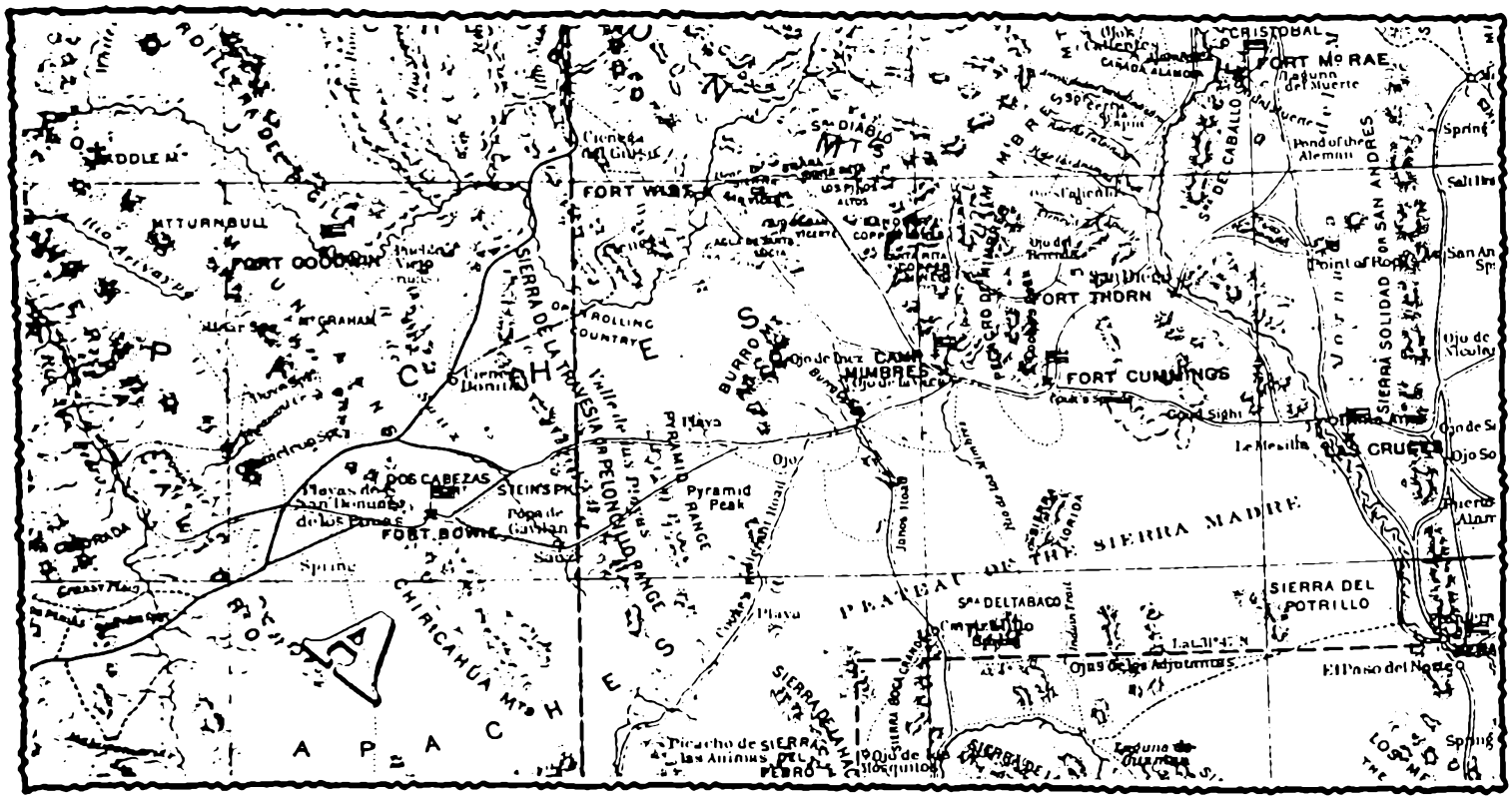
"Remember the Torreon Live Stock Company job when we were trapped in the engine house for three days and nights by a most terrific wind?" Claude asked, and then explained, "The enginehouse was only 6 by 10 feet, with the center occupied by the big engine. We had to spread our bedrolls wherever we could find a spot. Cook made a fire under a triangular piece of heavy tin wedged across a corner. We burned cowchips and were darned lucky to have them. On the third night the wind went away so quietly that it made the whole countryside seem spooky. The moon came up so big and bright that about three in the morning we went out and started to work."

"It was plumb fantastic," the others agreed.

"We went up there on a job that would have normally taken only a couple of days at most," Raymond added. "We were only going to change windmills on a 20-foot Sampson. I remember that John's biscuits, cooked on top of that makeshift stove, were so hard we couldn't dent them. We used them to plug up the holes in the sidewalls. They had to be tough to keep that wind out!"

"We tried to put our tent on the eaves of the enginehouse to keep the

(Continued on page 62)



Map showing Fort Bowie, Arizona and Fort Thorn, New Mexico, 1864.

Arizona in the '50s

(Continued from page 27)

Thinking they were at a perfectly safe distance from the Navajo country, where they had gotten their spoils, they divided the herds and drove separately. About halfway home, the Navajos overtook them and they had a great battle in a wide valley. They lost their captured herds, except for those far on ahead, which finally reached the pass. This happened in 1859.

IT WAS NOT long after their return that Dr. Steck, the agent, arrived at the station with goods for the Indians. He had sent an order in advance for Captain Ewell to bring his command from Fort Buchanan and to be present at the pass when the goods were given out. Captain Ewell arrived that same evening with two companies of dragoons. The presents were to be given out the next day, but the Indians refused to come in while the troops were there. That evening I arranged with Captain Ewell to go out to the mouth of the canyon next morning to graze his horses; and while he was away I would have the Indians called in to receive their presents. In the morning, he told Dr. Steck that he would go down to the mouth of the canyon where his horses could graze. He said he would be back around noon, and that he would be within sight if needed. Soon after he left, the Indians began coming in, and I notified Dr. Steck that the Indians were ready to receive their goods, and that he might as well begin to present them. He said he would wait until the Captain returned, but I prevailed upon him to issue the goods, which lasted till early afternoon. A courier was sent out to notify Captain Ewell that the transaction was finished. Dr. Steck left immediately, but Captain Ewell spent a whole week with me. Cochise had two Mexican captive boys, named José and Chivero (Goat-Herder). The latter was Cochise's interpreter, a bright boy whom Dr. Steck had noticed and was desirous of keeping with him. The boy wanted to get away, and we arranged that I should put him on the coach and land him at Mesilla, where Dr. Steck would meet him and take him with him. Chivero remained with Dr. Steck for years. Later he returned to the Apaches and became interpreter at San Carlos. His proper name was Mirajilda Grijalba. At this date, he is a successful stock raiser near Solomonville, on the Gila River, and I see him occasionally.

The other captive boy, José, was killed at the pass by one of my men, John Wilson, a Missourian. Cochise gave José his six-shooter, insisting that he should fight Wilson in the way the Americans fought. Cochise advised José to sit in front of the station and shoot Wilson as he came out the door. As Wilson passed through the door, José fired and missed. The second shot was no better than the first, and before he could fire the third shot, Wilson shot the boy dead. Cochise growled considerably and came to see me about it. I told him he had arranged the fight, and that it was his fault that the boy was killed; and that Wilson was in the right, so that was the end of it.

There was a man by the name of Gay working for me who had been run out of Texas for horse stealing, and at that time there was a reward of $250 for him. It was considered too much of a trip from Franklin to Apache Pass to come after him. He was quite shrewd in trading. Francisco for a long time had been urging me to establish a trading post on the Rio San Pedro, and I finally made up my mind to do so. I was planning to put Gay in charge of it, and I sent all the surplus stock from Apache Pass to the new trading post, so that they would have better grazing. I asked Gay if he could be honest with me if I put him in a position to make money fast. So I put him in charge of the San Pedro post, giving him half the profits. We were to do business with the emigrants passing through the country and also with the Americans at Fort Buchanan. I said that I would come every moon and trade with Francisco's tribe, and Gay promised that he would be honest with me and would follow my orders.

I gave him money, horses, and mules and told him to go to Fort Buchanan and sell the stock in exchange for teams and goods at Major Brevort's sutler's store, and to hire some Mexicans to help him build the trading post at San Pedro. He did well for several months, and we had accumulated quite a herd of horses and mules, when I received an offer from some freighters of $75 per head for their pick of seventy-five mules out of the herd. I accepted the offer and wrote them to meet me at San Pedro trading post; and I also wrote Gay, saying when I would arrive.

Gay had two Santa Cruz Mexicans working for him at the trading post, and the night before I was to arrive, he arranged with the Mexicans to drive all the stock to Santa Cruz and herd them until he came. Gay planned to fill the mule order and get the whole amount for himself. Esconolea and I arrived on the day set and found the post deserted and the stock gone. There was a note from Gay stating that the Indians had stolen the stock, and that he had taken the trail after them.

Esconolea and I both were certain that no Indians had run the stock off, and we began examining the foot tracks around the place. The thieves had worn moccasins, but not one of the tracks proved to be that of Indian moccasins. We figured that the two smaller moccasin tracks were of the two Mexicans, and the larger one of Gay's footprints. We returned next day to Apache Pass, and Esconolea took some warriors and retraced the trail from the San Pedro post to the town of Santa Cruz, in Sonora. Esconolea arrived there five days after the mules had been selected and sold, and the other stock had been driven off. Gay went to Tucson and made that town his home until 1884, when he died.

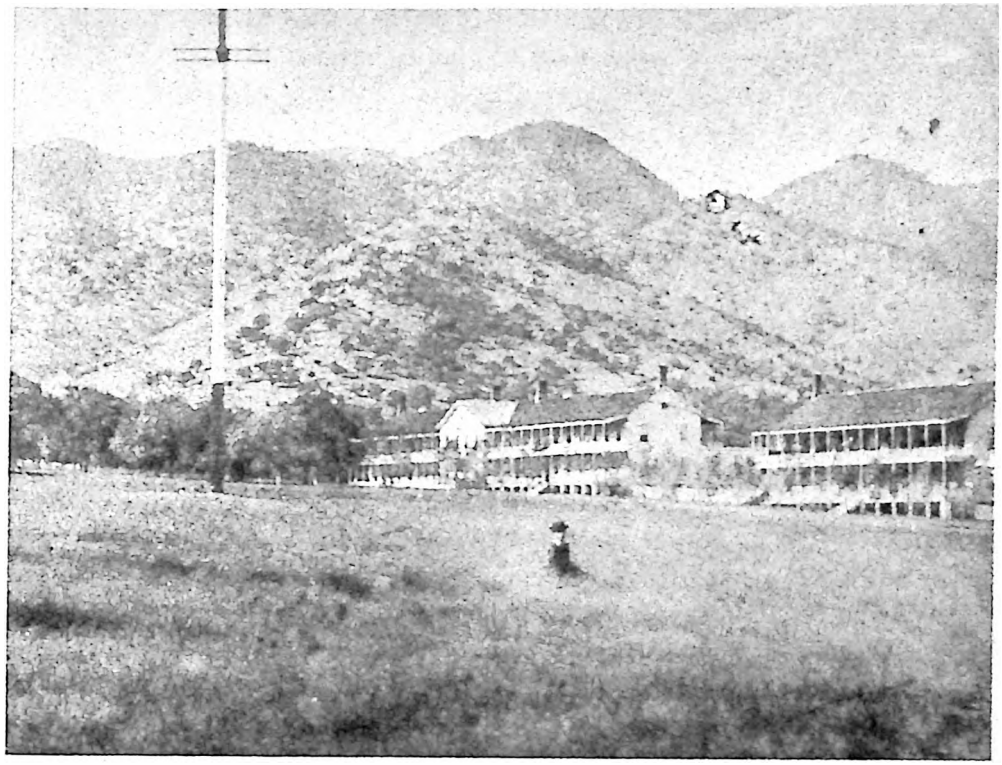
SOMETIME after Esconolea's return from Santa Cruz, he and I were sitting in front of the Apache Pass station when Abbott, the cook, came from the kitchen leading a little boy, who was a brother of Cochise's squaw. He had caught him stealing sugar and putting it into his "G" string, or belt. I made the little fellow untie it and shake the sugar out, then I spanked him. Esconolea interfered, but I had been good to the little boy because his brother and I were good friends—he was the young buck to whom I had loaned horses to buy his squaw—and it vexed me to think that he had stolen sugar when he could have gotten it for the asking. I realized that I had done it too hastily, and that I would have to settle with the elder brother, since this was the custom of the tribe.

The brother was, at the same time, in Sonora, but was expected to return in several days. I thought of it a lot until he returned with two other warriors. He was riding a fine horse and was dressed in Mexican style. The other two warriors were in peon garb. I thought he was some old Don with his peons, so I said, "Buenos días." He saw that I did not recognize him, and he roared out in a laugh, threw himself from his horse, and gave me a real Indian hug. Turning his horses over to his two warriors to lead to camp, he sat down to smoke, and told me how he had captured an old Don and his two peons. We talked until sundown.

When he arose to go to his ranchería, he said, "Cheese-Goolie, you know the custom of our tribe which will compel me to fight you for whipping my little brother. After I leave you now, be on your guard, and don't let me get the advantage of you." Then he caught me in his arms and gave me another good hug, saying, "*Ushah*," meaning "Good"; and so he left me. I sat for a long time, thinking it all over; and at last, when I went inside the station building, I felt very low spirited. Cochise's brother-in-law was as brave and noble a warrior as ever pulled a bowstring, and I knew that he would not be long in avenging his little brother.

The next day I saddled my mare, California Poll, and started out the north pass, around to Seven Mile Canyon, now called Big Emigrant Canyon. I wanted to see if there was enough water for emigrants going east to camp there. Water was getting low in the pass. I rode up the canyon for over a mile, and, not finding water, I dismounted and lay down under an oak tree that stood about twenty yards from a dry arroyo. There I thought I would enjoy a smoke. The banks of the arroyo were skirted with willow bushes, and just in front of me, and close by the tree, was a mescal pit. Before lying down, I threw the bridle reins loosely over my mare's neck, so that she might nibble the green grass. She had grazed toward the arroyo, and all at once threw her head up with a snort and came over close to where I was lying. She stood nervously for a little while, and then began grazing again. Because I was drowsy and did not intend to return to the station before sundown, I stretched out on the grass for a good sleep.

I WAS SUDDENLY awakened again by a loud snort from my mare, and I found her looking toward the willows on the arroyo bank. Raising up on my elbows, with one hand on my six-shooter, I saw two arrows come whizzing at me.



Courtesy Department of Library and Archives, State of Arizona
Fort Buchanan Barracks, Arizona.

I got up to get the arrows, and Cochise's brother-in-law and Dirty Shirt sprang up out of the arroyo, rushing at me with knives in their hands. I fired at Dirty Shirt, who staggered and fell dead; but before I could cock my six-shooter to fire again, the other warrior was upon me with his knife. I caught his arm with my left hand, but he came against me with such force that he threw me to the ground. As I fell upon my left side, my knife was under me, and my six-shooter had been knocked from my hand and was lying out of reach. The warrior was on top, trying to lunge his knife into me. I had hold of his wrist with both hands. His knife was one of the little, short butcher knives that Dr. Steck had given him. After repeated attempts to turn him over, I found I would have to look out for cuts and find some way to wear him out.

He had been on a tizwin spree the night previous, and was not entirely his strong self. At the time, there were over one hundred sacks of corn and close to one hundred head of stock at the station, and I offered all this if he would let me up. I further promised to leave the station and never return. But he said no, that either he or I should die. I changed my tactics and began goading him by calling him everything mean and cowardly I could say. I hit it right. The tizwin froth ran out of his mouth and all over my face, into my mouth and nose. I let go of his right arm, and grabbing him, threw him over me. Both got to our feet. I had only my knife, and we came together. He struck first, slitting my buckskin shirt and cutting me in two places. My knife struck his neck, and he fell without a struggle. I went over to where Dirty Shirt was fallen, with his knife still clenched in his hand. The ball had passed entirely through his breast. As I straightened up, my mare stood close by. I threw my arms around the animal's neck and patted her, for she had saved my life. While I was lying asleep, had she not alarmed me by snorting, both arrows would have struck me, but I had raised on my elbow, perhaps just as they pulled their bowstrings.

It all seemed like a half day to me. I led Poll to better grass and sat down to examine my breast, by that time covered with clotted blood. It did not look so very serious, so I went to the arroyo and got the bows and quivers and put them into the mescal pit. Then I dragged the dead warriors and threw them in, covering their bodies with rocks and brush and old wood. Getting on my hands and knees, I straightened the grass blades as well as I could, and got on my horse and rode her over the ground a dozen times or so. Leading her into the bed of the arroyo, I took the trail made by the warriors taking good care to plant my feet on each one of their tracks so heavily as to obliterate them as far back as where they had entered the arroyo. Then I mounted my horse and rode back to Apache Pass.

I could not get any water with which to clean up, for Indians were camped in Cochise's Canyon, later named Goodwin Canyon, and old Jack was camped at the spring. My only chance was to reach the station unobserved. The sun was nearly down, and I was not likely to meet any Indians around there. I touched Poll with the spur, and she sprang forward at full speed until I arrived at the gate. Abbott, the cook, saw me coming and opened the gate for me. The door leading from the kitchen to the corral was open, and the light of the fire shone full upon me. Abbott exclaimed, "My God, Tevis, what's the matter?" I said, "Nothing. I killed a buck rabbit and tied it to my saddle, and the mare got frightened and ran away through the brush with me." He took the animal to unsaddle, and I went into my room, thinking I had deceived him.

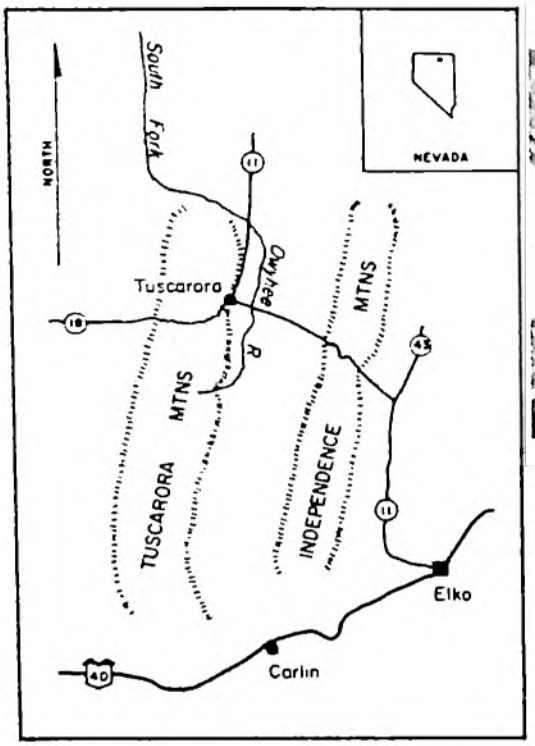
I washed and changed my clothes and went out to supper. Before I was through

(Continued on page 38)

MINERS' FINISHING SCHOOL

By DEN GALBRAITH

Photos Courtesy Author



Tuscarora, Nevada

Courtesy University of Nevada Bulletin

Chinese placer miner with rocker, about 1900.

Men who graduated from Tuscarora were prepared to wildcat their future anywhere in the West!

"ONLY THE TOUGHEST of them lived, and when they had gotten by a few years at Tuscarora they were fitted to do most anything." Frank Leland, a mining engineer, made that statement in 1923. He was speaking of the men he had worked with in the eighties at the roughest camp in Nevada.

Possibly Leland had a miner named Fred Rooney in mind. A hell-for-leather Irishman, he became a camp favorite. Rooney worked hard and caroused even harder. No one could remember when he slept. Small, wiry, quick as a buzzsaw, Fred was always in the middle of a fight. He held no grudges, you understand; he just liked to fight. Fight and drink. A fellow had to pass the time somehow in that isolated hell hole.

One day an underground accident found the plucky, scrappy redhead crushed under a pile of muck and debris, pinned down and nearly buried. Working as fast and carefully as they could, the men dug him out and carried him home, barely alive. The attending physician shrugged his shoulders helplessly. What could he do? Just one thing. He sent someone to notify the priest that Rooney would soon be "mining over the great divide." Visibly agitated, the priest asked Fred if he had some last message for friends or relatives.

With a slight grin, the Irishman motioned toward his jacket. A miner handed it to the priest. "Inside pocket," Rooney grasped in a faint whisper. The priest hurriedly ran his hand into the pocket. He found a wallet with twenty dollars in it.

"I have it, my good man," the priest said. "What do you want me to do with it?"

Gathering his strength, Rooney whispered, "Bet you twenty dollars I don't die."

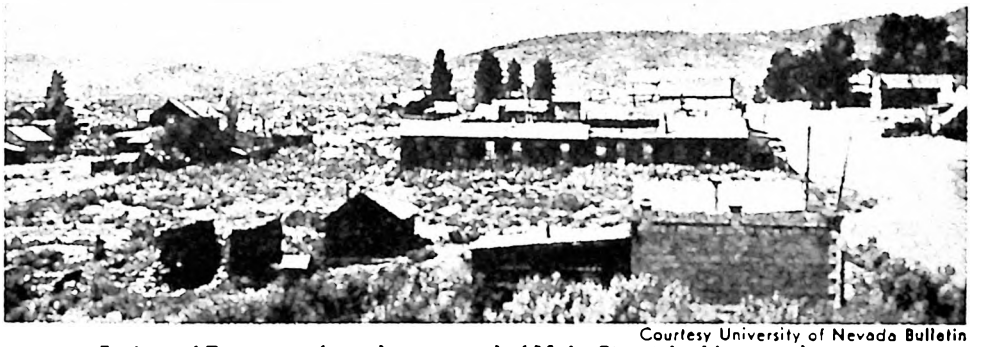
Rooney lived. In a few months he was able to go back on shift.

LIKE OTHER early-day Nevada camps, Tuscarora owed its start to placer gold. In the early sixties, bands of redskins still pinned down much of Elko County. Reports trickled back of adventurers meeting with foul play as they penetrated this desolate region, and such reports dampened the enthusiasm of many early prospectors who desired to keep whatever hair they had.

Yet the more imaginative of that day always assumed that the wealth of a new region would be in direct proportion to the hardships and dangers involved in its occupancy. Just a rumor of gold started a man thinking. In the summer of 1867, a party of eight men, including McCann, Heath, and the Beard brothers, John and Steve, left Austin on a prospecting junket, heading north. The group camped near a tributary of the South Fork of the Owyhee River, and in July John and Steve Beard found placer gold. Later gold was discovered in situ over a wide area, and the men returned to Austin to spread the news and replenish their supplies.

Over a hundred well-armed miners proceeded to the spot and formed the Tuscarora district. The camp lay about fifty miles northwest of Elko on the southeast flank of Mount Blitzen. Mount Blitzen was then part of the Independence Range, but along the way the name changed to the Tuscarora Mountains. Now the Independence Mountains are the range to the east, formerly known as the Jack Creek Mountains. Gray-green sagebrush mantled the gentle valleys and rolling slopes as far as the eye could see.

Courtesy University of Nevada Bulletin
Sluicing in the desert of Elko County in the early 1900s.



Courtesy University of Nevada Bulletin
A view of Tuscarora from the east end of Main Street, looking southwest.

By the time the men returned to Tuscarora, the small stream had nearly dried up, and they spent the remainder of the fall constructing two long ditches and building cabins. Scarcity of water always plagued the miners, not because anyone had any notions of drinking the stuff, but because the placers had to shut down for several months of the year. During the 1868 season, the bearded sluicers learned that "white men" could scarcely make wages, and many, disgruntled, migrated to other areas.

Most camps, such as Virginia City, outlawed the blue-smocked, pigtailed Chinese, but Tuscarora welcomed them. Not because Tuscarorans liked them any better, though. The Orientals became a vital factor in the town's economy, for much of the placer ground was leased to them. As many as 250 Celestials sluiced the gulches, making $2 to $15 per day per man. Total production from the placers has been reported as high as $7,000,000 but most authorities state that this figure is extremely high. No figure can really be considered reliable, for many of the Celestials succumbed to the "yellow temptation." Yen Tin, one of the last surviving placer miners, died in Tuscarora in 1927. In 1934 several boys playing in camp discovered a cache of gold dust and nuggets valued at $1,200 which had been hidden by Yen Tin near his cabin.

One of the important men at Tuscarora, according to historian Bancroft, was Americus Vespucius Lancaster, who came from Maine. That name makes one wonder if someone wasn't trying to pull Bancroft's leg. In 1855, at the age of twenty, Lancaster journeyed to the Pacific Coast and mined at various locales in California, earning enough money to visit Central America. Finally, tired of traveling, he returned to Maine to marry a hometown girl.

The Lancasters went west, settling in Tuscarora in the latter part of 1867. Lancaster took contracts to supply wood and ties to the Central Pacific Railroad and with the proceeds set up a grocery business. He purchased gold dust from the placer miners, and grubstaked prospectors to search for lode mines.

Prospecting for lode mines had originally been confined to the vicinity of the placer ground, particularly around Beard Hill, and prospectors generally conducted their search well away from camp. It did not occur to any of them that precious metal could exist in the camp iteslf. Early in 1871, Lancaster and others located and patented the Young America and Young America South claims on the southeast flank of Mount Blitzen, this ground, ironically, covering nearly all of the townsite. Exploration and development continued on the Young America without production until 1875, when a few small shipments were made. These shipments seem to have constituted the first production from the hard-rock mines, and it started a conscientious search for lodes.

THAT WINTER the wind blew and the snow flew. It lay deep on the slopes and temperatures plummeted to awesome lows. Stages and wagons gave up trying to get through from Elko. It turned out to be one of the worst winters ever known in that country.

"Work will probably be abandoned all winter," said Tom Rule, a miner who got tired of sitting on his duffer playing cards and dominoes all day and night, and walked out.

In the summer of 1876, the population of Tuscarora amounted to around 120, half white, half Chinese. The camp consisted of twenty houses, two hotels, two stores, one lodging house, one blacksmith shop, one barber shop, one butcher shop, and three or four saloons which dispensed Tuscarora Lightning and Round the World Whiskey. Meals were fifty cents and a good bed cost a dollar per night.

Then bonanza ore was discovered in the Grand Prize Mine and the camp exploded.

(Continued on page 63)

Wild Old Days!

Courtesy Roddens Studio, Roswell, New Mexico

Elizabeth Garrett, daughter of one-time Sheriff Patrick Floyd Garrett of Lincoln County, New Mexico. She will be remembered as the composer of New Mexico's State Song, "O Fair New Mexico."

A BALANCING OF OPPOSITES

By Clarence Siringo Adams

THERE IS A SAYING, prevalent among old-timers, that everything is balanced by its opposite—the bad in one man by the good in another, the heat of one summer by the rainfall of the next, and so on. Certainly there is a truth in its application to Pat Garrett, New Mexico's tough, fearing-no-man sheriff who died by a gun; for his daughter, Elizabeth, who spent her life in blindness, knew no violence. Although her father was a key participant in one of New Mexico's best-known shooting sagas, Elizabeth, a musician, won renown as the composer of "O Fair New Mexico," the Piñon State's official song.

Elizabeth Garrett was born in 1885 in the family ranch home in Little Creek Canyon, only a few miles north of a village now known as Alto. Her father, no longer sheriff of Lincoln County, had settled in the canyon, where he made a living by farming and cattle ranching.

According to a statement made by the late Sally Chisum Roberts, niece of the famous cattle king, John Chisum, and a personal friend of the Garrett family, Elizabeth lost her eyesight at a very early age—possibly when she was only a few hours old—because of an over-application of blue vitriol to her eyes. When Elizabeth's condition became known to the family, Pat and his wife, Apolinaria, decided to do everything possible to see that their little daughter would get the best of care. Although Pat Garrett was considered by most people as anything but gentle, he was patient and kind with his children, especially his blind Elizabeth.

When the little girl was six, the family took her to Austin, Texas, where they entered her in the Texas State School for the Blind. Elizabeth had considerable talent and had shown a special interest in music; her family felt that going to Austin would give her an opportunity to take up music as a career.

Miss Garrett graduated with honors and was granted a music scholarship by an institution in Chicago. Later she went to New York and studied with the finest of instructors and finally she received a degree in music. During her tours and study in the East she met many famous personalities, among whom was talented, and also blind, Helen Keller. Elizabeth and Miss Keller developed a friendship that lasted a lifetime.

After she had received her degree, Elizabeth scheduled tours over many parts of America, singing her own compositions wherever she held concerts. Her rich soprano voice and her skill as her own accompanist won applause everywhere she went.

AFTER making many tours, Elizabeth Garrett settled in Roswell, about eighty miles east of her birthplace in the White Mountains. Her home was a colorful place, surrounded by beautiful flowers. Friends often gathered there—not to cheer and give encouragement to Miss Garrett but to receive the inspiration which seemed to radiate from her personality.

People who knew Elizabeth Garrett in Roswell have stated that she appeared to be the happiest person in the world. About September, 1937, I accepted an invitation to visit her in her attractive home. After half an hour, I had no doubt that she was the most serene person I had ever met. Although her world was totally dark, she was as poised as though she could see well. I never knew her to complain about her handicap—a tribute both to her fortitude and to the care her parents had given her.

Elizabeth often said that she felt she could see beautiful colors. And probably, in her deep and serious imagination, she could. Many times she insisted that she loved orange and red more than any others. When someone asked her how she knew these colors were beautiful, Elizabeth replied, "I can see them!"

One day in 1947, Elizabeth stepped from a curb into a city street. As she started confidently across, her seeing-eye dog leading the way, she tripped and fell—no one knows exactly how—and struck her head on the pavement. In a few moments Elizabeth Garrett was dead.

Although she has passed from the New Mexico scene, her influence will continue to live in the hearts of New Mexicans. The many who knew her are reminded of her whenever they hear or sing the beautiful song which expresses so simply the great Southwest.

Not many months ago some legislators, who apparently had never known Miss Garrett, tried to change the state song. They thought "O Fair New Mexico" was too old-fashioned. However, after a vote was taken, the patriotic citizens of this state found that their old favorite had been retained.

The violence in one man was balanced by the tenderness in his daughter, the strength and ferocity of the man who shot Billy the Kid by the calmness and perception of beauty—despite handicap—of the woman who wrote his state's song. Perhaps one will outlive the other, but perhaps not.

That has always been the story of the West—the strength and violence of the frontier, the serenity and beauty that grew out of it. Already a symbol, Pat Garrett becomes even more important when seen balanced by the woman—and the song—he helped create.

GUN BATTLE ON MESA REDONDA

By Douglas H. Connell

IN THE FALL of 1903 the Rock Island Railroad was being built from Amarillo, Texas to Tucumcari, New Mexico through a wild and thinly populated country.

My father, Ed F. Connell, had come to the Panhandle of Texas with the Texas Ranger Company of Captain Bill McDonald in 1893. He was appointed Special Ranger for the famous X I T Ranch to guard the ranch against cow thieves and outlaws, and he and Mr. Ira Aten had things pretty well under control when the owners started selling off the X I T in large tracts.

My father filed on four sections near where Adrian, Texas is now located and my uncle filed on the adjoining four sections which we later bought from him and called the Rock Lake pasture.

In 1902 we sold out in Texas and bought a spread north of Endee, New Mexico just across the state line. My father who had served as sheriff of Deaf Smith County, Texas, from 1896 to 1900 was expected to uphold law and order in our new home although he was not a duly elected officer in New Mexico.

The outlaws were running rampant and robbing every store and outpost in eastern New Mexico. The closest store to our ranch was run by a Mexican family. We went over there one day to get some supplies and they had been robbed of everything. The woman showed us where she had hidden her money under a rug but the outlaws had tortured her until she showed them where it was.

We then had to go to Logan which was about thirty miles and across the Canadian River from the ranch. Sometimes the river would be on a rise and we would have to camp until we could ford it.

By the fall of 1903 things had gotten so bad that the law abiding ranchmen held a meeting at our ranch and after enumerating their losses in cattle, horses and other property decided something had to be done and right then.

Mr. Nance and Mr. Sissle, who were later found shot to death on their own ranches, suggested that a good place to start was the Mesa Redonda which was a high mesa near Tucumcari and a known hideout for an outlaw gang.

The men all loaded up their Winchesters and saddled up amid the soft crying of some of the womenfolks (including my mother). They started out for the Mesa Redonda. I was just a small boy at the time so was not allowed to go but listened to their reports later on about what happened.

THE SLOPES up to the mesa were steep and the passes well guarded so the ranchers had to tie up their horses in a deep canyon and climb up on foot after nightfall. They all selected positions and waited for daybreak. While the outlaws were eating breakfast they moved in and the shooting started. Four of the outlaws were killed and one was known to escape. Shot through the groin, he had to ride standing up in his stirrups. He made a desperate ride—eighty miles to Hereford, Texas to a doctor—and lived over his ordeal.

Ranger Company in Amarillo, 1894. Front row, left to right: McCally, McClure, Cates and unidentified. Back row, left to right: Harwell, Sullivan, Peas, Jones, Connell and Queen.

My only view of the battleground was some ten days later. My father and several of the neighboring ranchmen decided to take an outing and show the womenfolks and children the site of the shootout. Thinking the coast was clear for such a venture we loaded up two wagons with bedding and plenty of eats and set out early in the morning of a beautiful day.

We found a good campsite on the mesa about noon and the women started preparing the noon meal. The outlaws had abandoned a rock house in a canyon near the campsite in which was a long furnace-like fireplace.

I went with some of the men to see what was left in the house and we found where they had burned all kinds of dry goods and jewelry. There were saddles, bridles and blankets which they had abandoned. This had worked up a good appetite for dinner so we made it back in time to enjoy a good meal.

About the time we finished eating we heard a shot nearby and everyone looked to see where it came from. We saw a woman running across an opening. Of course we thought some of the gang had escaped and returned and the grownups started throwing skillets and kids in the wagons, and as soon as we could get harnessed up we were off as fast as we could travel over the rough terrain.

It has been sixty-four years since I left Mesa Redonda in a high lope and I haven't been back since, but I like to recall my experiences in the wild and woolly West.

HARD LUCK FEBRUARY 23rd

By Ben T. Traywick

FATE ALONE brought Caleb Parkinson to the gold fields of California. He was a quite successful merchant in Potter's Hill, a small village in Connecticut. The huge white house on the hill overlooking the town attested to his success.

Then one cold wintry day Caleb's world crashed around him. His partner absconded with the company funds—all of them. Caleb was left saddled with so many debts that he lost his business, his home, indeed all but the clothes upon his back.

The date was February 23, 1851. He realized he must begin all over again and the gold fields of California seemed the most likely spot to regain his fortunes. He went west, settling in Diamond Springs, a small gold camp about three miles out of Hangtown.

Caleb had never been adverse to hard work and he also possessed the natural thrift of the typical New Englander. It was not long until his mining efforts had netted him enough gold to equal the amount he had lost back in Connecticut. Since he had no desire to amass a fortune, but only wished to replace that which he had lost, he sold his claim and bought a stagecoach ticket to Sacramento.

Unfortunately, the word of his gold had been passed around camp. In the small hours of the morning two outlaws broke into his cabin, clubbed him into unconsciousness, stole his money and left him for dead. The date was February 23, 1852.

Caleb eventually recovered from the beating, but dead broke again he prospected south down the Mother Lode to Dry Town, to Sutter's Creek and finally to Volcano. It was there that he finally made another strike after many long, weary months of backbreaking labor.

This time he kept his mouth shut. He just disappeared from Volcano and reappeared in Sacramento. There he made arrangements for passage on the sidewheeler *New World* to San Francisco. As the ship was not scheduled to leave until the following morning, Caleb walked up to K Street.

He stopped in at a saloon called the "Utopia" for a drink. As he watched the flow of gold across the gaming tables he could not resist trying his hand at it. When dawn lightened the sky, he pushed his last ounce of gold across to the dealer. Caleb Parkinson's luck, all bad, had held again; he was dead broke. The date was February 23, 1853.

(Continued on page 63)

Arizona in the '50's

(Continued from page 33)

my meal, the blood was showing through my calico shirt. Abbott noticed it and spoke about it. I left the room and spread a wet cloth over my chest and sat down to write the events of the day in my diary, where I recorded everything that happened in the territory. I placed the record of the day under lock and key and roiled into my bunk, tired and sleepy.

The next morning I got up, feeling tired in heart and body. Along about nine o'clock, old Esconolea rode up to the station and told me to come and go hunting with him. I said that I did not feel like going anywhere. "That makes no difference," he replied. "Get your horse, and you will feel better after you start."

I saddled the mare, and we started out the southwest pass into the Sulphur Springs Valley. We spied a herd of antelope, so I asked Esconolea to give me the dressed antelope head, and I would get down and attract the herd. He said that he did not come out to hunt, but did want to talk to me. He asked me if the Americans at the station knew about my difficulty yesterday in the canyon with the two warriors.

IF ESCONOLEA had knocked me down he could not have more completely surprised me; and, of course, I could not conceal my surprise. Old Esconolea assured me that it was all right, as he was the only Indian who knew anything about it. He added that the Indians would never suspect anything, since the warriors had stated when they left the rancheria that they were going to Chihuahua with some of Mangas Colorado's tribe. Esconolea knew they were lying, for he had watched Cochise's brother-in-law ever since his return from Sonora and intended to kill him if he killed me. I said that it would be poor consolation to me, and it would suit me better, if there were any killing done, that it occur previous to my being killed. I asked how he knew about my quarrel with the warriors.

He told me that, by keeping watch over

Courtesy Cornelius C. Smith, Jr., author of William Sanders Oury, History-Maker of the Southwest

Grant H. Oury, Chief Justice of the Provisional Government of Arizona in 1860.

Cochise's brother-in-law, he soon saw that he had joined Dirty Shirt, who had a prior right to kill me because of my pitching him out of the station kitchen. Old Esconolea had followed at a safe distance until he was certain they were following me. He knew where I had gone, so he cut across a low divide and arrived there first. He saw me lying under the tree, smoking. Crossing the arroyo above me, he climbed the mountain on the north side and hid behind the mescal stalk, fifty yards away. It was Esconolea who frightened my mare the first time she ran back from the arroyo. He said he did not feel uneasy about me as long as I was awake and smoking; but when I dropped off to sleep he chirped like a cricket to warn me, but I did not hear him. The two warriors were, by that time, coming up the arroyo, and it was too late to do anything more to alarm me.

Santa Rita showing the fort complex and mining settlement.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

"Well," said I, "if you saw all this, why didn't you come to my relief?"

He answered, "I did start when they fired and rushed at you, but when I saw you had killed one, I slipped back to my position behind the mescal stalk."

I remarked that, if he were such a friend as he professed to be, he would have helped me. Esconolea answered that perhaps that was the American way, but it certainly was not the Indian way, and that when two braves fight no one interferes. He said that, had I been whipped, I would not have been worthy of his assistance. "Well," I answered, "If I had been killed, devilish little would I have cared for your friendship, old man."

"Oh," said he, "I would have sent the warrior to be company for you in the Happy Hunting Ground. Anyway, when I saw that you had only the one warrior to fight, I felt no fear of your losing. He had the advantage over you, but you have the American skill and the Indian sagacity. Since I've known you, you have become well versed in Indian cunning; for instance, the way in which you covered up the tracks of the warriors. I'm proud of you, and I love you as dearly as I do Ah-wall-toon, my boy, and I shall always protect you when you fight against great odds; but I would rather see you killed than to help you in a single hand-to-hand combat, and you are too brave a warrior to expect it.

"Some day, you are going to have Cochise to fight, for those were his two warriors; and when he finds that you killed them, he will compel you to fight him. When he does, don't you use lances, but your six-shooters."

I said, "Rest easy, I've always made up my mind never to fight Cochise with anything but six-shooters, and then that he gets no nearer than ten paces."

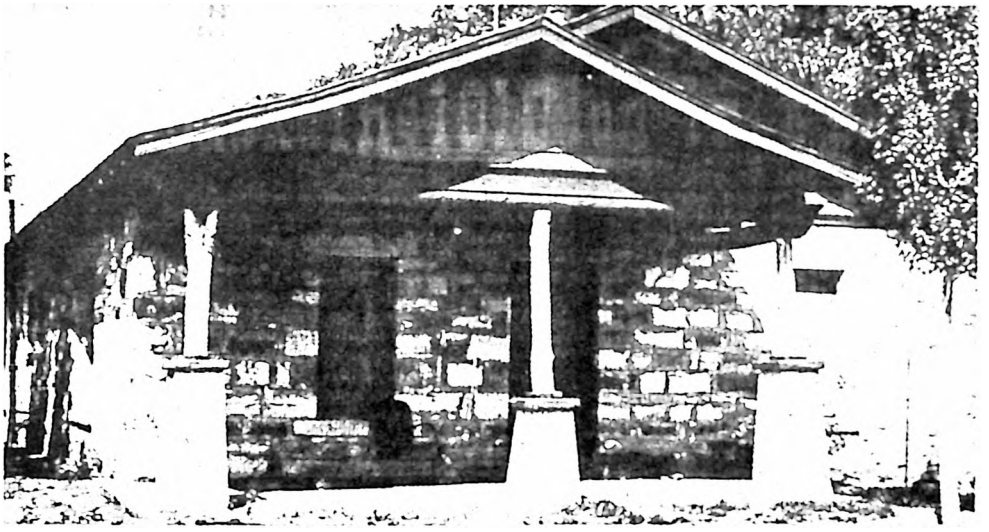
After some further conversation, we returned to the station.

The following day, I had to ride over to Ewell Station, fifteen miles distant, on some business with the stationkeeper there. During that time, Abbott, the cook, took a horseshoe nail and picked the lock of my trunk, taking the diary and reading the record of my fight with the warriors over in Seven Mile Canyon. He replaced the book, locked the trunk, and I was none the wiser.

That evening, when I came in, Abbott asked if he could take the herding horse the next morning and go hunting.

He took the trail which led to Cochise's Canyon, over the rolling foothills this side of the Dos Cabezas, perhaps a quarter of a mile west of the station. Now, Abbott was determined to satisfy himself about the account he had read in my diary, and he thought, by taking the canyon route instead of the mail route, that he would throw off any suspicion. Riding directly to the ground where we had had the fight, he took an arrow from each warrior's quiver, covered the bodies again, and rode back to the station.

I happened to be in the corral when he rode in, and when he dismounted, holding the two arrows, he said. "Tevis, you did not kill only one buck rabbit, but two Indians, and I brought in an arrow from each quiver for keepsakes." I was completely taken by surprise and exclaimed, "Great God, man! What have you done? Did any Indians see those arrows?" He replied, "No, I had them fastened on the side of my saddle, and no Indian passed on that side of me." I said, "Get down on your knees, hold up your hands, and swear that you will



Courtesy "The Southwesterner"

Mimbres Stage Stop at Mowry City.

never mention the circumstance as long as I am at the station." He hesitated, and I added, "Listen, Abbott, every warrior knows another warrior's arrows, and if the killing were found out, I would lose my life. What's more, I do not propose to lose it because of the acts of a thief. You broke into my trunk, and I know it without your admitting it." I pulled my six-shooter out, and he said, "I will take the oath, Tevis."

I looked toward the kitchen door, and there stood little Archie Larramore. I could not tell whether he had heard us or not, but I carefully watched to know if he had. Archie had become homesick and was asking to be returned to Lockhart, Texas, his home. So, when the next coach came by, I gave him money to carry him home. At this writing (1886) he resides there, a highly respected citizen. In 1880, when I was there, he was sheriff of Caldwell County. (Archie Larramore died in Lockhart, Texas, in 1913. His father was a victim of poisoning, along with four other men, in 1881, at Tevis-ton.)

When I saw old Esconolea, I told him what Abbott had done, and at once he declared he must kill him, for he was sure that a white man could not hold his tongue. I insisted that there was no danger and that he was needed too badly at the station to do without him.

I never truly felt contented or safe after that, and I gradually decided to leave the station and go over into the Rio Grande Valley. I finally wrote the superintendent at Mesilla to send someone to relieve me. This the superintendent refused to do and replied that, if the salary was in question, just to name the figure I desired and agree to stay on for another year. I wrote again that no price could hold me there, and that I proposed to leave while the Indians were camped at their different rancherías outside of the pass.

In some way, the Indians discovered that I was preparing to leave. Signals were sent out and, three days later, when I was starting, there were over two thousand Indians around. They offered me Laguna de Gúzman, one of old Jack's rancherías, and said that if I would live there, I should have anything that was in Mexico or the Territory of Arizona. I answered that I could not stay, but that I would come back every two moons and trade with them. They answered that, if I left, they were very much afraid they would listen to Cochise and would kill the Americans off. I finally started, and they went with me all the way out of the pass, and some of them followed me for several miles out on the plain before turning back.

(Laguna de Gúzman is below the national boundary in Mexico, southwest of Columbus, New Mexico, where the old Mormon emigrant road leads to the Mormon colonies at Colonia Dublan and Colonia Juarez, in Chihuahua, Mexico. This same road was used by General Pershing on his entry into Mexico after Villa's raid on Columbus in 1916.)

THE MANAGERS of the Overland Mail feared that the Indians would destroy the line after I left, and they decided to compel me to stay. At that time, their attorney at Mesilla was a man by the name of Cozzens, now a resident of St. Louis. He advised that, as money would not persuade Tevis to stay, they must get some man there at the pass to say that Tevis had traded off some of the corn and had not accounted for it. Tevis would very likely prefer staying to facing arrest and trial. It did not require much exertion to persuade Abbott to make the statement.

Sam Bean, the sheriff, in company with Nell Davis, the company secretary, came up in the coach while I was yet at Ewell's Station. I had never met the sheriff, and so when Nell Davis got out of the coach, he came up and shook hands with me; and turning around, said, "Tevis, this is Sam Bean."

As I reached out to shake hands with Bean, he shoved a six-shooter in my face, saying, "You are my prisoner."

I was shocked with surprise. I grabbed his gun with my left hand, shoving it up and drawing my knife on him. Nell Davis said, "For God's sake, don't, Tevis. He is an officer."

"Yes," I answered, "he is a devil of an officer, standing there, shaking like a leaf. Put up your gun and tell me what you want, and next time don't make such a break when you try to arrest a man." He told me the charge, and I just laughed, for I had in my luggage a book showing all corn received and traded off, and could easily give account for every sack. I said, "You can rest easy; I will appear at Mesilla."

From there I traveled to my trading post on the San Pedro, gathered my stock, and left for the Rio Grande. Anthony Elder and I started a ranch at Canutillo, about sixteen miles above El Paso; and from there I made frequent trips to the Indian rancherías. While we were in the zenith of our prosperity, I had gone on a trading trip, and Anthony Elder was out with his pack train. His señora, afraid to stay alone, set fire to the buildings and burned everything to the ground.

When I returned to the Rio Grande, the Mescalero Apaches and Elias' tribe of Mimbres Apaches were committing depredations along the Rio Grande. Governor Owings, the provisional governor of Arizona, commissioned me to raise a company of rangers for the protection of the settlers.

The Provisional Government of Arizona, as nearly as I can remember, was formed in 1860, and the following were

Old adobe furnace at Santa Rita.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

its officers: Dr. L. S. Owings, governor; Ignacio Orantia, lieutenant-governor; Hon. Grant H. Oury, chief justice; Ned McGowan, associate justice; Hon. J. H. Lucas, associate justice; General Wadsworth, commander-in-chief of the territorial forces; Burdette Murray, private secretary to the governor.

The object of forming this provisional government was to compel the general government to recognize the necessity of giving us some form of government separate and distinct from New Mexico, to which we had been attached by the [U. S.] government, and which gave us no protection of law or order, or of anything, since no officer had even been sent to administer law or justice in our behalf. At this time, 1886, I believe that Burdette Murray is alive and is editor of the Denison newspaper, in Denison, Texas. The Honorable Grant H. Oury was the last delegate to Congress from Arizona and is now practicing law in Florence, Arizona. Dr. L. S. Owings, who was the founder of Denison, Texas, died in that city some time between 1870 and 1875. I believe that Judge Lucas is living yet, but I do not know where he resides.

My company was composed of men from the Mesilla Valley, Mimbres Valley, Tucson, and Sonoita. I left the Rio Grande Valley to meet the western portion of the company at the Rio Mimbres. Arriving there, I learned that the Indians were doing pretty much as they pleased in that vicinity. So, although all of my company had not arrived, I determined to attack the ranchería which was located twenty-five miles up the Mimbres Valley.

We left about midnight, hoping to reach the ranchería by daybreak. The camp was completely surprised, and three chiefs and a number of warriors were captured and brought into my camp, which was near the crossing of the Overland Mail. We held them for three days for the purpose of making a treaty with their tribe. I was heartily anxious that they not be at war with the whites. But, even though they were prisoners, they would not consent to the one requirement that I demanded, that Elias should go to the Mescaleros and get that tribe to let the whites alone, or else should join me with his tribe, and we would raid the Mescaleros. To none of this would he listen.

WHILE MATTERS were at that point, a man came in from the Pinos Altos Mountains with a tin cup half-full of gold dust. He was on his way to Mesilla to buy mining tools and told me that he had been with Colonel Snively's prospecting party when they discovered the richest placer diggings he ever saw in the Pinos Altos. He said that there were only twelve men in the party, and he wished that I would go to Pinos Altos to make it my headquarters, for I could take up claims for myself and my whole company, as there were enough for all. The names of Snively's party, as nearly as I can recall, were: Colonel Snively, John Saunders, Burch, Hicks, Holman, Sherman, and Dave Wisdom. Colonel Snively was murdered by the Apaches in 1872, somewhere between Prescott and Phoenix.

Of course, when the man told his tale and showed me the gold, I was eager to leave. I talked to Chief Elias, and he agreed to do his best in persuading the Mescaleros to keep peace with the whites. I gave them provisions and tobacco and told them to go. On the day following, I moved into Pinos Altos. I will state here

Courtesy Dept. of Library and Archives, State of Arizona

Jack Swilling

that Burch, one of the discoverers of Pinos Altos, was the same three-fingered Burch who helped to murder Colonel Davenport at Rock Island, Illinois, at about the time the Mormons were occupying Nauvoo, prior to their departure for Salt Lake.

The day after my arrival in Pinos Altos I began building a rude house with a dirt roof. It was large enough to hold eight or ten men and was the first house to be erected in Pinos Altos. It stood about fifty yards from Bear Creek Gulch and about two hundred yards above where Burch's Gulch emptied into Bear Creek.

I took up the claim just in front of the cabin and bought a couple of rockers and began placer mining for the first time in my life. Of course, I did not know one thing about it, nor did any of my men, but that claim turned out to be very rich. I always cleared $25 a day, after all expense was paid. This was quite good when one considers that miners' wages were then an ounce of gold per day, and that gold was valued at $16 an ounce. It was not long till people flocked to Pinos Altos from all parts of the United States. There were many from California, old miners of the early days, one of whom was Joe Ball, who had forgotten more about mining than I ever expected to learn. He worked for me and taught me many wonderful lessons in mining and in saving gold dust which I otherwise never would have saved. We worked from daybreak till dark; and never did I clear less than $25 and sometimes as high as $600 a day. Joe Ball insisted that I set apart a portion of the money to buy up quartz lodes when any were discovered, for I was not putting the money to any good use, as he thought. After that, when I played monte, I would set aside the same amount for quartz lodes.

Upon the advent of the California Column into Arizona, my mines and property were confiscated, and I never returned to Pinos Altos after the Civil War.

During the six months that I was placering there, portions of Esconolea's and Francisco's tribes would visit me and sit through the day on the side of the gulch where I was working. At night they would build their campfires near my cabin, and we would sit around and smoke until late at night. They always insisted on the squaws doing my work, but I told them that, among my people, the men did the work.

Provisions were very high priced in Pinos Altos, for everything had to be packed in on burros from Santa Rita del Cobre. As I had to feed my Indian friends during these visits it was no small expense, I assure you. I generally bought a beef and let them kill it themselves; and it would last them for several days, and then, soon after, they would leave.

Bear Creek derived its name from a large bear which was killed just in front of my cabin. The men hemmed him in on all sides, and he climbed a large pine tree as far as the first limb and sat down. One of the men shot him, and down he tumbled.

Burch's Gulch was named for three-fingered Burch, and Turkey Creek, which emptied into Burch's Gulch, was named for the numerous wild turkeys which were killed along the banks when camp was first made.

The third claim, just above me, was owned and worked by a man called "Tony the Rancher." He formerly had owned a ranch between El Paso and Mesilla, about nine miles above my Canutillo ranch.

One evening, after I had quit work on my claim, I was sitting in front of my cabin eating supper, when Tony came along on his way to the gulch, and I asked him if he would have some supper. He went on, paying no attention to me, and I thought he had not heard me, so I hollered to him again, and he very politely told me to go to the devil with my supper, and then he said more.

I jumped up, saying, "What do you mean?" He answered, "If you want to know, just send your friend around, and I'll give you an answer." That night like a fool, I sent my friend, John Falls, to see Tony. He told Falls that at daybreak he would fight a duel with me with bowie knives; and that we would meet at the big pine below his camp on the trail leading up the gulch.

When Falls came back and told me I would have to fight Tony in the morning, it did not disappoint me in the least, for in those days I was pretty handy with the six-shooter. I had not noticed that he said with bowie knives; so, when Falls asked me for my knife, he began examining the guard, passing his finger over the blade and saying, "The guard is strong enough, but you will have to rub the whetstone over this blade, for it is not sharp."

"What the devil has the knife got to do with it?" I asked. He quietly said that, as I was the challenging party, the other had the choice of weapons, and so Tony had chosen bowie knives.

WELL, I thought the bottom had dropped out of the earth beneath me, and I immediately saw that I had acted like a fool to have challenged him; but it was done, and I must face it. Falls saw that I did not relish it, and he asked if I had any requests to make, or anything that I wished him to attend to for me. I answered, "Yes, you can clear out to bed and call me at four o'clock, if you are awake."

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By E. W. BLACK

Photo Courtesy Author

HOT on the TRAIL of the BUFFALO

Young Sam Black, camp cook turned hunter, seldom knew who was chasing whom, but he got back home with both arms and legs, and a skin toughened up by hurrahing!

Sam Houston Black at age 21.

MY FATHER, Sam Houston Black, would be 109 years old this year. He has been dead over twenty years.

The highlight of his life was when he cooked and tended camp for Jim Tackett on a buffalo hunt in the fall of 1875 and the spring of 1876.

Sam's father had owned a stage line on the southeast coast of Texas and hauled passengers and mail to and from a ferry on the Mississippi River which crossed at New Orleans. When the Civil War started, the mail contract ended and travelers become so few that he had to discontinue the line. This left him the stage teams, and as soon as possible after the war, he began doing construction and dirt moving work. He helped build the roadbed for the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. He completed the work at Dallas on the Trinity River where the railroad ended. He had made arrangements in advance, and his family rode the first through passenger train into Dallas from Houston. This pioneer country needed large amounts of supplies hauled to inland towns, so he moved his family to Parker County, west of Dallas, and started a freight line.

This was 1871, and Sam was only twelve years old, too young to drive a freight wagon. For several years he worked at anything he could find to do and finally landed a job with Jim Tackett.

Jim Tackett was the oldest son of a pioneer Parker County family. His father had been killed in a Comanche raid in the early days of the county. The elder Tackett had three sons and two daughters and had settled on a creek bottom farm with his wife and children. He was six miles farther out than his nearest neighbor. This was after Fort Worth had been established and the Indians had been scattered. No raids had occurred in two years and the settlers felt comparatively safe but were still on guard.

One afternoon in early spring, the milch cows had grazed away from the clearing and the elder Tackett went in search of them. He carried his rifle, a muzzleloader. He hunted the cows himself for he was afraid to send the boys.

He had not been gone long when the family heard a shot, and as rapidly as possible other shots, and they knew there was Indian trouble. The boys had extra rifles but could not go to their father's aid for they did not know the number of the enemy and had to guard their mother and sisters. Mr. Tackett, hoping the Indians had not discovered his cabin,

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Scoreboard of the Raiders

(Continued from page 17)

of horses from them, among the number some of mine that were stolen in 1871. Instead of notifying the public of the capture and requesting them to come and prove their property, the horses were ordered to be sold about the middle of December 1874.

"Some weeks before the sale I went to Fort Sill with proof to establish my claim to my horses, but I could not get them. I returned to Fort Sill on the day of the sale, again demanding my property, and . . . was told I could not get it unless I bought and paid for it.

"The horses were sold for cash and the government pocketed the money derived from the sale of horses stolen from me by the Kiowa and Comanche Indians."

WAIDE wasn't successful in a later claim to the money from the horse sale, either. His claim was approved by the U. S. House of Representatives, but killed by the U. S. Senate.

"It is now 16 years since my horses were stolen," Waide said in his letter, "and my money helps to make up the big surplus in the Treasury."

Waide wasn't discriminatory when he tackled the Federal Government. He also grabbed Texas by the tail and twisted. In the same letter he said a "fine stallion was stolen from me" in 1882. "I went to Denton and consulted an attorney" when the horse and rider turned up five years later. "I was told that two years' possession gave the present holder of the horse a clear right and title to him . . . his [the alleged thief] sins are all washed away by the laws of Texas."

Times continued rough for the Waide family. Webster Waide's father, David H. Waide, fell into disagreement with a man who, during an exchange of words, drew his revolver and shot Waide off his horse. The bullet passed through the right lung. Waide fell but held on to his saddle carbine and opened fire, fatally wounding the other man's horse.

The assailant was captured when his mount fell dead about a mile away. He was sentenced to a prison term at Huntsville.

In those days a man just didn't take kindly to being shot, even if the attacker had been punished by the state. Word eventually came that the prisoner had been released and had taken up residence in Wichita Falls. Webster Waide's father set off for Wichita Falls on horseback. Whatever he might have had in mind just didn't make any difference. The man died of natural causes before he arrived.

Arizona in the '50's

(Continued from page 40)

I said I knew what he thought, but that I was going to bed and tomorrow could look out for itself.

He left me, and I lay down on my blankets and tried to sleep; but, try as I might, I could not. All the ways that this terrible difficulty could have been avoided harried my mind. I knew that if I ever had to go through this again, I would rather that a man would even spit in my face than to challenge him. I reviewed the days with Walker's Army, where the natives fought with machetes, which were long cane-knives; and, in an attack, we Americans had more than one native to deal with. In this case, I had only one man to fight, but that seemed a big job. I finally slept, but had uneasy dreams and dreamed that I was working in the window-glass factory, as I had done when a boy.

Falls called me on time, and I at first thought I was called to that work, but he said, "It's daybreak, and I'm making a cup of coffee for you. Then we'll be off."

I went to the gulch, took a bath, came back, drank my coffee, and lit my pipe. We walked up the gulch in silence for some distance, when Falls asked me if I had thought of anything which he could do for me. I answered, "Shut up, I intend to look after my affairs myself." When we arrived at the meeting-place, we sat down and waited for about twenty minutes, then started for Tony's camp, where we found him still asleep. Falls spoke to him and said that we were waiting. Tony replied that he had studied the matter over and had concluded that he was entirely wrong; and if it was satisfactory to me, he would like to drop the whole matter. When Falls repeated what Tony had said, my happiness knew no bounds, and I made a solemn oath never to challenge another man as long as life should last.

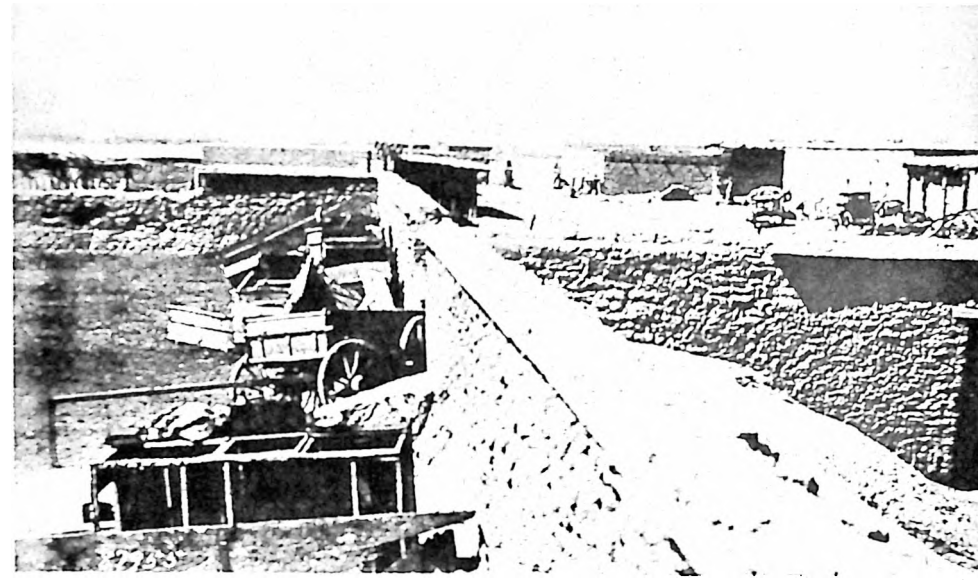
Additions were made to the population by the daily arrival of miners. We thought that we should lay off a town site, and this was selected about three claims above me, on Bear Creek, along the dividing flat on the ridge which lay between Whiskey Gulch, Santa Domingo Gulch, and Burch's Gulch. Town lots were cheap, and houses did not cost much, for pine logs were easily procured. I soon built a house in the town; and, shortly after its completion, I sold my gulch mines and began on the quartz mines, erecting arrastres in Whiskey Gulch. Among the quartz lodes, I had one silver mine which carried considerable galena.

Among the fifty peons I kept, there was one named Simón Chagrez. He had been a wealthy silver miner in Sonora, but because of the periodical revolutions there, he landed in Mesilla with his family without a dollar. I happened to be there at the time, and he asked me to lend him $50 for a few days, agreeing that if he did not repay the money in the stated time, he would become my servant. He got the money and, of course, never paid it. I moved him and his family to Pinos Altos, where he proved to be of great service to me, as he understood silver mining well enough to build a smelter and run it. This I had him do.

The first run was a good one, and from the silver in it I had a cover made for the bowl of my meerschaum pipe. I still have it, as I believe it was the first silver-smelting done by a white man in the territory of Arizona.

After the town was begun, houses went up thick and fast. Saloons, dance halls, and a tenpin alley were in operation, with gamblers galore. Between them and the Mexican *señoritas*, the miners soon parted with their gold. Sundays were used for dueling, and all difficulties were settled on that day, unless contending persons were full of whiskey, in which case the killing was quickly done. Some of the old Pinos Altos miners will recall the duel of old Ned McGowan and Captain Porter; also, that between Sam Dyer and Bill Dyke, Billy Estelle and Hank Smith, and numerous others.

WITH ALL the dark clouds that overhung the town of Pinos Altos, a ray of sunshine broke through one day in the person of a young American lady named Rhoda Parker, who had traveled all the way from Iowa via Pike's Peak, in company with her aged father and her uncle, named McCulloch. The news of her arrival spread quickly, and all mining and business stopped immediately, for everyone went to see the newcomers. I took the fever of curiosity and went also. She seemed amused to have the miners staring at her like a lot of lunatics. She was a small woman, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, and good looking. She wore a broad-brimmed hat and a tight-fitting dress, with skirt quite short. She looked to be about sixteen, but we learned that she was really twenty-five years of age. It was luck for me that the little lady hailed from the same state that my parents lived in, and naturally we became friends. I was quite



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

The corrals at Fort Craig, New Mexico.

elated over any attention from her, and I finally became the bargainer when her father wished to buy a mining claim. I did this several times, and he would then sell and make money on the deal.

There were seven or eight Mexicans, and a few halfbreed children in town. Miss Parker remarked that it was a shame that they had no schooling, so she proposed to teach them, and we boys planned to tax the miners $2.50 each, in order to pay her for her trouble as teacher. Shortly after the school had been established, I called at it. She came to the door and said that she preferred to see me after school hours. I said I'd be on hand. I laughingly asked if her father wanted another mine. She answered no, that her trouble was that three hundred miners wanted to marry her, and she was at a loss to know which one to accept, but had decided to ask my advice. She brought out a large basket full of love-letters received from the miners and began reading them, while I thought I would die of laughter. What fun we had! Each miner declared that he could not live without her. But the advice was never offered by me, for she finally said she would not marry anyone. She and her family remained in Pinos Altos until the beginning of the Civil War.

It was her uncle who first discovered that Burch was the murderer of Colonel Davenport. We were in a saloon when a row was started and Burch pulled his six-shooter and said to the crowd, "I will shoot this man free times, just to see him kick, and then frow him out of doors." When Burch said "free" and "frow," instead of "three" and "throw," both Parker and McCulloch became attentive. They noticed that he had only three fingers and rushed out of the saloon, pushing me before them, saying, "Tevis, come to the house quickly, we have something to tell you." I thought it must be important to have taken me away from all that fun.

After we reached Parker's house, he locked the door, went to his trunk, and got out a book which gave a full description of the murder of Colonel Davenport, at Rock Island, Illinois. McCulloch said that there was a $1,500 reward offered for Burch by the heirs of the Davenport estate. I advised them to keep their mouths shut and leave Burch alone.

I thought that if ever the occasion presented itself, I would find out for my own satisfaction if he really were the man wanted. Not long after that, Burch pulled out his six-shooter in a crowd and threatened to kill whoever got in his way.

I walked up to him, saying, "Put up your gun, Burch."

He turned in his drunkenness and said, "I'm going to put free balls in you damn quick."

I replied, "I'm not afraid of the man who killed Colonel Davenport." He turned pale, and his six-shooter slipped from his hand. I picked it up, sticking it into his scabbard, saying, "I have known for a long time that you were the man. You are in no danger from me, if you behave; but the first time you threaten a man's life, I'm going to turn you over to the proper authorities."

He was nearly arrested one day. He knew he was being followed, and he asked permission to go to the Rio Grande to join Colonel Ford's command—this was during the Civil War while he was with me in the Confederate Army. He left my command and I never saw him again. He died soon after the close of the war.

Pinos Altos still retained her share of excitement as a frontier mining town. One night, after I had been asleep, Jack Swilling came to my house, calling for me. "Get up, for God's sake! I have killed Printer."

I knew that Jack and Printer were good friends and so could not believe it, so I called out, "Go home to bed; Printer will keep till morning."

Jack then said in tremulous tones, "If you do not get up, I'm going to blow my brains out in your doorway."

I heard his six-shooter click as he cocked it, and I said, "All right, wait, and I will go with you." When I came out, he was crying like a baby, but still I just could not believe that he had killed Printer, for Jack was one of the kindest-hearted men in the camp; and it was only when he was crossed while under the influence of whiskey that he would get ugly or desperate. Printer was a quiet young man of about twenty-one years. Everyone like him, and he and Jack Swilling were unusually good friends.

When we arrived at the dance hall where the row had occurred, Printer was stretched out dead. No one seemed to know how it happened, or why. Not even Jack, himself, could say anything except that he shot him. The next day we laid Printer away in the graveyard, just below the dueling ground where there were many graves of fellows who had died under such circumstances, for not many died a natural death.

Poor Jack Swilling remained in Arizona after the Civil War broke out, settling in the valley. He took up a homestead where Phoenix now stands and was one of the few early settlers of that city; and his wife and children reside there now, in 1886. Jack continued to be a heavy drinker, and during one of his sprees the stage was held up and robbed. Jack heard about it and declared that he did it. He was arrested and sent to prison, where he later died. When he sobered up, he could tell nothing about it. I will always believe that poor Jack Swilling was innocent of that charge. (It later was proved that Swilling was not guilty, and the two men who were sentenced with him were released. Mrs. Jack Swilling remarried and died in Phoenix in 1929.)

One arrival in Pinos Altos caused a great deal of fear among the early timers. His name was Henry Elam, and he hailed from Albuquerque, where he had been in a fight with seven men and had killed four. He gave us all to understand that, when he went to a new town, he could not be happy until he had killed his man. I was afraid of him, and so was everyone else. He was a big gambler, and when he was lucky, it was goodbye to the monte bank; but when he lost, he lost well, for everything that he owned would go. He frequently came to me to borrow money when he was "broke," and he always paid me back as soon as he had a winning. Whenever he was drunk, I would be sure to shut myself in my room, with my shotgun close by; for my fear of him was something which I was beginning to be ashamed of.

At the beginning of the Civil War, he applied to join my company. I was still afraid, but he was determined about it, and he served with me through Arizona and New Mexico, and also during the first part of our service in Texas and Louisiana.

Before I left Pinos Altos, I buried my trunk beneath a pine tree. It contained my diary, letters from home, newspaper clippings, gold nuggets, arrowheads, and many other keepsakes. I learned later that it was dug up the next day by a man who saw me bury it there.

IN THE SPRING of 1860, while I was on a trading trip to Mangas Colorado's tribe at Santa Lucia—now called Mangas Springs—a band of Apaches who were roaming in the vicinity of Pinos Altos killed and ate a mule. They thought that it belonged to me, but it was really owned by one of the miners. Upon my return to Pinos Altos, they told me about it and said that a company of rangers had been organized, and all elections made except that of captain. This post had been reserved for me. I said that I could not take it. This caused them to believe that I was siding with the Apaches. They knew better, but nothing would satisfy them but that I should attend the hall meeting and give my reasons for refusing to head the company.

I reasoned that prospectors were out all over the country, and that the Indians were not molesting them, and that it would be far better to raise the money and pay for the mule than to risk war with them. The majority of the men were Texans, and mules and money were no object to them. They wanted to fight. Seeing that they were determined to fight it out, I consented to go.

I suggested that we should set the time of the raid for two weeks ahead, and send out for all prospectors to come in. But they would not listen. We must go at once and settle the question. "All right, come on; I will see that you get all the fighting you want, and more, too."

They were told to prepare one hundred rounds of ammunition, and rations for ten days. The next day, which was Saturday, we would start out and camp at McKinney's ranch, ten or twelve miles distant from Pinos Altos. McKinney had a number of unbroken horses which he said he would furnish to all my men who needed them. For all horses killed, he was to be repaid from the captured horses we would bring back.

We camped at his ranch on Saturday night, and continued there over Sunday breaking the horses. On Monday morning, we took the trail which led across the mountains to the Rio Mimbres, camping about dark on the top of the mountain where the trail led down into the Mimbres Valley some three miles distant, (The old Overland Mail Route was twenty-five miles north of where Deming, New Mexico, now is. Mimbres Station was the next stop west from Cook's Springs. The R. K. Bell ranch now occupies the location of the old Mimbres Station.)

After supper, I left the men in camp with instructions to build no fires. If I did not return by 3:00 A.M., they should follow my trail. The moon was just rising as I started, and I found the canyon dark and shadowy, but the trail was a well-traveled one; and after about two hours I emerged from the mouth of the canyon onto a ranchería of about one hundred tepees or wigwams.

I crawled back to where I could get a good view of the camp. By this time, the moon was shining brightly. I was just rising to start back to camp when one of the camp dogs caught my scent and began to bark, and in a minute all the dogs were joining in. I hurried to the leeward of the camp, knowing that, as long as the wind blew from me to

the camp, the dogs would keep up their barking. All became quiet after some of the warriors had come out to investigate and returned to their tepees.

I returned to camp at about midnight, and ordered coffee made for three o'clock, and everything ready to start by four. Then I lay down and slept soundly until the call, when I found all saddled and bridled and ready to start.

After my coffee, I told the men the situation of the Indian encampment, and also that the enemy outnumbered us ten to one; but the camp was in a favorable location for attack, and if we could surprise them, the battle would be half won. Giving them instructions to follow me closely, I led them down the canyon to within a half-mile of the encampment. We halted, and I passed the word along the line to move up at intervals, two at a time, as quietly as possible. Everything favored us; the wind had changed and was blowing from the camp towards us. The tepees were set up in line about a distance of two hundred yards along the foot of the mountain, and the mesa extended for a mile toward the Rio Mimbres. The old river bed was dry, and the banks on either side were six or eight feet high. About two hundred yards across from the old bed, on the west side, were thick clusters of willows. On the east bank a small ranchería was located, owned by a German who was in some way connected with Elias' tribe, and who lived there with three squaws.

The wind had enabled me to form my men into line in the arroyo, facing the encampment, without alarming the Indians. We sat on our horses, waiting for daylight before making the attack. Half the horses were unbroken mustangs that had never felt the saddle before this trip. We planned to charge the camp with a yell and get in among the Indians. If the Indians started to run, those with trained horses would pursue them, while those riding the unbroken horses would take charge of the camp and of any prisoners. If one man was seen surrounded by more warriors than he could handle, they should go to his rescue. I had told the men who had never been in an Indian fight that when the Indians gave their war whoop or battle cry it was terrifying and would chill the blood in their veins, and to offset that they had better give a genuine Texas yell.

IT WAS growing light, so I took my position in the center of the line and passed the word along to advance. Just as they reached the tableland, they charged with that yell. Out came the warriors like bees, and before they could form their line of battle, we were upon them. For a few moments the situation looked doubtful. As I had feared, the unbroken horses, when they heard the war cry of the Apaches, seemed to be more terror-stricken than the men; they reared up and became so unmanageable that their riders had all they could do to keep their saddles, much less do any fighting. The Indians kept a stream of arrows flying, the mustangs getting their share. I was only holding my ground with the men, but our six-shooters were having a telling effect on the Indian line. I ordered the riders of the mustangs to dismount and turn their mounts over to the horseholders. This gave three more fighting men out of every four. The Indians began falling back towards the river; they jumped down the steep bank and re-formed along the edge. We followed closely, forcing our horses to jump the bank. Some of the riders managed their horses well, landing and wheeling to face the warriors; but others made bad landings, and consequently some horses and riders piled up.

There was no time for our men to waste, as the warriors from the ranchería on the east bank of the river had joined those from the camp, and the number doubled. The warriors left the bank and ran for the cluster of willows. Our number was depleted, and we found it much more difficult than when out on the mesa. After some time, we drove them out of the willows and across the river bed, where they scrambled up the high banks on the east and ran to the mountains past the German's cabin. The banks there were too steep to get up with our horses, and we were compelled to travel down the river to find some way out of the river bed.

Old Chief Elias knew well that we could not follow his warriors, and he was in no hurry to get out of our way. He sat on his horse, near the German's cabin, not over two hundred yards away, and cussed at us in English—and in good English, too. I asked if any of the rangers could lift him out of his saddle, and one by the name of Davis said that his rifle could get him. Davis raised his gun, and before the smoke cleared away, Elias lay stretched on the ground, and his horse ran back to the ranchería.

During the time we were engaged in the river bed, the men in charge of the mustangs had selected the best horses from the Indian herd and had them saddled, and had gathered up the Indian stock and prisoners.

About a mile above the battle ground there lived two men, Barnes and Poker Jack, on their ranch. They sent me word that another rancheria of Indians was located just above their place, and they feared an attack from them. I took half the rangers and struck out for the ranchería, leaving orders for the other men to take the prisoners and stock to Barnes' ranch and guard them there.

To reach the ranchería I had to pass through a grove of cottonwood trees. The Indians whom we had surprised that morning were hiding behind these trees and opened up on us as soon as we came near enough, wounding some of our men and horses. The number of Indians had increased, while our number was smaller. The Indians had the advantage over us. We knew it would cost us more men and horses to drive them out of the timber, so I gave the order to return to the ranch, where our other men were holding the stock and prisoners. After dark, signal fires were burning on all the surrounding mountains.

Barnes and Poker Jack sent a courier to Major Lynde, the commander at Fort McLane, about twenty-five miles distant, asking him to send troops to protect them, as they were afraid that as soon as I left with my force, the Indians would kill them, as they had threatened to do many times before. We sent word to the German that he had better come into our camp, but this he refused to do. The Indians clubbed him to death that night.

WE REMAINED in camp on the following day. In the afternoon, Lieutenant Marmaduke—later governor of Missouri—arrived with a company of infantry with orders from Major Lynde to take charge of all captured stock and prisoners. I was eager to get rid of the prisoners, but the stock I wanted in order to replace those stolen from the whites. When Lieutenant Marmaduke gave his order, I refused to release the stock. He asked if I were going to disobey the orders of a government officer. I said yes, just so long as a government officer sits in his post and allows Indians to murder and rob the white people without punishing the Indians, he deserves nothing but disrespect. The horses he cannot have, under any consideration, but the prisoners will be released to him on one condition: that he take them to Fort McLane, (later called Apache Tejoo, it is fifteen miles southwest of Silver City, New Mexico) holding them there till I should return from Pinos Altos, where I would go for a list of the stolen stock in that vicinity; that when the Indians turned over the required number of stock, he could release the prisoners, adding any other requirements of them he wished. Lieutenant Marmaduke was a gallant officer and a man of his word. He agreed to my proposal, and I turned the prisoners over to him.

Late that afternoon, I could see that the Indians were closing in upon the valley from both sides. There were only two routes I could take leading out of our difficulty, one down the valley, and the other through the Copper Mine Pass. I was certain that both routes would be guarded, and I felt that I must throw the Indians off their guard. Before dark the order was given to pack and be ready for the start. I could see that the Apaches were watching every move made in our camp; and as it began to grow dark, their spies came closer.

We mounted our horses and struck out for the Copper Mine Pass, and within a half-mile the signal fires were giving the information that we were leaving by that route. I knew that, just as soon as the Apaches saw the signals, they would all rush to the pass to intercept us. We kept on that course till after dark, then we turned directly to the left and passed down the Mimbres Valley. I told the men to keep close together and travel quickly, prepared to fight at any time. We marched until 3:00 A.M., emerging from the valley onto the tableland and halting about three miles from the Rio Mimbres until daybreak. Then we started for Pinos Altos.

As we entered Whiskey Gulch, where the trail led in from Santa Rita del Cobre, the Apaches came near cutting us off from Pinos Altos, but we were a little too far ahead of them. The following night the Apaches came into town and carried off one of our best horses while he was tied in the center of town, not over fifty yards from my quarters.

LIEUTENANT MARMADUKE was reinforced by troops sent from Fort McLane, but he wrote me that the commander was going to turn the prisoners loose, in spite of his promise to me. I immediately wrote the commanding officer that, if he freed those Apaches before making terms with them, it would be worse for us than ever, for the liberated Indians would join their friends and attack us, hoping to recover their lost stock. But the commander refused to detain the prisoners, saying that he saw no need of such discipline. He called the chiefs to consult with him. They came, and while the council was in progress, the other warriors were quietly going in around the stock; and when they saw fit, they left the fort, going toward the herd. When the Indians were far enough away from the fort, the herders were killed and the entire herd driven off, leaving the fort without even a team of mules.

Immediately, the commander sent a courier, asking that I go with my rangers and recover the stock. I declined, saying that I had lost no stock.

Some few days after this, Major McNeece withdrew the coaches from the Overland Mail route, taking coaches, stock, and employees. When his party, consisting of 122 men, was about two miles southeast of Steins Peak Station, the Indians attacked them, and all were killed. Among them was my old partner, Anthony Elder.

After this massacre, three prospector friends from Pinos Altos—Burke, Donahue, and Malcolm—were taken prisoners by the Indians at Steins Peak, their hands were tied behind their backs, and they were hung up to a juniper tree with their heads down, within a foot of the ground. Fires were built under them, and they were burned alive. Cochise cut some strips of flesh off the bodies, roasted it, and ate it to make him brave. This was afterwards told me by Esconolea.

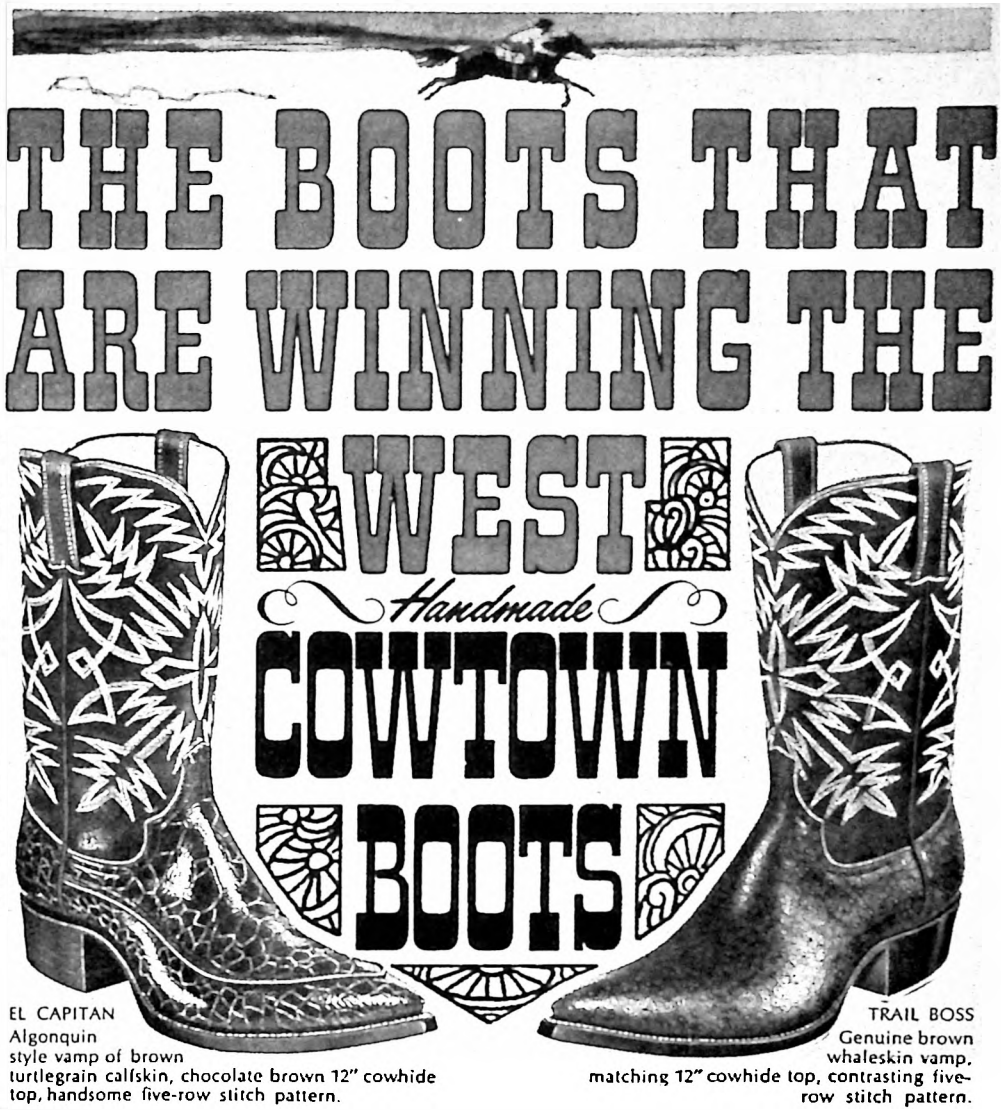
(Extract from Diary, Dec. 8, 1886—this is the record of a trip made by author in company with M. E. Kinchalla: "We took the trail through the range which leads to the old Overland Mail Station, called Steins Peak Station. We passed through where old Esconolea's tribe used to camp and came to the station, which was the first time I had been there in twenty-five years. The old juniper tree has disappeared where my three old friends were hung by their heels and burned alive by Cochise. I did not dwell there long, for my past experience of years ago came rushing back on me so vividly that I hurried off the ground, taking the road leading through the canyon towards San Simon."—B.W.T.)

DURING this period I kept my arrastre mules at Santa Lucia, in the next valley south of Pinos Altos. I usually worked one set for a week, then changing and working the other set. I made the change on Sunday, taking those I had worked through the week to the ranch and bringing the fresh mules back to replace them. I would always take a couple of men along to assist me.

On one of the trips, James Speers and Alf Delaney went with me. Just before we arrived in the Santa Lucia Valley, a large cinnamon bear ran out of the brush just ahead of us. We began firing at him, and after following him into another gulch we killed him. We dismounted, tied our horses, and got busy skinning the bear. We were so near Pinos Altos that we felt no fear, and were so intently interested in the work of skinning him, stooping over him, that we did not hear the Apaches. They had crawled through the brush and were on us before we knew it, and we were their prisoners.

The Indians were of Chief Lea's tribe. They tied our hands behind our backs and took us a short distance beyond the spring where each one of us was tied to a live-oak tree. Soon a warrior galloped up, giving a whoop. It was Cochise! I surely was surprised to see him, for he was out of his territory. Santa Lucia was on Mangas Colorado's ground. I knew, the moment I saw Cochise, that our case was hopeless. I knew, also, that he would prevail upon Lea's warriors—whose prisoners we were—to turn us over to him. I was also sure, if he could not buy us, he would take us, anyway. I did not think he was alone, and I afterwards learned that his band of warriors was in the next canyon, or somewhere near.

Cochise, by letting Lea's warriors have



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all my mules, and promising that we would not be allowed to get away, obtained possession of us. Cochise at once gave a signal, and about fifty warriors of his tribe came galloping up. I knew every one of them as well as I did my two captive friends. Cochise gave orders to untie us and take us to the Gila River; then he turned to the under chief who had captured us and asked him for my belt, pistols, shotgun, and knife. Buckling the belt around his waist, he fastened the shotgun to his saddle, mounted his horse, and we started for the Rio Gila.

As soon as we had gotten out of sight of Lea's warriors, he changed his course to the Burro Mountains (Burro Mountains are north of Lordsburg, New Mexico). Then Cochise began his hellish persecutions, by first one thing and then another—and he knew how to inflict every punishment. My two comrades received their punishment as we traveled on, but Cochise said he would show me what I deserved, and just how I should die. We halted before sundown and camped.

During the march my two companions had been placed at the front, while I was kept at the rear near Cochise. When we camped, I saw the blood oozing out from their clothing. They looked as though they were not able to go one step farther. They were led to two trees, tied to them heads down, fires were then built, and they were burned alive. I became frantic and spat on Cochise, calling him all the vile names I could think of. I wanted to die and not see any more cruelty. I was tugging at the bonds that tied me, believing I could get loose, when Cochise hit me on the head with one of my six-shooters and felled me to the ground, knocking me senseless.

When I became conscious, we were camped in another spot, and I was tied hand and foot. Cochise told one of the warriors to signal that he was coming to Apache Pass with me as prisoner; then he left me in charge of some warriors and walked off a short distance to where his horse was tied. While he was away, the warrior told me they were sorry I was a captive, and wished I could get away; but they could not free me, for Cochise would kill them. In our talk I asked them why Cochise punished my two friends so cruelly on the march. They said that Cochise ordered them to have the two men dead before our arrival in camp.

Jimmy Speers was a young man from Pennsylvania, and Alf Delaney came from Illinois. Never have I known two braver men. They had been with me for over two years, and we had fought the Indians many times, and it seemed hard that at last they were compelled to die like dogs.

Esconolea was at Apache Pass when Cochise signaled that he was bringing me in as prisoner. He took all his warriors and started for Steins Peak, knowing full well that Cochise would come through Doubtful Canyon with me. He was determined to set me at liberty, if he could.

Cochise kept me tied, hand and foot, all night. The cords were drawn so tightly that in the morning my ankles and wrists were so inflamed that the cords could barely be seen; and when they were cut, I was still quite weak from the loss of blood caused by the cut on my head from my own six-shooter the evening before. I had not eaten anything since breakfast the day before. Cochise brought me some horse meat. One of the warriors built a fire, and I roasted my own meat and ate it. Then, again, my hands were tied. Cochise called two warriors to stand me on the hot coals. Without the use of my arms, I could not help myself. They kept me there until my boots were burned and my feet were blistered. When my boots were pulled and cut off, the skin pulled off with them.

Cochise compelled me to walk over halfway to Steins Peak, where we arrived the afternoon of the third day. There I found old Chief Jack with his entire tribe, camped. They were having a tizwin drunk, and nearly everyone was drunk.

ABOUT AN HOUR after we arrived in camp, I saw one of Esconolea's warriors talking to my captors. I thought that if I could only get his attention, I could send some word to Esconolea. I watched for a chance to signal him, and at last nodded for him to come to me. I was surprised to hear him curse me to my captors and tell them I ought to be burned alive. He, with Cochise's guards, walked close to where I was lying tied, and he scowled at me and threatened to kick me. All hopes of being released by Esconolea vanished. The men turned away and began talking about other matters. Soon their attention was called to the tizwin, which seemed plentiful. Esconolea's warrior said that they should go drink some, and he would remain with me. One of them replied, "You will not molest him, if we are not gone long?" "No, but I will sit down here and enjoy seeing the ants and flies eat up his feet." My feet were then raw and covered by both ants and flies, but because my hands and feet were tied, I could not even brush them off. It would be useless to describe the agony I was in, both on the march from the Burro Mountains and after we arrived in camp.

Esconolea's stolid-looking warrior stood there until he saw my guards disappear down into the arroyo, when he immediately turned and, showing a smiling countenance, he began brushing the flies from my feet, saying, "Never mind, Cheese-Goolee, we are trying to set you free," I told him that just as soon as the two guards returned, he must make all speed to Apache Pass and tell Esconolea that I was Cochise's prisoner. He answered that Esconolea knew that and was here with all of his tribe. He added that Esconolea was now with Cochise and old Jack, and that all of Esconolea's warriors were in the next canyon, not over one mile away. He told me that, if the chief could not release me quietly, he would do it by force. At least, I would be free before I should reach Doubtful Canyon. Such joy as I felt over that message! My pain and cramped feeling were nothing.

I asked him for something to eat. He said he had some mesquite beans and dried venison; but, with my hands tied, I was unable to feed myself. He said I would need all possible strength for the time of my rescue. So, sitting on his heels, he broke dried venison into bits and put them into my mouth, all the while watching in the direction where my captors might emerge from the canyon. He asked if I did not think he had fooled Cochise's men cleverly when he cussed me and threatened to kick me, and he told me not to be surprised if he did other things for the same reason. I was afraid he would be overheard, and so told him not to speak so loudly. He laughed and said that all those who had drunk tizwin tonight would not wake up till noon tomorrow, as he had put del-te-za in the tizwin. Del-te-za is a black root, and when dried and pulverized and put in a liquid, it acts like opium. (The author may have been mistaken or misinformed. Chips of oak root were used to give the drink flavor, and the beans of the mountain laurel, *Broussonetia secundiflora*, were used for their narcotic effect. See Edward F. Castetter and M. E. Opler, "Ethnobiological Studies in the American Southwest," *The University of New Mexico Bulletin*, Whole No. 297, Nov. 15 1936, pp. 51-55.)

Shortly after this conversation, he cut my cords, and I saw the tall form of Esconolea coming up out of the gulch towards me. I tried to rise to meet him, but I had lain so long in one position that I could not use my limbs. Esconolea told me to lie still. He came close and knelt down by me and gave me one of his usual hugs. He then pulled out a pair of moccasins and began putting them on my feet. He raised me up to a sitting posture, unbuckled a belt from around his waist, put it around my waist, and said, "I borrowed your six-shooters from Cochise while he was sleeping, thinking you might need them. Now, if you can crawl after me until we get through the camp, we will find the fastest horse in my tribe, hitched just outside." I tried to crawl, but I could not go fast enough, so he picked me up and carried me, it seemed, with great ease. Several times he put me down gently on the ground while he would put his ear to the ground to learn if we were being followed.

After winding around through the camp, we got beyond it and found Esconolea's horse and his entire tribe placed there, in case his strategy failed in liberating me. He helped me on the horse and said I would find dried venison, acorns, mescal, and mesquite beans tied to the saddle, so I could eat as I traveled. He gave me a little buckskin bag and told me that, when I camped, I should take off my moccasins and sprinkle some powder over my feet, and that they would be well in a few days. I asked Esconolea if he could go along with me, but he said no, that he must be found in camp as drunk as the rest of them when they awoke, for Cochise would be in a bad humor when he discovered my escape. He said not to be afraid, for I would have a half day's start on Cochise; and in case of pursuit, he, Esconolea, would follow with his warriors.

He gave me a farewell hug, one of his warriors led my horse a half-mile or so, and then he removed the buckskin from the horse's feet, saying, "Ushah-noo-le-gool," "Good run." I shook the reins and rode away in the direction of the Burro Mountains. The horse was a fine animal and long-winded, and I arrived at Pinos Altos the second night after I was free. I was laid up for a while, because of my rough treatment.

AT ABOUT that time, the Copper Mine Indians had made a raid on Whiskey Gulch, where the arrastres were located, killing Frank Barrett. They were quite bold, coming close to Pinos Altos on all sides.

My capture had been effected just a few days after the killing of McNeece and his party, and I found, upon my arrival, that a number of Pinos Altos miners had joined McNeece at Cow Springs, intending to go through to California. Shortly after the abandonment of Fort McLane, a party of us started for Mesilla. On nearing Cook's Canyon we

saw the buzzards soaring ahead of us, and as we neared the point we found a dead body. A little beyond lay the upset coach. The party had evidently fought for some time before they were killed, as we found the bodies here and there upon the ridge on the east side of the canyon. John Wilson's body lay the farthest up the ridge. He had built himself a little breastwork out of rocks. Cochise's warriors evidently had gone around and taken their stand on the top of the ridge above him, and poured their arrows into him. He was shot in a dozen places. The buzzards had picked the eyes out of all the bodies. I think I remember correctly when I say there were eight or nine in that party. We buried the bodies and camped for the night at the spring, and the next morning started for the Rio Grande.

At Good Sight Station we met Captain Coopwood. He had been mustered into the Confederate service, and my party and I joined his company. At the time, none of us believed that the war would amount to much. Captain Coopwood had orders from Colonel Baylor to proceed west and watch for Lieutenant Lord, who was in charge of the Northern troops from Fort Buchanan; for the fort had been abandoned, and Lieutenant Lord was coming to join his troops with those Northern troops from Fort Fillmore. In the meantime, Fort Fillmore was abandoned, also, and Waller's battalion had followed Lieutenant Lord's troops and captured them at San Augustine Springs.

Coopwood's instructions were to let Lieutenant Lord's forces come in to Picacho, and the battle would be fought there. General Johnson had planned the battle and selected the ground. It would have proved all right, had Captain Coopwood guarded the old Fort Thorn road and intercepted all couriers; but he did not do this, and four hours after the Northern forces went into camp at Cook's Springs, a courier arrived from Fort Craig, telling the Lieutenant the situation, and he immediately set fire to all trains of wagons and stores of all kinds, took the Fort Thorn road, and arrived at Fort Craig safely. (Old Fort Craig was located five miles south of San Marcial, New Mexico, on the Rio Grande. It is now nearly all taken in by the building of the Elephant Butte Dam and the backup water of that dam.)

The Confederates lost a great opportunity by not making the fight at Cook's Canyon. Our command went into camp at old Fort Fillmore, remaining there for some time. We made a raid up the country and captured Alamosa, and were followed by the Northern cavalry from Fort Craig, commanded by Major Morrow. We had a considerable battle at the cottonwoods this side of Alamosa, where they overtook us at daybreak. They kept up the battle as long as their ammunition lasted, then retired, and we returned to Doña Ana, where almost all of Coopwood's company joined Captain Hunter's company. I was among the number and was elected lieutenant and was sent with an escort to Magdalena, Sonora, with Colonel Riley. After the battle of Fort Craig and our abandonment, I brought up the rear of our forces.

When we left Arizona, we followed the old Sibley brigade through the Louisiana campaign against Bank's first raid, where our Arizona battalion got so thinned that it was consolidated and called the "Arizona Scouts." I commanded them until the close of the war. My command was well known to all the forces in the Trans-Mississippi Depart-

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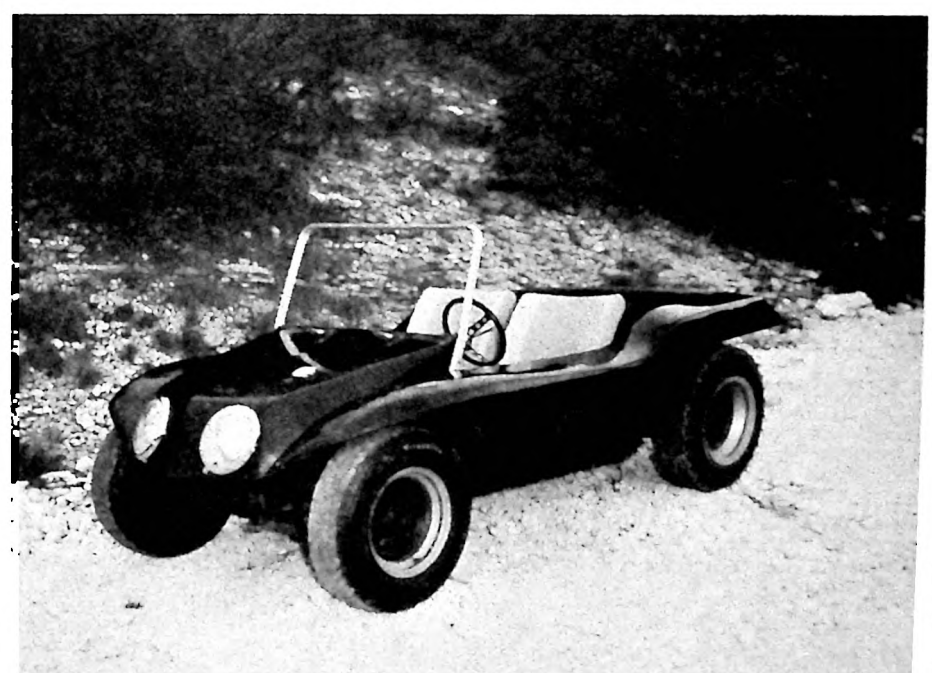

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Courtesy Tony Smith
Geronimo

ment, especially to the old Tom Green's division and Major's division. My command was the last to be mustered out at Hempstead, Texas. I proceeded to San Antonio, and my men, some fifteen of them, scattered in all directions, and only three of them ever arrived at Mesilla.

I went to St. Louis, Missouri, married Miss Emma Boston, and began merchandising in that city, but I could not withstand the longing to return to Arizona, where I had experienced so many adventures in the fifties; and I found myself drifting toward the west. I went to Austin, Texas, in 1879 and remained there until 1880, then left for Arizona.

I arrived at old Apache Pass after a twenty-three-year absence. It was now occupied by government troops and was known as Fort Bowie, and the old Overland Mail Station building and my old trading post quarters were still standing. (Trading Post Corral, Apache Pass: As late as 1889, it was used by Don Alger, who had a government contract for carrying mail from Teviston to Fort Bowie.—M.D.)

I began locating mines in the Chiricahua Range and occasionally traveled to the different places I had been so familiar with in the '50s.

I filed on a homestead in the San Simon Valley, at the crossing of the Pueblo Viejo road, leading from Fort Bowie to the town of Solomonville, on the Gila River, thirty-seven miles distant.

The location of my settlement was fourteen miles north of the fort, and five miles from the foothills of the Chiricahua Range. The Cochise Mining and Milling Company, with which I was associated, developed a good many claims, and there were numerous mining camps established in the Dos Cabezas Mountains. I became interested also in merchandising, and sent for my family, who arrived from Austin, Texas, on January 5, 1882.

Since my return to the territory, murderous warfare has been carried on by the Apaches under the leadership of Chief Geronimo. His surrender to General Miles took place on September 4, 1886.

I believe that, now, with the capture of Geronimo and his warriors who might have succeeded him, the territory will prosper in its mining enterprises, stock-raising, home-building, and other interests that eventually will build it up into a great State of Arizona. (The author did not live to see Arizona become a state.)

APPENDIX

A SON of Captain Tevis relates that, in 1902, the Buckeye Mining and Milling Company were operating in Virginia Chief Canyon, which leads east out of Rock House Canyon.

The commissary privileges were given to Captain Tevis, and the road-building contract was let to a man named Tuttle who employed Apache labor from the San Carlos Reservation.

One evening after supper several bucks and squaws came up the canyon to where Tevis and his son were camped. Tevis spoke to one of the squaws, and the buck asked him where he had learned the Chiricahua language. He answered that he was at Apache Pass and said that he knew and considered Esconolea to be his best friend there, and that it was he who had taught him the Chiricahua language. The following evening, the same buck and the two younger squaws came back to camp, and with them there was an old squaw, perhaps over ninety years of age.

She spoke to Tevis in a voice weak and broken, and her lack of teeth made it difficult to understand her. She asked his name, and he answered, "Cheese-Goolee," the name he was known by among the Chiricahua Apaches. She told him that she was Esconolea's widow. Overcome with emotion, she cried and talked and clung to him until the son took her away. Before leaving, she reached into her bosom and pulled out an old silver watch-case, attached to a buckskin thong, which she wore around her neck. She showed Tevis the watch which he had given her at Apache Pass in the time of these memoirs, and she told him that his old friend, Chief Esconolea, had died at the San Carlos Reservation. Several more visits were made while the Apaches were employed by Tuttle, and Tevis told his son about the watch.

Once, at Apache Pass, in 1858, some squaws had been making arrows by tying the arrowheads on with buckskin, and dipping the finished arrows in a deer liver which was green with venom from rattlesnakes. Tevis tried to tie one; and when it was, as he thought, finished, the arrowhead fell away from the shaft. At this, all the squaws laughed. Esconolea's squaw stepped up and showed him just how to do it right. He playfully put his watch to her ear, and it pleased her greatly, and she begged him for it. Tevis' son could not remember whether his father had known this son of Esconolea who was now working near them, or whether it could be "Ah-wall-toon," who, when sixteen years of age had killed a bear singlehanded just outside Apache Pass in 1857. (Memoirs, Chap. 4, p. 131.) If so, he would have been a man of about sixty-one years of age at the time of this incident.

If any of the families of Francisco or Esconolea are still living, it would give infinite pleasure to the author's children to hear from them, for the Tevis family has listened to hours of storytelling by their father, about the love he had for Esconolea, the best friend he ever knew.

GRANVILLE OURY TEVIS
Narrator

Last Victim of the Vigilantes

(Continued from page 25)

cursing the posse, daring them to give him a six-shooter so he could take some of them with him.

Ennis and his men buried Munn in the Rexbury cemetery and then took their prisoners to the railroad to be transported to Boulder, the scene of their crime. On the way they were guarded by Ben Burns, Martin Peel and Al Gloid. The rest of the posse returned by Henry's Lake, bringing with them the wagon, horses and the rest of the outlaws' equipment.

Murphy and the two Edmonsons were transferred to Helena to await trial. William Ennis, George Thexton, Theodore Wilkins, John Brice, George Thorps and Ben Burns were summoned to Helena as witnesses. Others called later from the Madison included Richard Coad, William Wagner, Charles Anceny and George Hadzor.

Henry Edmonson's trial started November 20, 1884; he was found guilty by the jury and sentenced to fourteen years in the territorial prison at Deer Lodge. On November 22 John Edmonson was brought to trial but the jury disagreed and he was discharged. He was brought to trial again on December 3 and found guilty, drawing a sentence of twelve years in Deer Lodge.

But Con Murphy, true to his reputation, again engineered his escape on election night that fall. Helena officers assumed that he had help from the outside but this was never officially proved.

In jail Con Murphy had shown a different side of his personality, telling a cellmate that he was unhappy that he had not been allowed to go with Custer to the Little Big Horn. The cellmate later told officers Murphy also added that he would have liked to have died an honorable death and saved the people of Montana much grief and expense.

IMMEDIATELY following Murphy'c escape several fires broke out in Helena. It was at once assumed that these might have been set by Murphy to divert attention from the jail where the Edmonsons were awaiting transfer to Deer Lodge, and a group of townspeople secretly formed a "Vigilance Committee" to deal out their own particular form of justice.

Late in December, 1884, a young man appeared in Helena and, in a conversation with Albert Galen who was then a schoolboy, said, "My name is Con Redmond. I just came here from my home in Hannibal, Missouri, to make a search for my brother, Jack. I guess in this country he is known as Con Murphy. We heard

back home that Jack was leading a bad life here, and Mother is in very poor health and sick with worry. It is Mother's wish that she see him once more and talk to him, so I have got to find him."

How young Con Redmond found his older brother isn't known but in a short time the two were together, and young Redmond succeeded in convincing "Murphy" that he should give up his career of outlawry and go back home. Murphy managed to obtain train tickets for Missouri but could not risk boarding a train in Helena. While he stayed in hiding the reward for his capture increased to $1,700. Afraid things weren't going to cool down, the brothers decided to make a break for it.

John O'Neill, a rancher who lived about eighteen miles northeast of Helena, was awakened by a loud knocking on his door on the morning of January 25, 1885. He at once opened the door and two snow-covered figures pushed their way into the cabin and demanded some breakfast. O'Neill, familiar with the description of Murphy, recognized the fugitive at once and hastily complied with the order for food. After breakfast the men told John to come with them to a cabin nearby. While one brother slept, the other stood guard over O'Neill. This continued throughout the day of the 25th and into the morning of the 26th.

When breakfast was finished the second morning, Murphy told O'Neill, "We are leaving this country and will bother no one here again. We must have food for the trip and you are going in to Helena this morning and get it for us. If you give us away in any way I will kill you as sure as you sit here now."

O'Neill harnessed a team to a two-horse sleigh. Along the way he began thinking about the $1,700 reward. As soon as he arrived in Helena he drove straight to the sheriff's office and told them where they could find Murphy and his brother. Deputy Sheriff J. H. McFarland and Police Officer George Bashaw started at once for the ranch, arriving about ten o'clock that night. The two officers remained outside while O'Neill went in and placed the box of groceries on the table. He found Murphy in bed and his younger brother sitting by the fire. O'Neill pretended to be very cold and asked the younger man if he would mind taking the horses to the stable. When the young man left with the team, O'Neill crept outside and beckoned to the officers. When they entered, O'Neill pounced on Murphy. Groggy with sleep, the outlaw submitted and was handcuffed by McFarland and disarmed.

Minutes later young Con Redmond returned from the stable and at once was placed under arrest and handcuffed.

The officers, not wishing to waste any time getting their prisoners to jail, put them in the sleigh and started for town, accompanied by the rancher. But the wind had risen during the night and the road was badly drifted, forcing the party to stop until morning at a halfway house owned by Bruce Toole. The two prisoners were guarded all night by the officers. At breakfast the handcuffs were removed to allow each brother the freedom of one

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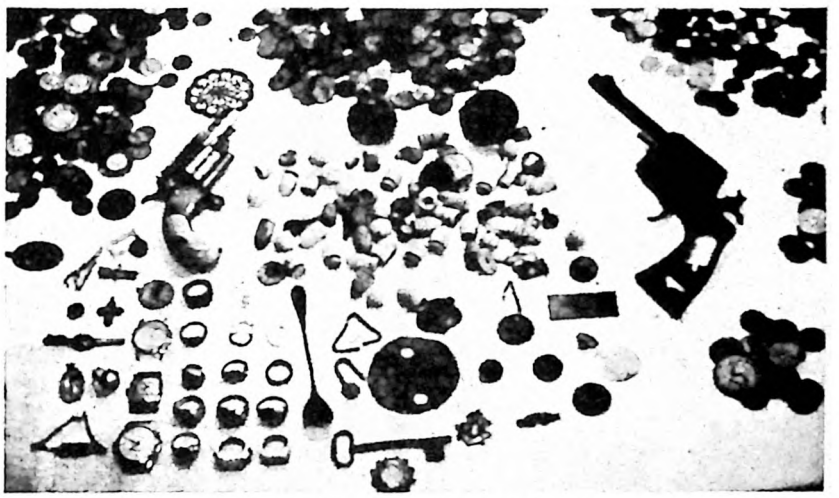

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hand so each could eat and put on his overcoat before going outside.

After putting on his overcoat, Murphy started across the room for his hat, then suddenly turned, pulling a revolver he had kept hidden under his left arm. He fired at Bashaw, striking him in the hand. The outlaw then ran up the stairs and took refuge in a clothes closet, shooting at some of the men in the yard through a crack in the wall.

When the men returned the fire he stopped shooting. The officers called up to him and told him they would set the house on fire. He replied that he wanted to talk to his brother.

Bashaw told the young man to go up and talk some sense into Murphy. The boy was only gone a few minutes; coming back down he told Bashaw that Con wanted to talk to him. Bashaw went up at once and Murphy told him that he would surrender if Bashaw would promise to deliver him safely to the jail in Helena.

The officer gave his word of honor that he would do just that and Murphy handed his gun through the door, butt first, saying, "I have never killed a man in my life and I do not wish to add that crime to my career. I want you to have this gun to remember me by; however, if the vigilantes come for me please let me have a six-shooter to defend myself with."

"I won't let them take you from our custody."

THE TWO PRISONERS were put into the sleigh once more and the journey continued. On the way Murphy told Bashaw that he had watched him throughout the previous night, trying to get the drop on him. but Bashaw had not given him the slightest opportunity to make a play. He confessed that he had hoped to take Bashaw's gun and get the drop on McFarland. He then would have taken two of the best horses and what supplies he needed and would have left the country. Turning to his brother he told him to remember O'Neill as long as he lived. He also told the officers that he wanted all his horses, arms and other equipment turned over to his brother as young Con was innocent and had nothing whatsoever to do with the crimes. On the journey he discussed many more of his affairs and became quite friendly with his captors.

About four miles from Helena the party was met by a vigilante group of about 100 men. Murphy begged Bashaw to let him have a gun but Bashaw refused. The mounted men took possession of the prisoners, and asked Murphy if he had anything to say. At once he shouted, "Don't harm the boy for he is innocent!"

Murphy was questioned regarding the fires in Helena and denied any knowledge of them. He protested that he should be given a fair trial by the people and was informed that the people had already tried him and found him guilty. He retorted, "Why are you so determined to hang me when there are hundreds of worse men than I at large in the country?"

"You should have thought of that years ago," replied the spokesman for the vigilantes.

Bashaw then spoke up, "It is not right for you to take the prisoner away from officers of the law. Besides I faithfully promised this man that if he would surrender I would deliver him safely to the jail in Helena. You have no right at all to hang him."

"We are going to hang him and you might as well keep still and stay out of it."

The vigilantes drove the sleigh to a telegraph pole and fastened a rope around the victim's neck. The rope was thrown over a cross-arm and thirty determined men took hold of the rope to assist in the execution. Murphy was raised clear of the ground but the cross-arm snapped.

The men conversed for a moment and decided to take their prisoner to a small trestle across a coulee some distance to the north. The drive took about ten minutes; Murphy lay in the bottom of the sleigh with the rope around his neck, pale and quiet.

When they arrived at the trestle he said in a voice filled with despair, "Brother, kiss me before I die."

Young Redmond, wiping away tears, leaned over and kissed his brother and sobbed, "Goodbye."

Once again Murphy was taken from the sleigh. The vigilantes turned the younger brother over to Bashaw and forced Murphy to stand in the center under the trestle. They pulled him up until his head was about four feet from the timber and tied the rope and left him hanging until four o'clock that afternoon when his corpse was taken down and placed in a sleigh to be taken to Helena. At the old fire house beside the present site of the county jail the body was placed on display. The face was badly swollen from strangulation, and about two feet of the rope with which he was hanged was still around his neck.

That night Murphy's brother was given a hearing by the vigilante committee. He was cleared and told to move on. The next morning he was put aboard the eastbound train and told never to come back; that afternoon the coroner held an inquest over Murphy's body. Later it was taken to the pauper section of the Benton Avenue Cemetery.

The execution of Murphy, which took place one mile west of present-day East Helena, was the last hanging by vigilantes in the Territory of Montana. It took place on Tuesday, January 27, 1885. Murphy was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death. Some people still wonder if he would have lived an honorable life if he and his brother could have made their escape that cold winter day.

Mysterious Lady of Yankee Fork

(Continued from page 29)

strikes. Then, following the big one, were a number of others in rapid succession.

Before winter paid its early visit the hillsides were covered with prospect holes and makeshift camps. Over 200 miners were working in the district and pack trains had already begun snaking their loads of food and supplies over the treacherous mountain passes.

When the snow melted the following spring, Charles Franklin arrived at the shelter the packers had erected in the center of mining activity. A few weeks later he staked and platted the townsite he later named Bonanza City. Other businessmen arrived shortly and they, along with miners already there, quickly bought up the choice lots in the center of town. When a sawmill was packed over the mountains and installed on Jordan Creek, building began in earnest.

Then came the biggest news of all. The three partners in the General Custer Mine sold their holdings to a company of Englishmen. The new owners announced plans to build a twenty-five stamp mill to take care of their ores and others in the district.

A group of men petitioned the Territorial Legislature for permission to build a toll road into the camp. Another town was laid out near the announced site of the big stamp mill. Charles Franklin worked frantically throughout the fall and winter, pushing construction of a hotel to accommodate the influx of miners and businessmen. Stores and houses were erected quickly and carelessly. The mines poured forth their wealth in steady streams.

Into this hectic activity, in the summer of 1878, rode Richard and Elizabeth King. Richard and Lizzie were one of the first married couples in the district, and as such were rather special. And they were unusual in several other ways, the most outstanding of which was their physical appearance. Richard was tall and clean shaven—among the whiskered miners the latter was very unusual. He dressed in the fashion of England and conducted himself as a gentleman—at least, most of the time. Lizzie was blonde, blue-eyed and slender. Her features were regular; her clothing, expensive and fashionable. Both were from England originally, although their speech had lost much of its accent. Both were in their mid-thirties. And they had money.

No one today knows the size or source of the King fortune. There was talk at that time that Richard might have been what the Britishers called a "remittance man"—a son of an Englishman nobleman sent abroad to sow his wild oats, and supported by periodic family remittances. But one thing is certain. The Kings had prospered in the American West, where most had not.

No one knows either, why they chose to journey to the Idaho Territory mining country. It may have been news of the English company's purchase of the General Custer Mine that attracted them. It may have been a search for adventure. Undoubtedly they wanted more in the way of riches. But whatever their reasons for the trek, Richard King was no ordinary, grub-staked prospector, and Lizzie was no common frontier housewife.

THEY ALIGHTED from a pair of pack string mules in the center of Bonanza City. Charles Franklin stepped forward to greet them and escort them to his barely-completed hotel, the Franklin House.

It is possible that Richard and Lizzie had met Franklin in another western boom town. The Kings had left the de-

clining Bodie, California, to make their way northward. One history of the district mentions that Charles Franklin also came from Bodie. But whatever their previous relationship may have been, they quickly formed an alliance in Bonanza City. With Franklin as host and guide, the Kings were soon well acquainted with both the geography and the people of the district.

They were seen everywhere together during the Kings' first weeks in the new camp—a study in physical contrasts. Lizzie's blonde beauty and Richard's imposing height were subtly accented by the short, bearded, slightly rotund Franklin.

Richard purchased a lot on the north edge of town from Franklin, and immediately started construction of a house for Lizzie and himself.

Shortly afterward, Richard struck up a partnership with a man named Bill Dillon. The two men bought a large block of property in Bonanza City and the adjacent new town. The partnership, however, only included the real estate venture; when Richard became "bitten by the gold bug" and started prospecting, his findings were to be his alone.

In the meantime, Lizzie found herself with little to do. Richard had staked the Cockney Boy Mine and was spending more time away from home. His wife started whiling away her evenings at the hotel in the company of Charles Franklin.

With Lizzie's presence the Franklin House saloon became the most popular spot in town. She was the star of the district and all she did to earn the honor was to appear in the Franklin House and talk.

Being queen of the mining camp, however, didn't particularly appeal to Lizzie. She obviously yearned for more exciting and rewarding roles than the one assigned her by the sex- and beauty-starved miners. And it didn't take long for her to decide on a course of action.

In January the Legislature approved the building of a toll road. Shortly after that, the Englishmen who had bought the General Custer sent word that they would begin shipping machinery as soon as weather permitted in the spring. It was then that Lizzie made her decision.

With the future growth of the mining district almost guaranteed, she bought a large lot across the street from her house and started construction of two large buildings which were to become the Arcade Saloon and Dance Hall.

Legend tells us that both Richard and Franklin objected to her plans. Franklin didn't like the idea because he didn't consider the management of a saloon to be in keeping with her status as a lady. He also must have regretted losing his star attraction. Richard wasn't concerned with Lizzie's reputation; he simply didn't want to be bothered with a tavern. But both men's arguments were wasted. Construction proceeded rapidly and when the pack trains started running regularly in the spring, they brought in fixtures and supplies for Lizzie's saloon.

The Arcade was a success from the day it opened. As had been shown in the tavern at the Franklin House, all

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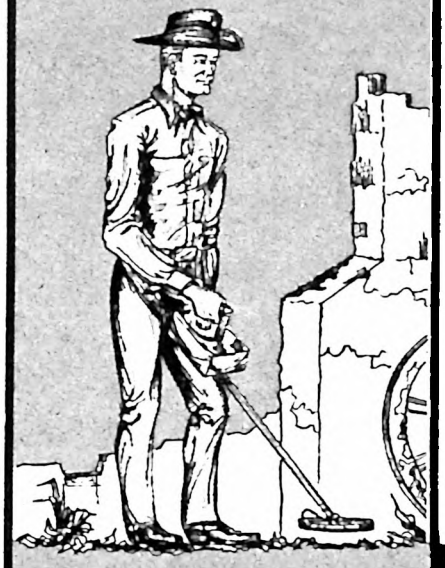

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that was necessary for the biggest crowd in town was Lizzie's presence. And now, in her own place of business, she became even more alluring. She laughed and drank and danced with the customers, and when a party of unattached women arrived in the camp she hired them for the Arcade Dance Hall. She also permitted a pair of itinerant gamblers to set up shop in her saloon, but the rules for everyone were the same—no cheating, no stealing from customers or "house," no drunkenness, no lewdness. Lizzie had fun, and she expected everyone else to do the same. She ruled her little world with an iron hand. And the money rolled in.

Before summer gained its full strength she outfitted her "girls" with the finest dresses available in Salt Lake City and San Francisco. She also redecorated the interior of the little house she shared with Richard.

Both King and Franklin found their fears to have been groundless. Lizzie managed the business with little assistance from Richard. The stain on her reputation which had concerned Charles Franklin failed to materialize—or rather it failed to diminish the spirit and attractiveness of the blonde tavern keeper. Lizzie simply ignored any criticism of herself or the other women at the Arcade, and so did the miners who patronized her establishment.

WITH THE Cockney Boy Mine showing signs of a solid future and the Arcade patently a winner, life was rich and easy for the Kings through the spring and early summer. Then, in July, Richard and his partner, Dillon, argued over something and decided they could no longer do business together. They divided their holdings by oral agreement, but the battle didn't end there.

A few days later Dillon stepped into the Arcade for a drink. Richard was there and the argument was renewed. When tempers had risen to the fighting point, Dillon pulled out a gun and shot Richard through the chest. The bullet lodged next to Richard's spine. Four days later, despite the combined efforts of both local doctors, Richard King died. Dillon was arrested and jailed by a vigilante posse.

Charles Franklin took charge of the funeral arrangements. On a hillside apart from the Bonanza City cemetery he marked out a large plot and built a picket fence around it. Inside the enclosure was room for three graves, and Franklin made no effort to hide his plans for the remaining two. The space on one side was for Richard. The center grave was for Lizzie. The remaining spot he reserved for himself.

A hearing was held on Richard's death before Justice of the Peace Samuel Holman, but no charges were filed. Dillon was released and a short time later disappeared from the district. At a later hearing before the same justice of the peace, Lizzie King was awarded all of Richard's holdings and the abandoned property of Bill Dillon.

The justice's action, coupled with Dillon's disappearance, created a torrent of speculation in the district. It quickly died out, however. Men often left a mining camp without telling anyone of their destination. And everyone was really too busy with his own affairs to spend much time worrying over those of Bill Dillon.

Richard's death cleared the way for Charles Franklin's attentions to the mining camp princess. He waited for a brief period of mourning to elapse and then began courting Lizzie in earnest—although with little success.

For her part, Lizzie sought solace in the activities of the Arcade and the customers who thronged there nightly. She seemed to be trying to drown her sorrows in drunken gaiety, and for a long time that fall and early winter the rules of the house relaxed. Lizzie and her girls were less modest. Whiskey flowed more freely, and sounds of music and laughter filled the narrow valley. Parties were wilder and lasted farther into the night. The cash box at the Arcade recorded the change.

Charles Franklin watched and waited and when the mountain winter revealed its annual fury his patience was rewarded. Lizzie gradually became more subdued, and the gaiety at the Arcade resumed its normal tenor.

There were hundreds of new people in the two towns that winter and business was good, both at the Arcade and the Franklin House. But the pressures were less and both Lizzie and Franklin found time to relax. As the snowbound months progressed they were seen more and more often in each other's company. It became obvious that a union between two of the biggest business interests in the Yankee Fork District was being considered.

Lizzie had tarnished her reputation by mourning Richard in her own fashion. But the mining camp was forgiving. As the romance with Franklin budded and flowered she was restored to her former position. She reigned once more, with Charles Franklin designated prince consort by proximity.

Sometime during the winter Lizzie deeded Charles a half-interest in the Cockney Boy Mine. Later the pair signed an easement giving the company of Englishmen rights to build a flume across the claim to supply water to the new General Custer Mill, then nearing completion. And then spring arrived.

THE TOLL ROAD had been completed the previous fall but winter snows had prevented the road from making any marked changes in the district's life and commerce. With good weather, however, huge freight wagons soon replaced the lightly loaded pack trains and the Yankee Fork began booming in earnest.

Concord coaches of the Toponce & Myers Stage Line rolled over the new road, carrying in people at a rate previously unimagined. The 1,500 population of the district soon became 2,500 with as many more waiting to follow.

One of the new arrivals was a handsome man of middle years, a shadowy figure in carefully tailored clothing, about whom little is known except his name—Robert Hawthorne. Within a week he found employment as a card dealer at the Arcade.

On July 26, 1880, he married Lizzie King in a civil ceremony at Challis, county seat of the newly formed Custer County. One can only speculate on the emotional turmoil that the sudden wedding of Lizzie and Robert Hawthorne created in Charles Franklin. But for Lizzie the changes were rapid, visible and dramatic. It would almost seem that she became a different person.

The management of the Arcade was immediately turned over to Hawthorne. Lizzie devoted her time and energies to the little house across the street, becoming for the most part anyway, a western housewife. She cleaned and repaired and remodeled. She even ordered new furnishings to make the house more comfortable.

Her actions displayed a facet of the Lizzie King personality which had been little revealed during her stint as proprietress of the Arcade. Her nightly appearances at the saloon became as proper and undemonstrative as her sojourns to the Franklin House had been. two summers previously. She dressed more modestly, and conducted her business affairs more formally. The "change in Lizzie" was the talk of the town. And then came the double murder.

Once again Charles Franklin entered the enclosure he had built around the grave of Richard King. He buried Lizzie in the center grave. In the spot he'd reserved for himself, he interred Robert Hawthorne. Large white crosses were erected over the new graves. Much later he added hand-carved wooden grave markers.

The wording on the eroded marker over Robert Hawthorne's final resting place is unreadable now. The marker which rested over Lizzie's grave is gone, but there are many records of the words Charles Franklin engraved there.

AGNES ELIZABETH KING
BORN LONDON, ENGLAND
DIED BONANZA CITY,
IDAHO TERRITORY
JULY 26, 1880

There was no mention of her married name—Hawthorne. The date listed as the date of her death is the date of her remarriage. For Charles Franklin, evidently, she died the day he lost her forever to another man.

AN INQUEST called to investigate the killings ruled that the unlucky pair had met death "at the hands of person or persons unknown," an ambiguous decision which only spurred the people of the district to more talk and ever wilder conjecture.

A short time later, Charles Franklin added substance to their doubt by leaving Bonanza City and the unanswered "Who" and "Why." And the questions still remain unanswered.

The widespread talk which gave birth to the legend of Lizzie is no help, for the legend makers and recorders cannot even agree on the character of the lady herself. In a recent history of the Yankee Fork District she is portrayed as an educated woman of sound morals who was the victim of her times and her men. An older, often repeated judgment stated, "Lizzie was no better than she should be," and one is left with a picture of a painted, tainted lady of the evening, manipulating men and circumstances for her own aggrandizement Probably neither judgment is accurate.

Two miles up the Yankee Fork from the triple grave in an abandoned schoolhouse converted into a museum by the self-appointed caretaker of the gold rush ghost's weathered remnants, rests a fancy wood-burning cookstove. Also in the museum is a cracked and faded oil painting—a picture of a nude courtesan in a classic, reclining pose. The painting hung over the bar in Lizzie's Arcade Saloon.

The grave, the painting, the stove and the legends are all that is left of Lizzie, but they offer clues to her character. The fancy cookstove, ultimate symbol of domesticity, finds its opposite in the exaggerated voluptuousness of the western saloon nude. The grave, betwen two husbands, selected by still another man who cared for her, speaks volumes about her charm. Taken together they reveal the complex personality necessary for a legendary figure. And it becomes clear that few people really knew her.

The rough miners may have been loyal friends and sturdy companions but they possessed little worldly understanding. A strong-willed woman, probably neither as good nor as bad as her various reputations, living life by the dictates of a very personal conscience, was outside their comprehension.

It would seem that the judgments of Lizzie are more wishful protestations than assessments of her as a person. But only the lady herself could have settled that question.

Charles Franklin may have known, but he didn't say. After leaving Bonanza City he staked a placer claim near the Salmon River community of Stanley. There he quietly spent the remaining years of his life, rarely leaving the site.

Some cowboys found his body in the claim cabin after a particularly hard winter at the turn of the century. He had been dead for several months, and there were no clues as to the manner of his death. They buried him exactly as they found him—a tiny gold locket containing a picture of Lizzie clenched tightly in his hand.

Not many years later, the mining camp that started it all also passed away. And who is to say that all the deaths were not somehow related, as the lives most certainly had been.

Lightning Stealers

(Continued from page 19)

you to get ready to go with us at once, do you understand?"

"Put down that pistol and tell me what is the matter," Osborn demanded. He did not flinch but he was anxious for information.

"Never mind what the matter is; you are going with me at once," replied Cowdrey. He lowered the pistol.

Osborn, hoping for some opportunity to communicate with Pinkerton, signified his willingness to go with Cowdrey, and

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his quick compliance seemed to disarm whatever suspicions Cowdrey may have had. Hastily Osborn packed his clothing and cheerfully announced that he was ready to go.

The start was made for the West. Although Cowdrey became more friendly, he constantly kept an eye on Osborn, who did everything to establish confidence.

Cowdrey had provided himself with all the necessary implements for tapping wires and had a supply of provisions. The party went from Chicago to Omaha where they took the Union Pacific for Julesburg in Colorado Territory. This was one of the rawest of western settlements, miles from any other outpost except Fort Sedgwick about four miles away.

There was still great danger from marauding Indians, and soldiers at Fort Sedgwick were kept busy escorting stage coaches, supply trains or emigrant trains across the prairies.

Cowdrey inquired at the telegraph office at Fort Sedgwick if direct communications were possible between the fort and eastern and western cities. Told that they were, he attempted to bribe the operator to send some messages referring to the depreciation of mining stocks in Montana. The operator was so incensed that he threatened to have the party arrested if Cowdrey persisted in his demand.

Unobserved by Cowdrey or his companion, Osborn managed to write a dispatch to Pinkerton, accompanied by a note to the operator. He explained the situation and revealed the route he and the others would be taking from Julesburg.

HIGHLY DISGRUNTLED, Cowdrey led the party westward for several days, presumably keeping fairly close to the overland telegraph line. The men tramped over rugged roads and at night camped out under the stars. Though the hardships were many, Cowdrey plodded on enticed by the hope of becoming rich.

When they reached a remote place on the Laramie Plains between Cooper's Creek and the North Fork of the Platte River, they stopped to begin operations. Carefully they unpacked the machinery and prepared to send a message the next night.

The point of attack this time, as it had been on other occasions, was the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, an extensive corporation whose securities were widely held. It was thought that a damaging report would have the effect of suddenly depreciating their stock and enabling the conspirators to realize fortunes from the scare that would result.

This special dispatch prepared by Cowdrey for the New York *Herald* read in part:

San Francisco, Cal.,
Oct. 1867

The *Great Republic*, of the Pacific Mail Line which sailed from San Francisco on the third of September, loaded with six hundred and forty tons of freight and about $1,500,000 of Wells, Fargo's and Company's treasures, and passengers and crew numbering about eight hundred souls was burned at sea. The captain and officers were intoxicated at the time the fire originated. As near as I can ascertain, about one hundred and fifty of the passengers and crew were lost. The vessel being a total wreck, the crew mutinied, and taking to the boats, carried away a large portion of the treaure. The steamer *Fire Fly* rescued a large number of the passengers and crew and has taken them to San Francisco. The steamer *Chrysopolis* has also gone down the harbor to take some passengers off a vessel there coming up. Some of the passengers on arriving at San Francisco made an affidavit before the United States Commissioner to the effect that the captain was intoxicated at the time of the fire. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

Prepared as they were with the cipher used in conveying the dispatches, there seemed to be no reason why this should not be successfully transmitted and attain the desired results.

The next morning after breakfast preparations were completed to tap the wires. Everything was in readiness but they waited until evening when Charley Cowdrey would be on duty.

George, with a pair of climbers, ascended to the top of the pole upon which the lines were suspended, and in a few moments had successfully attached the ground wires to the main line. The electric current was conducted into the earth, and then, applying their pocket instruments, they were enabled to work with all the ease of an ordinary office.

In a very short time the lying dispatch was on its way, and should nothing occur to stop the passage there would be a stir upon the market in New York City.

George was about to descend the telegraph pole when he was startled by an unmistakable yell that sent a chill down his back. About 200 yards away, a party of twelve to fifteen Indian hunters rode at full speed toward the white men.

Escape was impossible. George joined his companions. On came the Indians, shouting and yelling. The telegraphers gathered up their guns, but were soon surrounded and taken prisoner.

The three unfortunates were securely bound and escorted to the Indians' camp. Telegraph instruments abandoned by the whites were retrieved by the Indians. To them the telegraph had long been a source of wonderment and annoyance. Anything connected with it attracted their attention. Late in 1865 they had pulled down ten miles of poles and wires and had built a fire which had reduced the first Julesburg to ashes.

AS THE DARKNESS of night settled on the camp, the prisoners were placed under guard in a small tent. Their feet and hands were still bound. Osborn began to work upon the cords around his wrists. By desperate energy he freed

one of his hands. In a few minutes both hands were free. Then he loosened the thongs upon his feet. The big Indian guard seated in the door of the tepee sat smoking. Osborn could see the rest of the band gathered around the fire a short distance away. He settled back in his blankets. His companions apparently were asleep.

One by one the Indians around the fire went to bed. There was a deathlike stillness in the shadows of the embers. After a time Osborn noticed that the head of the Indian guard was drooping. He heard the unmistakable breathing of a sleeper. Quickly he threw off the blanket and crawled under the side of the tepee. The sleeping Indian started in his sleep but as Osborn "froze" he settled back for another nap.

By slow, stealthy movements Osborn slipped away and was soon out of hearing of the camp. Having knowledge of the road which they had traveled, he decided to try to return to Fort Sedgwick, with the hope that Pinkerton had received his message and would have a man there to help him.

Conway, sent on by Pinkerton, reached Fort Sedgwick about the time that Osborn was making his escape from the Indians. He reported to Pinkerton and awaited instructions.

Pinkerton's office had kept up a round-the-clock wire tap, but without discovering anything of a suspicious character. In fact, the officers of the telegraph company were considering removing the equipment when one evening the message containing the information of the loss of the *Great Republic* came clicking over the wires.

Regularity of the transmission was perfect, but the cipher by which these messages were usually sent had been, at Pinkerton's suggestion, changed ten days previously. Suspicion was at once attached to this message. Here was the evidence which would convict the parties of tampering with the wires.

Pinkerton called in General Stager and explained about the phony message. He suggested that they not interfere with its transmittal. If Charles Cowdrey attempted to send the message forward it would be proof of his complicity. Stager and a Pinkerton man returned to the Chicago main telegraph office and prepared to watch young Cowdrey.

In a few moments the general heard the message being received. He also noticed a sudden start when Charles became aware of the nature of the dispatch he was receiving. The young man lost no time in forwarding the message to its eastern destination.

Within seconds a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. As he turned around his frightened eyes met the stern gaze of General Stager. He knew that he had been caught.

"Charles Cowdrey, you will go with this gentleman," said the general, nodding toward the detective. "You are under arrest." Without a word Charles rose from his chair and was soon on his way to jail.

Many miles to the west, Frank Osborn was making his way across the barren plains of what later became Wyoming

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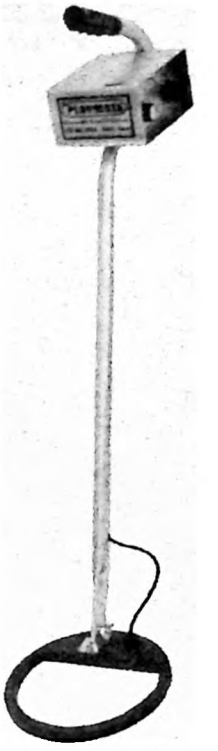

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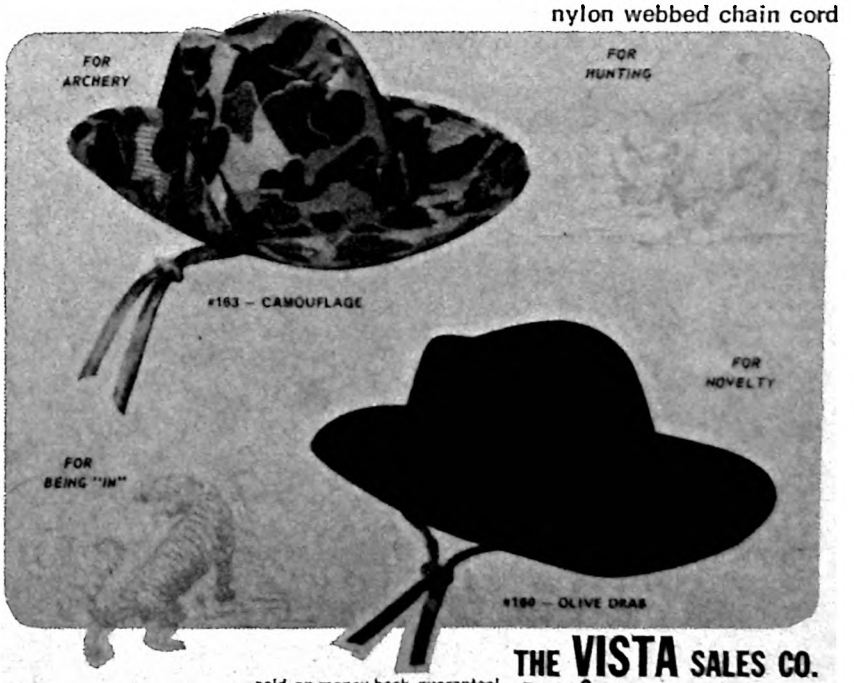

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Territory and was suffering intensely from hunger and thirst. His condition was pitiable by the time he staggered into Fort Sedgwick. A bath, change of clothing, some food and a few hours' rest revived him enough to go with a guard of soldiers to rescue his companions. A guard of eight mounted men, under a sergeant, began the trek.

OSBORN'S escape had not been discovered by the Indians until morning when a new guard came to the tepee. At once several of them fanned out to hunt the escapee but returned that night unsuccessful. Realizing that they had been guilty of wrongdoing and fearing that the soldiers would punish them, the Indians made ready to leave their camp.

Much discussion went on as to what should be done with the two remaining prisoners. It finally was decided that in order to prevent their giving any alarm, they should be tied to trees and left for anyone to discover who might come along. Then the Indians disappeared.

George Cowdrey was furious at Osborn's desertion and was overcome with fear that his nefarious plans might be discovered. Osborn and the military escort found the two men utterly exhausted. The "prisoners" were escorted back to the fort after restoratives and food had been given. Three days had elapsed since the Indians had left so it was not considered wise to try to follow them.

"Does Charley know that I have been arrested?" George asked.

"No. He was arrested in transmitting your message."

"We have been caught fairly and I must abide by the consequences," was George's comment.

He was assured that the telegraph company knew he had not been alone, that there were men of money behind the whole scheme.

"How much will it benefit me if I tell who they are?" George wanted to to know. Then he asked for a night to think it over.

In examining the laws it was discovered that there was no law which would cover the case at issue. It was astounding that, as far flung and important a business as the transcontinental telegraph system had grown to be, it should at that late date be unprotected.

Laws had been enacted for the regulation of every conceivable right and industry, and yet the telegraph was totally vulnerable. Some lawyers contended that there could be no "property rights" in electricity because it was one of those subtle elements in which no property can exist. Others pointed out that electricity for telegraphic purposes was created by the combination or decomposition of certain mineral substances which themselves were property.

Through the assistance of a beautiful young woman who was in love with George Cowdrey, Pinkerton was able to get a confession from him about the whole business, including the names of New York financiers who were in on the plot. He explained that his experience as a telegraph operator during the war was of such a character that he could tap a telegraph wire at any point, take off any dispatch desired, or forward any that was needed. He also could repair a wire as neatly as a professional.

The list of New Yorkers who had taken part in this bold scheme included office holders of high repute. One was a member of Congress. Bangs informed these men that he had sufficient information to warrant their arrest but that he would do nothing about it at the moment. He warned them, however, against any further attempts to tamper with the wires.

The trial of the Cowdrey brothers was duly argued but because of a bill of exceptions filed by their attorney they were not tried for the offense under which they were charged. They later were released, but their transactions were made public.

Although the brothers did not suffer the penalties of the law then, several years later when they again tapped a telegraph wire on the Kansas prairie they were caught and brought to justice.

A Brush With Death

(Continued from page 23)

It was pretty dark when I drove up to the toll gate. Glancing in the window of the house, I saw a cheerful fire blazing in the fireplace. It looked mighty inviting, let me tell you.

"What's the chance to stay all night?" I asked the gatekeeper.

"Good," he told me.

I put my team in the barn, dried out by the fire, ate a good hot supper, and crawled into bed. I think I went to sleep that night more thankful than at any previous time in my life. I had come mighty close to death on the desert but now that was all behind me.

A WARM, happy smile wreathed Emmett Arnett's clean-cut features as he spoke of his adventures in the San Bernardino section of 1880 California. These were the old, uncrowded days which regretfully will never come again.

He continued: When I pulled into San Bernardino after nearly losing my life on the Mojave, I really could appreciate the beauty of that little city. All the way to the livery stable where we had hired the team I kept telling myself how lucky I was.

I settled all accounts with the proprietor and then sat down and wrote my father just what I thought of the milling proposition at Calico. I didn't see how a mill could be run there in that terrible desert country and make any money.

Mr. Cole, the man who owned the livery stable, took quite a notion to me, as I had been raised with horses and knew how to handle them. He offered me a job driving tourists around sightseeing. I wasn't quite ready to return to Colorado, so I gladly accepted the job. It suited me perfectly, and I enjoyed the trips greatly. Tourists then came by train, stayed at the hotels, and leisurely took in the sights. They fully enjoyed

the wonderful climate.

Mr. Cole was a tall, good-looking young man of magnificent build. He was very popular with the *señoritas* of the town. There were some beauties, real Castilian type—black hair, flashing black eyes, and rosy cheeks. At the dances many of them wore stilettos, the pearl handles showing above their bosoms. This warned young men not to get too familiar—particularly with a rival.

Mr. Cole frequently took me to the Spanish dances, where we were always treated with extreme courtesy. The *señoritas* were delighted to secure an American beau, or "fellow," as they were termed.

At one of the dances we attended, a Mormon had somehow worked his way in. There was quite a feeling against Mormons, and one of the committee attempted to put him out. Right away there was a fight. Blood flowed, for the Mormon had a knife. The women screamed and some fainted, while the men tried to get up to see what was going on.

Mr. Cole ran over to the fighters, caught one in each hand and pulled them apart. One of the fellows lisped and talked through his nose. I'll never forget what he said, with that peculiar voice, "Cole, you're the best man in the country. I'm the next!"

SAN BERNARDINO had a population then of about 2,000 but no railroad. Colton was the nearest Southern Pacific station, about four miles away. Mr. Cole ran a four-horse stage from San Bernardino to Colton, which had about 200 people. Nearly every other building in Colton was a saloon or gambling joint. When the trains were late we'd take in the town.

One night we had to wait an hour or more for the train. We tied the horses and started going the rounds. As we came by one saloon, one of those Wild West boys who thought he was a "bad man" was standing in the doorway, his Colt's .45 in his hand.

"You s—o—bs!" he yelled, "come in and have a drink. I'm a hyena from Arizona and this is my night to howl!" Then he let out a war whoop and fired a couple of shots in the air.

"Come on, kid," Mr. Cole said significantly.

We walked in. When Cole got near enough, he hit that "bad man" so hard that the gun went one way, the man the other. Mr. Cole picked up the gun and handed it to the bartender, who threw him a twenty-dollar gold piece for knocking the tough out.

"I don't want your money," Mr. Cole said, throwing the coin back. "I just won't permit any man to call me the name he did."

We found out that it was the habit of this Arizona tough to terrify the people by shooting out windows and lamps, ordering up drinks, then taking his gun and wiping bottles and glasses off the bar. Little wonder that the bartender offered Mr. Cole a twenty-dollar gold piece.

When Mr. Cole heard all this, he went over to where the man was still lying on the floor. He took him by the collar, pulled him up to his feet and said, "You Arizona hyena, I'll be back here tomorrow. If you're still here, I'll tear the earth up with you!"

The next day the bartender told us that the man took the first freight train out of town at two o'clock that morning. I went on having a good time, but about the middle of December I received a letter from my father containing a check and the words that he thought I had had a pretty good vacation and had better come home. I left San Bernardino a few hours later.

When I returned to Boulder, I met Day and Phillips for the first time since leaving Calico. They grinned at me, both friendly, then asked, "Well, Kid, it took you a long time to get back to Calico, didn't it?"

Bear River Loot

(Continued from page 16)

laws, Wright and Witherell. Their loot was buried on Bear River above Corinne. Describing the place and landmarks, he also drew a rough sketch. The key to the cache was a marker stone. By the time he got that far, and still not having furnished enough information to identify the particular crime, he collapsed from utter weakness. Only once did he rouse, gaining strength enough to insist that his family never know he died an outlaw.

TIPTON was dead by dawn and Roberts buried him off the roadside. Rocks were piled over the grave to keep animals from digging into it, but no name was carved on a headstone.

On returning home Roberts hardly knew what to do. He could not straighten the disjointed story into any form of exactness. Delirous much of the time, Tipton had often numbled his words, sometimes reverting to his childhood. Certainly most of his ramblings were bereft of pertinent facts.

So Roberts did nothing. Having lived in that country, frequented by outlaws who could ruin a cowman in an hour, he had learned to keep his mouth shut. Tipton had confessed to being outside the law.

Eventually the country began settling up around his small, remote ranch. Hoe men took up land. Roberts married the comely daughter of a farmer and built a larger house.

One fall, three years later, Roberts drove a small herd of steers south to the railroad loading pens at Sage. Other cattlemen were there, holding herds to be shipped out.

In the general camp was the usual over-talkative individual of uncertain age who had been everywhere and seen everything. This one claimed to have known intimately the three outlaws who robbed the Colorado and Southern Express almost at the very limits of Colorado Springs. He told the story in an authorative, plausible manner, saying that Wright and Witherell still served time. The third member of the gang, he said, had never been found. His description of Tipton, however, was that of a

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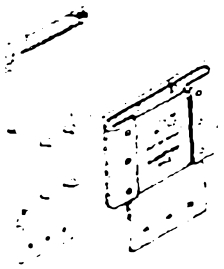

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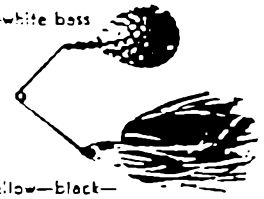

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man older than the one to whom Roberts had played Good Samaritan. This confused him and he asked if the wanted outlaw had relatives anywhere in Wyoming. This the story teller denied.

Returning home, Roberts thought the matter over at length, concluding the two Tiptons were probably the same. The windy tale-teller didn't know as much as he claimed. Not interested in chasing down clues to buried treasure, Roberts forgot about the map and what he knew. A hard working man, he kept to the grindstone, slowly enlarging his range and cattle herds.

In 1890 his wife and two children were stricken with a strange fever. He took them to Kemmerer on the Union Pacific where medical attention could be had. They were there most of the year. On one visit to them, late in the summer, he picked up a Salt Lake City newspaper. It contained a brief account of two men finding a small cache of money on Bear River north of Corinne. They believed it was part of the outlaw loot from a Colorado train robbery buried there in 1881. Thus Roberts remembered the map given him by Tipton.

That fall when the doctor pronounced his family well on the way to recovery, Roberts took them home. For some reason he could not get the Bear River loot out of his mind. One night after supper he told his wife the story. Sensing that he wanted to make a search, she told him—why not?

Taking one of his trusted hands along, Old Man Burns who had been with him before his marriage, Roberts entrained for Corinne. From a livery stable there they rented saddle horses and a pack mule. The countryside was settled up a lot more than it had been in the outlaw's day. Nevertheless, despite irrigated farms covering old trails and roads, he found the marked stone on the stream.

From this "X" position Tipton had written on the map, "The third west bend half way up the hillside from the willow grove." On the designated bend Roberts and Burns found the old timber cleared off. Only brush and willow sprouts grew directly along the river bank. The site was just below Bear River City. Farmers had been in the area since 1863.

The two dug a few exploratory holes, but the difficulty here was that the loot could have been buried anywhere along a line a half-mile long. Ends of the low hill flattened out, disappearing into tilled land. A few curious farmers drifted into their camp at night. Several ventured to inquire if they were prospecting the river.

ACCOUNTING FOR their presence while concealing their real purpose, Roberts pretended that over ten years before, he had found colors there on the river. It had been near a dense thicket of willows, growing part way up the rocky hillside. Did anyone know where they stood at that time? If the locals knew, they refused to divulge the information.

Most of them were obviously newcomers, the old farming settlers having moved on when alkali rose in the soil. But in Bear River were a few Scandinavians who once had lived in this neighborhood.

Riding into town Roberts located one who appeared to be friendly, and asked about the thicket.

"Willows grew all along the river from Bear City almost to Corinne," he replied, and his eyes began to twinkle. "Are you looking for what the outlaws were supposed to have buried somewhere back in 1881?"

Displaying interest while evading a direct answer, Roberts listened to a yarn which, as expected, proved entirely at variance with what Tipton had said.

"It was dug up within a mile of Corinne," the farmer concluded, "some years ago."

"Was the jewelry found, too?" Roberts asked, for the farmer had mentioned it.

"No. Them fellows lied about that. Threw the geegaws away, most likely, before reaching Utah to hide."

Three more weeks were spent openly digging into and prodding the hillside. Roberts and Burns were ready to quit and pull out when two things stopped them.

The morning they packed up, a large surly man rode in on them with three employes.

"You are trespassing on my land," he told Roberts without preamble. "Quit digging this hillside and get out. You leave or I'll have the law on you—or do a little shooting myself!"

"We don't know you own the land and the river," the nettled Roberts snapped back.

After a moment of silence the man asked curiously, "Say, what you looking for anyhow?"

"Hot air from gents like you!"

This party was barely out of sight toward Bear City when a Box Elder County deputy sheriff and a Wells Fargo Express Company special agent arrived on horseback from Corinne.

These men were polite enough to introduce themselves, whereupon the agent said that they must search Roberts' pack outfit. Telling them to proceed, which they were doing anyhow, Roberts stood by, angry but also amused when they found nothing.

He then asked, "You officers looking for anything special?"

"The money and jewelry from a Colorado train robbery buried somewhere on this river," the agent retorted. "We have been told that you two have been digging for it. That loot, I remind you, belongs to Wells Fargo. If you found it, it must be delivered to us."

"How rumors do get around!"

Roberts would tell them nothing, being in the frame of mind he was by having been put on the grill twice in quick succession. Otherwise, as he said in later years, he probably would have presented the map to the agent.

A few men hunted for the treasure buried on Bear River until the turn of the century, when almost all searches ceased. However, in recent years, with the buried loot listed in treasure hunters books, it has come in for considerable attention by professionals. To date none of it has been found—or, let us say, reported.

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

HELPFUL HINT

Persons trying to locate long lost relatives (especially men) can sometimes get information by sending $1.00 plus all information possible to Archivist of U.S. Military Records Division, G.S.A., Washington 25, D.C.

If the person they seek has had military service, even as an Indian scout, a copy of his record will be sent to them. If not on record, their money will be returned. The $1.00 fee is for searching the records, but if you have a friend or relative living in or near Washington, they can search the records free of charge and copy any information they find and send it to you. Trails can be traced back to England and beyond in some cases.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Bowen

I would appreciate any help I can get in tracing the Bowen family in Oklahoma Indian Territory in the early days. My grandfather was Henry B. Bowen and lived around Lane, Maxwell and Ada, Oklahoma. We know nothing of his early life except he said he was born in Virginia, an only child who ran away from home when he was fourteen years old. He married Sara Addie Leach.—Agnes Venable, Box 300, Wichita Falls, Texas

Beck

I would like information concerning Hayes and William Beck, who left Alabama for the West probably around 1840. It is thought that William was a merchant in Jonesboro, Arkansas. Hayes Beck was never heard from again. Would any descendents or anyone having information, please write me?—Reba Beck Turner, Route One, Trinity, Alabama 35673

Keen

I am trying to locate my uncle, Herman George Keen, as his mother has been quite ill. She lost track of him in the '30s at which time she believed he was working at Boise, Idaho for the Golden Oil Company. He worked at different times for the railroad in Colorado during the building of the Moffat tunnel, then as a deputy at Golden, Colorado and as a carpenter for the oil company. He may have had children, as she heard he had married. He should be about sixty-eight years old. If anyone can help me, it would be appreciated.—Kathleen Glover, 1673 Riverview Street, Eugene, Oregon 97403

Allen

I would like to hear from descendents of Frankie and Johnny Allen, twin boys adopted by my great-uncle John Allen and his wife Kate Allen. Aunt Kate died about fifty years ago aged some ninety-odd years. They lived in Brock, Texas, where they farmed, had a general store and a cotton gin. I'd like also to hear from any old-timers who lived in Thurber and Brock, Texas.—Mrs. Jean Allen, 1020 Tulare Street, Bakersfield, California 93305

Phipps

I would like to contact descendents of my great-uncle, David Phipps. He was in Company I, 19th Regiment Volunteers of Indiana during the Civil War. He went to Oklahoma or Colorado and became a rancher.—Homer Phipps, 14 Stevens Road, Plainfield, Indiana

Wilson

My grandfather, Charlie Thomas Wilson, was born around Clarksville, Texas in 1872, and left home at age twelve. He worked on Lyons Ranch, Silver City, New Mexico until the early '20s then came to Clarksville, Texas where he married Mattie Cockrell. When my father, Jay W. Wilson, was twelve years old the family moved by wagon to Jack County. Grandfather died in 1928 and he and his wife are buried at Perrin, Texas. I am interested in hearing about or from any descendents of Charlie Thomas Wilson's sisters' children and grandchildren—Darlene Helms, 5129 Lakefront Drive, Wichita Falls, Texas 76310.

Yates

Robert Yates was born March 4, 1817 in Virginia. He married his cousin, Elizabeth Yates, on November 25, 1838 and had eleven children all born in Kentucky. Would like to hear from any related Yates, and compare and exchange information. Would also like to know how Fort Yates got its name.—Arthur Yates, Jr. R. R. No. 5, Lafayette, Indiana 78704

McFate

I would like to hear from any of the descendents of the three daughters of James and Matilda McFate. Lucy, born in Atchinson County, Missouri, July 9, 1848; Nancy, born in Missouri, September 1849, married Nathaniel P. Worden; and Martha, born in Spanish Fork, Utah, 1851 and married James Jackson.—J. W. McFate, 509 Peloar Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85705

Moore

I would like to get in touch with any descendant of Robert H. Moore, who died May 25, 1967 at the age of 89 at his home in Mercer County, Missouri. He is supposed to have been a nephew of Kit Carson. He was married twice and is believed to have had about thirteen children. I only know two of those children's names: a son, J. B. Moore and a daughter,

(Continued on page 72)

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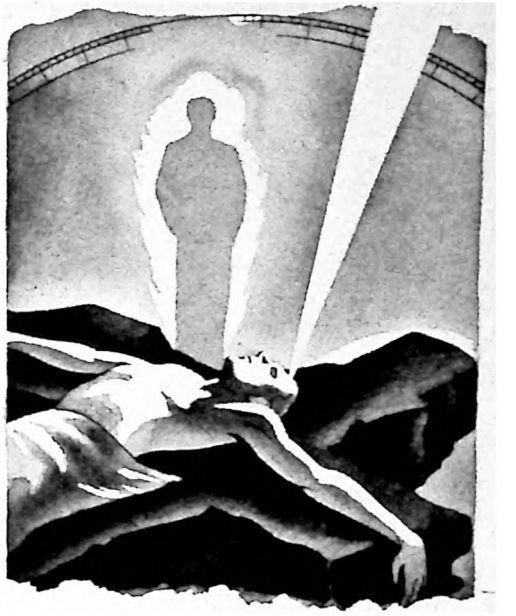

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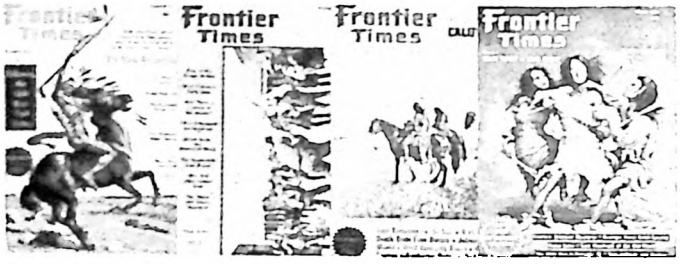

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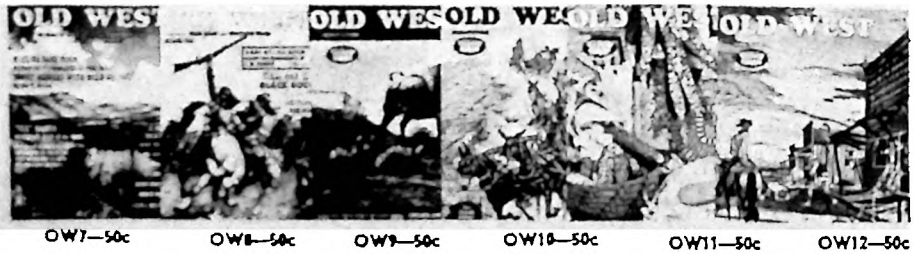

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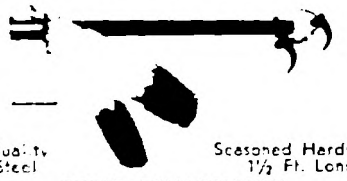
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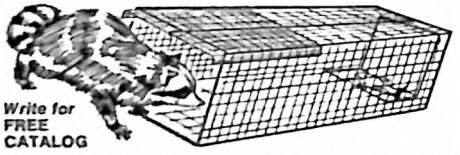
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King of the Windmillers

(Continued from page 31)

wind from whistling and that tent was torn to shreds," Knox said. "We got that job done in a hurry after the big blow was over. We were afraid the wind would start up again. I think that was the worst job we ever had."

With wry faces they told about the time Cook hung a big chunk of beef on a branch of a tree near camp, covering it from flies and insects. Even though the weather was cold the meat probably hung too long in the sun and the men got deathly sick after eating it.

"We didn't have anything in the way of medicine, not even soda, because Cook always made baking-powder biscuits," Ray took up the story. "Then I happened to remember hearing my mother tell about giving someone a dose of mustard in hot water and that it acted as a powerful emetic."

"It acted all right," Knox laughed. "It was sure a pale bunch for a day or so, but all survived. I'll always remember those baking-powder biscuits Cook made in the big Dutch oven and the way he could cook bacon. And then there was that 'Spotted Pup.' It was good even if we couldn't be sure how many flies were mixed with the raisins."

Spotted Pup, they explain, is rice and raisins cooked together.

THEY TOLD of a windmilling job on Texas Hill where they pulled pipe, worked cylinders over, and ran pipes and sucker rods 1,225 feet, hooked it up, moved the pump jack, and started the hot-head engine (heated with a blow torch). Though it took 48 feet to get water to the top of the ground, they had it pumping by five-thirty that afternoon. The block hung in the tower and a truck was used for putting rods in place with a cable. Cook usually drove the truck. That was their quickest time to complete a job entailing so much work.

One unpleasant experience they remembered was when they were snowed in for five days and nights at Camp No. 5. However, they had water, food, and wood, and it was all part of the job.

"The wind is the windmiller's greatest enemy," Knox believes. "We can eat grit on dusty days, we can live out of cans, sleep on the hard ground, and drink water that in summer would almost boil an egg, but the wind—that we can't do anything about. It comes when it pleases and goes when it has done its damage.

"There was the job in Eagle Draw, up in the mountains. We put up our brand new tent under considerable difficulty because the wind was blowing hard. We tied it down as securely as we could and moved all our gear in, bedrolls, cooking utensils, and all the stuff necessary to a job. Then we took off to the well. The work went fine and we got all finished except for some rechecking.

"When we went to bed that night we were feeling happy, figuring that tomorrow we'd be all through. A few hours later one of the hardest winds I ever experienced came up. We could hardly keep on our feet as we walked to the well the next morning. Things there were all right, though. Then we heard a terrific, ripping blast and looked back to see half of our tent billowing high. Like a white sail it whirled toward a clump of trees. Our new tent had split in half.

"During a little calm we raced over and looked at the damage. It was downright amazing. All the contents were safe. We moved everything into the half of the tent still standing and went back to work. We finished our job that day, but when we rescued the part of the tent caught in the branches of a tall tree we were disappointed to find that it was beyond mending."

While wind is the windmiller's worst enemy, winter is his hardest time. "Most of our work can't be done while wearing gloves, and fingers can get mighty stiff with cold," Knox explained. "I remember one job we did for Charley Vaugh, east of Dexter, on the Calumet Ranch. This was an artesian well. I had to cut off the water 10 feet underground and put in new pipe. It was a bitter-cold day and to make it more miserable it started to rain. I had to also put in a gate valve and we pulled the pack 22 feet out of the well. When the rain stopped, the wind took over, as though we hadn't had enough punishment already. Our clothes became so icy that when we moved we clanked as though we were wearing armor. We had to rub our hands together roughly before we could hold anything in our fingers. For this work we received $3.50 per day, which in the early 1900s was good pay. We earned every penny of it."

OF ALL the wells Knox has worked on the one which gave the most trouble was the well he helped Jack Walking dig by hand. "It was the first well I dug in New Mexico. We made it with pick and shovel, all 132 feet. We ran into quicksand, which is not only troublesome but can be very dangerous. We put in strong wooden curbs and finally had to drive in 2½-inch iron pipes 16 feet long. This was done by climbing down the ladder already attached to the curb, and working the pipes from the bottom of it. When we'd have a pipe in until only a few feet showed, we'd couple on another pipe. The quicksand had to be bailed out by the bucketful until we got below the shifty stuff."

Knox handled many jobs over the region, big and small, but the only one on which a man was seriously injured was at the Lee Glascock Ranch south of Hope. A Mr. Smith fell from the ladder as he climbed to the top of the tower. His back was broken. It was the doctor's opinion that the windmiller "blacked out" before he fell. Often a man working high on a windmill would have to tie himself to the platform railing to keep from being blown away. Some, affected by height, also took these precautions.

Knox has moved many windmill towers, quite a difficult job. A new tower had to be set in the exact spot over the well. Trucks were used to pull heavy wooden skids on which a tower was moved, with cables on all four sides to

keep it upright. He still remembers those for whom he did this sort of work —the Arthur Ingram Ranch, Mr. Pickney at Hope, the Farnsworth Ranch, Cassabone on the Bullis, this last especially difficult because the new well was up quite a steep hill from the old one. Knox worked on many wells, mostly in New Mexico, and can tell you today where they were and who owned them, the size of the towers and windmills. His last job was building a 20-foot tower and installing an 8-foot mill for Lee Corn.

Today there are many submerged pumps, especially in the farming country, but one can still enjoy driving through the open range and watching the big windmills twirling in the wind. Ray Knox has the deep satisfaction of knowing he and his fellow windmillers had an important share in making an arid land bloom, in bringing farms and ranches into rich production.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

ONCE AGAIN he managed to accumulate a small grubstake. He walked south down the Mother Lode. Several bleak months were spent in prospecting the creeks and ravines on the way. Again he made a strike on Maxwell Creek, near what is now Coulterville.

He bought a pack mule, lashed the gold aboard, and started for home. When he arrived at Melones he had to board the ferry to cross the storm-swollen Stanislaus River. In midstream the ferry cable snapped and the ferry rocketed downstream. It took only a short while for the raging current to capsize the cumbersome ferry. Caleb swam to shore but his pack mule and gold disappeared forever. The date was February 23, 1854.

By this time it was an established fact that Caleb was quite stubborn and a man of definite purpose. He formed a partnership with James Galbraith and the two hit the prospect trail once more. At first they prospected north up the Mother Lode to Nevada City and Grass Valley, but eventually they turned south again and soon appeared in what is now Calaveras County. On Jackass Hill (of Mark Twain fame) they uncovered a rich pocket of gold. There was enough to fulfill the wants of both men.

Caleb knew the month was February and he intended to take no chances with his latest riches. Only enough was taken from the gold bags to afford him expense money to San Francisco. If he somehow managed to lose it, the amount would be insignificant.

Jim was to take the rest, travel to Sonora, exchange the gold for an Adams and Company draft, then meet Caleb at the Adams office in San Francisco in two weeks.

Caleb went north and made an easy, uneventful trip to San Francisco taking several days to arrive there. As he approached the Adams and Company office he found a great, angry crowd milling in front. To his dismay, he was informed that the Adams and Company Bank and its branches throughout the gold country had failed. Angry men shouted demands and pounded on the bolted doors. It made not a particle of difference. There was no money in the vault. Caleb was heartsick and dazed.

Jim Galbraith shouldered through the crowd to him, wearing a happy smile. Sorrowfully Caleb broke the news of the bank's failure. Jim whooped and told Caleb his news.

He had reached the Adams and Company Bank in Sonora just a few minutes after closing time and the agent, an uncooperative sort of fellow, refused to unlock the door and let him in. Consequently Jim still had their raw gold rather than a worthless draft on an insolvent bank.

The date was February 23, 1855.

Miners' Finishing School

(Continued from page 35)

By 1868, the population had swelled to over 3,000 and was still growing. Tuscarora has been described as "as wild as most and wilder than some" but in many respects it was blessed. Promoters came but they never became the scourge that they did in Rawhide. "Cousin Jacks" and sons of the Old Sod worked amiably here, without the racial unrest that Belmont knew.

Much of the "wild" tag which hung on Tuscarora stemmed from its Chinatown section where a reported 2,000 Orientals lived like a giant pack of rats. Those who didn't sluice gold or cut sagebrush ran launderies, eateries, gambling joints, and a couple dozen saloons. Behind, over or under these "legitimate" establishments, they operated brothels and opium dens. None worked in the underground mines yet they burrowed under the town like a colony of prairie dogs. A labyrinth of dark, underground passageways honeycombed the entire camp, hiding their more nefarious activities from view.

To the rough-and-tumble miner whose idea of culture was to "belly up to the bar and watch the can-can," Tuscarora had much to offer. In the twisting streets which led to or from the joss house, one could buck lotteries, play the galloping dominoes or fan-tan, relax with almond-eyed ladies in silk kimonos in the sensuous atmosphere of sickening-sweet incense, or experience the sensation of the color-blurred illusion which emanated from the poppy. A man with no business in that section wisely avoided the dark alleyways when the glint of cold steel meant someone had silently dropped in his tracks with a slender blade in his back. Rumors of underground tong wars and mysterious murders were common scuttlebutt in camp, but one Chinaman looked like another, and the Americans could really care less if a few were exterminated.

By 1880, at least ten mines were in active operation and three mills, with a total of fifty stamps, pounded away on the ore. Silver accounted for the bulk of the production from the lode mines, although a few, like the Dexter, produced gold, and often the ore amounted to electrum. Orebodies, generally small and discontinuous, were extremely rich and frequently hacksaws had to be employed

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to mine some of the natural bullion.

Operating expenses ran high, nearly $50 per ton. Whereas scarcity of water shut the placer miners down for long periods, the shallow ground-water table in this district necessitated pumping at an early stage in the development of the mines. Three years after its discovery, the capacity of the Grand Prize pumping equipment amounted to 350 gallons per minute. Steam pumps required considerable fuel, and fuel was as scarce as "drinkers at a prohibition congress." Most operators resorted to sagebrush to run their steam plants, at a cost of $2.50 a cord. Miners stoked the boilers with pitchforks. Fuel for the Grand Prize hoisting plant ran upwards of $300 per day. Chinese cut sagebrush during the off season, and the shrubby cover was denuded for twenty to thirty miles around Tuscarora. Gold and silver values were recovered by leaching and roasting. One ton of salt, costing $80 a ton, had to be used on every three tons of ore.

With such high costs only the richer orebodies could be mined profitably. Another large expense was the long, tough haul to market, over roads where the wagons often mired down to the axles. William Vanderburg gives an interesting sidelight on the transportation problem in Volume 30 of the University of Nevada *Bulletin*: "In the early days of the camp, Wells Fargo express rates on gold were so exorbitant that much of the gold was consigned to San Francisco by the bullion buyers as hardware."

EXTREMELY rich oreshoots were found in the Navajo Mine, which ranked next to the Grand Prize in total output. Some of its ore ran as high as 20,000 ounces of silver per ton, in addition to several ounces of gold. It was said that no camp in the West ever produced any richer ore.

In the early development of the Navajo ground, one fellow sank a shaft 600 feet in an effort to strike the Navajo vein. He found no ore, and he had borrowed to the hilt. Bitterly disappointed, he stuck a shotgun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. A short time later the rich Navajo orebody was developed just a short distance from his shaft.

Another prospector—name unknown—took a lease on a claim which he "calculated" might be on the extension of the vein. He and his wife lived in dire poverty. Shafting was slow work, and the couple had no income during this time. Weeks went by, then months. The couple ate jackrabbits and sowbelly and beans.

Then one day the miner landed on an oreshoot with rich values. In a short time he had mined out $125,000 worth of ore, and the company paid him an additional $125,000 for his lease. The lucky couple decided to celebrate. San Francisco seemed the logical place to absorb a bit of culture.

They tried to make up for all the lean years. They took a fancy suite, and sated themselves on seafood and champagne. Nothing was too good. So what the hell! A person had to have some fun. The wife got ideas. She made the rounds of all the shops, a costly tour, for the little woman went all out on her wardrobe. A fancy, spun-glass dress set her back $1,500.

Returning finally to Tuscarora, the wife complained about not having a mirror. What good was a form-fitting, spun-glass gown if she couldn't view herself in it? Nothing to do but get a mirror. The miner went down to one of the local saloons. How much did the proprietor want for the mirror behind the bar? In jest, the barkeep casually mentioned a nice, round figure—$10,000. The miner didn't quibble. He forked over the money and had the mirror hauled out to their cabin.

The wife was delighted. Then came a distressing circumstance. The mirror wouldn't go through the doorway. Not to be discouraged, the miner hired a couple of carpenters to move one side of the cabin out to get the mirror inside. Now, in solitary grandeur, the little woman paraded in front of the mirror to her heart's content, while her better half drank brandies with his cronies, told tall tales, made several unwise investments, and grubstaked anyone who had his hand out.

Easy come, easy go. That's what they say about quick fortunes. And it was true—finders were not always keepers. In a few months the couple tried to figure out where their money had gone. Then one morning the miner crawled into his diggers and went back on shift at the Navajo Mine.

ONE CAN imagine that the early history of the camp compared in some respects to the Comstock. Overlapping claims, branching veins, and absence of outcrops caused considerable litigation. Chances for profit on the stock market appears to have influenced more than one company organization.

Several operating companies were capitalized for $10,000,000, an amount considerably in excess of their ultimate production. Up to 1885, half of the district's total output had been realized. Because of the small, discontinuous, bonanza-type orebodies, dividends were passed out in a reckless manner and so rapidly that it became necessary to levy assessments frequently. Thomas B. Nolan has tabulated the dividends and assessments for the Independence, Grand Prize, Navajo, Belle Isle, North Belle Isle, Argenta, and other mines over a ten-year period. His figures show that the assessments outweighed the dividends by $500,000, suggesting that most stockholders went without profit.

From 1885 to 1895 most of the early silver mines were closed down, with the exception of the North Belle Isle. The Commonwealth Mine kept Tuscarora alive. The Dexter had tried to establish itself as a silver mine but when the Silver Panic of 1893 closed down many silver camps, the Dexter fortunately began producing gold. It had a healthy production until 1905, but when the Dexter closed down Tuscarora was through.

Various estimates give the camp a production of $25,000,000 to $40,000,000, but these figures are unrealistic and have been grossly magnified by the passage of time. Lode mines probably produced less than $15,000,000. Still that

is not a figure to take lightly.

Tuscarora citizens seemed unusually civic-minded. Everyone belonged to a lodge of some sort, especially the Masons and Odd Fellows. Everything shut down for full-scale celebrations on the Fourth of July and St. Patrick's Day. The camp almost had three newspapers at the same time. First came the *Times* in 1877, edited by E. A. Littlefield. In the same year C. C. S. Wright came out with the *Mining-Review* which ran until January 1, 1878, when both the editor and paper consolidated with Dennis Fairchild and the *Times-Review*. The *Times-Review* ran well into the 1900s, largely because of a fiery editor, "Pegleg Bill" Plunkett.

Time and again the town tried to snap to attention. Individuals and companies started several short-lived ventures. As late as 1938, a 50-ton cyanide plant attempted to treat old dumps and custom ore, but time ran out. People kept drifting away and suddenly Tuscarora became a discarded antique.

Gone are the miners like Fred Rooney and V. M. Nelson. Gone are the operators like W. O. Weed and Col. W. R. DeFreese. Gone are the *Times-Review*, the Miners Union Hall, Masonic Lodge No. 21, and Odd Fellows Lodge No. 30. Gone are the pigtailed placer miners and the almond-eyed beauties. Gone, too, are the seductive fragrances of incense and poppy.

Gone are the sounds: kids laughing in the dirt streets, the noisy *clank-clank-clank!* of the mills, the clattering of dominoes and the whirling hum of the little ball in the roulette wheel, the giggle from a back room, the boisterous chatter of the saloons, and the solid ring of steel against steel.

Not all the people are gone. A few diehards have remained, hoping against hope that Tuscarora would get a shot in the arm. And the memories remain.

Doors creak, shutters flap, buildings crumble, walls sag. The portals have caved and water has encroached the tunnels, drifts, laterals, crosscuts, raises, winzes, and stopes. Old-timers pull on pipes, spit tobacco juice, and talk about "back when." Occasionally a purple-bottle collector rummages through the dumps or a tourist pulls off weather-beaten boards for picture frames. Porcupines gnaw away at the grease-splattered areas around the potbellied stoves, and eventually the heaters drop through the floor. Red-shafted flickers peck their way into flophouses with no doors or windows. Quail startle the mornings with cheery whistles. Coyotes howl mournfully in the afternoon and wail their many-voiced yodels at night. Sagebrush creeps back over the tailing piles and old dumps.

Tuscarora lies there like someone in an opium-clouded pipe dream.

Hot on the Trail of the Buffalo

(Continued from page 41)

made a running fight away from his family to an overhanging bluff on the north side of a creek about a mile from his cabin. He was such a dead shot, the Indians kept a safe distance as he ran.

When Mr. Tackett was safe under the

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overhang, he had an open view too distant for the Indian arrows. A few of them remained at the edge of the clearing out of rifle range to hold Mr. Tackett's attention. The rest of them circled and got on high ground over the bluff. Then they gathered some dry wood and built a big fire. When the logs were burning good, they began pushing them over the cliff. The ledge was very shallow and the burning logs landed right in front of it. In a few minutes the heat forced the white man out in the open, and the Indians from the top of the bluff killed him with arrows.

When Mrs. Tackett could not hear any more rifle shots, she knew her husband was dead but was afraid to send any of the boys out to find him. They waited on guard until after midnight. She then sent the two oldest sons to search for their father. The boys knew from the direction of the gunfire where to look. It took them a long time to make sure the Indians were gone, but they found the body of their father. He had not been scalped. Some Indians did not scalp brave men. The boys managed to half-drag and carry the body back to the house.

The bed was off the wagon, leaving just the running gear. The family tied the body to the frame of the running gear, rode the axles or bolsters, and drove to the nearest neighbor. It was nearly sun-up when they arrived.

Mrs. Tackett was brave enough to move back to the homestead after the burial and the family lived there for years. Jim Tackett learned to be a buffalo hunter. It was a struggle to keep the family together.

In the summer of 1875, Jim had a good team and wagon and enough cash to buy supplies for a buffalo hunt. Two of his neighbors wanted to go along as skinners for a share of the hides. My father Sam was now sixteen and had been working around among the settlers at anything available, so Jim hired him to go along as cook and camp attendent. There were no schools at this time for boys in Parker County.

THE HUNTING PARTY headed west to Fort Griffin where they bought the extra supplies needed for the winter hunt. Tackett used a Sharps rifle which was a single-shot breech-loader using a brass shell. These shells were center-fire and could be used time after time. All you had to do was punch out the used primer, put in a new one, measure in the right amount of powder, and crimp in a new bullet. They bought a small machine to punch out old primer and reprime; a measure for the powder; and a mold for the bullets. All that was needed for plenty of ammunition was shells, primers, powder and plenty of lead, for the bullets had to be heavy to kill a buffalo. One of Sam's duties was to reload the shells.

In the early summer Tackett had scouted the country just below the Caprock for a good place to hunt. He wanted a good winter camp where there were plenty of buffaloes. He scouted north, then west toward the plains. (The blizzards drove the buffaloes off the plains into the river brakes where they could graze, drink, and keep warm against the bluffs.)

Jim went north from Fort Griffin through what is now Throckmorton County to the Narrows. The Narrows is a ridge about sixteen feet wide dividing the drainage north to the Pease River which empties into Red River and south to the Brazos which flows to the Gulf. Where the present post office of Vera is located he turned west, passed near present-day Benjamin, and six miles farther found lots of buffalo sign—plenty of dried chips, wallows, bones, and carcasses—and a flat-topped butte cut off from the Caprock by about a half mile. On the northeast side of the butte was a good spring and plenty of trees for wood and protection. This was an ideal campsite and was the place the hunting party headed for when it left the fort, a distance of some eighty miles. Each man had a good saddle horse, and Sam drove the wagon. They saw several small herds of buffaloes near their campsite before they reached it. It did not take long to set up camp, and the hunt was on.

Tackett had developed a good method for killing buffaloes. He located a herd from high ground and crept up to them from the windward side, staying out of sight as much as possible and making no sound. His rifle was so heavy he had to use a tripod rest. He set this up, got out plenty of cartridges, and was ready to go to work.

He shot the buffalo on the edge of the herd and on the opposite side, aiming at a spot just behind the shoulder. Jim was a dead shot. The wind carried the sound away from the herd, and the buffalo hit would stagger a little and fall. This would attract the attention of the ones nearest. They would smell the warm blood, run up, lick the blood of the downed one, and go back to grazing.

Tackett always killed the buffalo the farthest away, and this caused the rest to drift toward him. He only shot as many as he and the two skinners could handle before they became too stiff. Then he let the rest of the herd drift away. In skinning, the men ripped from the neck, down the middle to the back. The legs were then skinned, and a gambreling stick was used to hold the legs apart after the animal was rolled on his back. Next, the skin was ripped back from the neck far enough to tie to a rope attached to the saddle of a horse. The horse pulled, and the men used their knives to snip when the hide would not come off easily. The horse did most of the work. Some days Tackett would kill enough buffaloes to last the skinners two or three days. By that time another herd would have drifted close.

SAM COOKED BREAKFAST for the men, and they left just at daybreak. The meal consisted of plenty of Dutch-oven biscuits, meat, and coffee. Coffee beans were unroasted, and Sam had to roast and grind them as needed. The men did not come back until nightfall, and this left the boy alone all day to do his chores.

He had to keep the camp clean, the cooking utensils clean, and rustle plenty

of dead wood for the cooking fire. He had to reload the brass cartridges and mould the bullets for them. Since they were short of cooking lard, the hunters brought him enough big buffalo bones out of the legs and quarters for him to crack and get the marrow out of the center to supplement the supply of lard. This marrow is greasy, and he used it to season his bread and other cooking. The first thing they had done when they established camp was to build a log-and-brush shelter which they covered with a tarp. This made a good place to keep supplies. Another one of Sam's duties was to make plenty of pegs out of small, green tree-limbs. These pegs were a foot in length and had to be sharpened on one end. They were used to anchor the green hides, hair down on the ground, when they were stretched to dry. Sam also had to help stretch and peg down the hides when the men brought them to camp, but even so, sometimes he had a lot of extra time to kill.

ONE AFTERNOON after Sam had all his chores done and was just lolling around, he heard a thrashing noise in the trees and brush toward the spring. The wind was blowing, so the scent of the camp was carried away from the noise.

Sam had a small-caliber rifle, so he took it and crept toward the spring, hoping he could surprise a deer to show the others that night what a good hunter he was.

In the clearing near the spring, instead of a deer, he saw a young buffalo heifer standing broadside to him. Sam slipped his gun over a dead log for a rest, took careful aim at a spot just behind the front shoulder, and pulled the trigger. The bullet was not heavy enough to knock the buffalo down, and she jumped and charged straight toward Sam. He could do nothing but drop his gun and climb a nearby tree. He was afraid to run, knowing the animal could overtake him.

The buffalo charged past and, after a short distance, began to circle and either fell or lay down behind some brush. From his position in the tree Sam could not tell if she were dead or just waiting for him to get down so she could get him. He decided the best thing to do was to play it safe and stay up in his perch until the men returned to camp. It was a long four hours to wait.

When Sam heard the men come in to camp, he yelled a time or two until they answered. He told them his troubles, and they found the buffalo heifer. She had been dead at least three hours. That evening while he cooked supper, the men began hurrahing Sam, calling him "the mighty buffalo hunter," and this treatment continued for several weeks. The circumstances surrounding the only buffalo he ever killed was quite a disappointment.

In late winter, when the storms became less severe and new grass began to green up, the buffaloes started drifting back north onto the plains. The hunt was about over and had been very successful. Jim Tackett had many dry hides, and sent one of the skinners back to Fort

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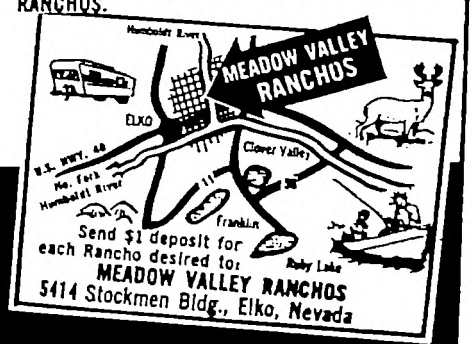

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Griffin to hire freighters. The skinner was to guide them back to camp.

There were a few straggling buffaloes in the country, mostly old bulls; Tackett and the other skinners took the wagon, with Sam to drive the team, and started hunting the lone buffaloes. He would shoot them from a distance, and drive up close with the wagon. All three would pitch in the skin the buffalo, and this way they added several hides daily to the collection.

On the third day the wagon topped a ridge, and there stood an old big bull, all alone and close by. Tackett quickly unlimbered his gun and fired. The bull apparently fell dead.

Sam and the skinner grabbed their knives, knife-sharpeners, and gambreling stick, and started to the downed buffalo while Tackett reloaded his gun. When they came within about twenty feet, the bull jumped up and charged them.

Sam and the skinner dropped everything and raced back to the wagon. And what a race! The bull was almost blowing in the seats of their pants. It was so close they didn't have time to jump into the wagon (which had the sheet on). Around and around the wagon they ran but could not gain enough distance to climb in. It took Tackett some time to get his gun loaded and shoot again. This time the bull fell, and Sam was not ten feet ahead of him when it happened. It took him and the skinner a long time to catch their breath, get over the scare, and gather up the knives where they had scattered them.

The other skinner was ten days getting back from Fort Griffin with the freight wagons. But after they arrived it was a quick job to load the hides, break camp, and start back to the settlements.

Sam Black wound up very happy over the hunt. He enjoyed the work and made enough to buy a good horse and saddle. What sixteen-year-old pioneer boy could want more than that?

Pleasant Valley and Cowboy Flat

(Continued from page 21)

put 10,000 cattle across the trail crossing of the Cimarron in one herd." The crossing was made in six hours. It seems that Halsell's crossing of the Cimarron was a well-known location. Lt. Matthias Walter Day referred to it as being twelve miles east of Camp Russell. Examination of historical evidence and the terrain convinces me that the distance was about seven miles.

Daniel Livingston's activity extended beyond Cowboy Flat. On one occasion he assembled a herd at San Antonio of 3,000 steers and 100 horses, and with 16 men proceeded to drive the cattle up the Chisholm Trail. In the Comanche country they met Chief Quanah Parker and a party of twenty of his men. The cowboys entertained them at dinner, and gave them five beeves as compensation for pasturage. At the Cheyenne Agency, Livingston sold a thousand cattle to the Indian agent to be given to the tribe for food. The remainder of the herd was driven to the railhead at Wichita, Kansas.

In 1886-87 the Southern Kansas Railway Company, a subsidiary of the Santa Fe, constructed a railroad from Arkansas City to Purcell, to join a line extending from that point into Texas. A station was established at Deer Creek (now Guthrie) on an unoccupied expanse of prairie. Hundreds of men were employed in building the railroad. Livingston supplied them with beef. Cattle were driven along as the work progressed, and were butchered on the spot. George Newcomb did the butchering, and was known as the "Slaughter Kid." One account has it that he derived the name from having worked for John Slaughter, a Texas cattleman. Later, Newcomb was known as "Bitter Creek."

Cowboys had a peculiar role about the time of the land opening of 1889. In the light of history, somewhat dim, it is safe to say that some of the following cowboys were with the HX cattle on Cowboy Flat, and some became members of the Dalton-Doolin gang: Newcomb, Bill Doolin, Nathaniel Ellsworth, Zip Wyatt, Dick Broadwell, Dick West, Bill Powers, Dave Fitzgerald, Matt Laughlin, and Jim Stovall.

A resident of the community of Pleasant Valley recalls the good relationship between her family and the cowboys. The cowboys lived in a dugout a half mile away. Sometimes they visited the family to get milk and eggs.

In the area was lots of barbwire, painted black with double barbs six inches apart. It was commonly assumed that the cowboys had taken the wire from fences on the Turkey Track Ranch, forty-five miles southeast of Coyle. On the trek to get the wire, if a cowboy found a better horse than his, he might make an even trade without consulting the owner.

Sometimes the influence of a Sooner-cowboy lingered after his departure from the valley of the Cimarron. It was necessary to locate corners of claims. Settlers employed F. S. Pulliam, who had a homestead north of Langston, to do the surveying. According to tradition a settler not satisfied with the survey could get a resurvey for two dollars. It is said that the man who paid the sum was always favored in the resurvey.

Many settlers at Cowboy Flat remained friendly with the former cowboys as they edged farther and farther into outlawry. The people did not fear the outlaws, did not disclose their hideouts, and perhaps sometimes supplied them with food. Bill Dalton was not a cowboy, but was sometimes present. He made a talk at the local literary society one evening. He usually dressed well, and on this occasion wore a blue serge suit. Residents of the community followed with intense interest news about the outlaws, such as the raid at Coffeyville in 1892.

THE ANTI-HORSE THIEF Association was organized in Oklahoma Territory, but could not always protect the people. A homesteader in the community of Pleasant Valley had a team of horses which he earnestly tried to protect against theft. He would stake them out at night to eat grass and would take a bed roll and sleep close by. One morning before daylight he went to breakfast. On returning, he found that

the horses had been stolen.

Simon S. Tracy paid $20 for a relinquishment, and secured a homestead a mile north of my farm. I recall an event he told of bachelor days as a homesteader. He lived in a dugout, had a horse, and grew a small field of cotton. He associated himself with a neighbor who had one horse, and had cotton to sell. They joined the horses to form a team, borrowed a wagon, and took the cotton to Edmond for sale, there being no market for it in Guthrie.

At Edmond they sold the cotton at about 90 cents per hundredweight, went to a grocery store, and inquired what hour the store would open the following day. They wanted to stock up on groceries for the winter, and get an early start home. The groceryman advised them to purchase supplies that evening, and leave them in the store until morning. Tracy bought about 200 pounds of flour, and the return trip was made.

Back at the dugout, Tracy found that during the night the groceryman had replaced the flour with shorts. There was no way to return the inferior product, and Tracy said he wintered on shorts.

Logan County records show that Pleasant Valley was built on the SE ¼ of Section 33. Bill Powers claimed the land as a homestead. For $1,200 he sold a relinquishment to Anna Campbell. Her father, G. W. Campbell, probably supplied the funds. Anna received a patent for the land on May 5, 1897. In October, 1899, she sold the east half of the quarter section to U. C. Guss of Guthrie, to be used as a site for the town of Campbell. Guss also purchased part of Section 34. On December 8, he deeded to the Eastern Oklahoma Railroad Company a strip 300 feet wide through the townsite. The town was surveyed by F. S. Pulliam who finished work on November 11.

Thus by 1900, Campbell was a town with a railroad. True to the custom of frontier towns, one of the first buildings was a saloon. Its chief clientele consisted of Irish workmen on the railroad. Business buildings of that time had the front end extended up as high as the gable.

Simon Walters owned the saloon. On the front of it was painted a man riding a two-humped camel, indicating the name of the town. The man wore a derby hat, and a deck of cards protruded from his pocket.

FOR A DECADE, beginning in 1910, Pleasant Valley had a hotel of fifteen rooms. A band of a dozen members was organized in 1912, and continued until 1918. In favorable weather, entertainment included baseball, boxing, and breaking horses to ride. This activity occurred mostly on Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

Beginning in 1920, Pleasant Valley had a township fair with free barbecue. Entertainment included horse races, foot races, sack races, etc. Each township was invited to take exhibits to the county fair at Guthrie. For ten years there was competition, with loving cups at stake. A township was required to win a cup for three years before owning it. Pleasant Valley won two cups and was holding a third at the end of the decade. Meridian and Navina each won one year. The cups were placed in the office of the county agent at Guthrie.

With contemporaries, I have seen the pageant of history pass by. In my yard is the homesteader's hut in which I was born. I saw Pleasant Valley rise from the prairie and grow to a population of 250. There I was postmaster and merchant. In the days of dirt roads, this village served a useful purpose. Hard roads and motor transportation changed the whole picture, and helped make Pleasant Valley a ghost town. I saw no less than forty-eight houses moved away. The post office closed about 1948. The Victory 68 School was reduced to one room at that time. Ten years later, the building was closed and the children were taken to Coyle. Today there is nothing to mark the site of Pleasant Valley except a few houses and ragged ruins in high grass. Many of the pioneers, such as Pat Welch, were laid to rest in nearby cemeteries.

Traditional stories of the days when outlaws rode across Cowboy Flat are passed down to each generation. The following is an illustration: A homesteader had two horses, and one night one was stolen. He had a son who was favorable to the outlaws. The son quietly investigated the matter, and within two weeks the horse was back in the pasture.

On Cowboy Flat, residents still point to landmarks and talk about the Sooners of 1889. Two Sooners looking for a location came upon the bluffs on the north bank of the Cimarron River, and viewed the beautiful valley of Cowboy Flat. When they approached the edge of the river, they heard bullets whistling, and concluded that other Sooners had seized control of the valley. The two men went north a few miles, found a nice creek bottom and decided to settle there. On the appointed day they staked claims. But when they found the corners and the lines were marked, they discovered that the good bottomland was on a farm adjoining theirs.

Close community ties are retained at Pleasant Valley. This is illustrated in the maintenance of the funeral flower fund, a practice in existence forty-five years. Individual contributions are made to the fund. When a death occurs in the vicinity, wreaths are sent marked "Pleasant Valley Community."

The sparse population on Cowboy Flat lives easier than their ancestors did. By 1940 people were heating their houses with propane gas and electricity. Virtually all homes have modern conveniences. A small population does not mean that the spirit of Pleasant Valley has declined. Scattered afar are sons and daughters who love her memory and cherish her history. In 1964, after a lapse of more than fifty years, no less than fifteen former students from eleven states gathered for a reunion at Victory 68. Community meetings are held there periodically by twenty-five families who live in the vicinity. The character of these people is reflected in the fact that in the Great Depression, not a farm in this community was foreclosed.

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(Continued from page 5)

on any western railroad. There's always something happening and no two days are the same. You can have twenty-nine days where nothin' much happens, then you'll have thirty days with very little rest.

I also enjoyed Olevia Myers' "Wash-day in Indian Territory." I was born in a log house, but larger than the one shown, and built of tamarack logs—which were peeled and dove-tailed on the corners by Dad with an old broad-axe. Porch posts were of peeled white ash with tar-paper roof, and beaverboard siding and ceiling inside the house. Basement wall was of local rock which was plentiful and basement floor was cement. It was warm in winter and a "natural sweat" kept it cool in summer—which was just right for Dad's batches of "home brew." The house was built in 1910 and is still occupied, but has no electricity or plumbing except for a cistern under the house. A genuine frontier homestead, still being used.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 88801.

Last of the Wards

Dear Mr. Small:

I read the story, "The Tragic Wards." We worked on a sheep ranch near Lay, Colorado. We lived on the old Cannon Ranch. I read the story just after shearing time, and suddenly realized I had been on the river bottom by the ranches mentioned.

Later my family went to the site of the old county bridge and to our surprise we saw a tombstone. It was enclosed in a rusty barb-wire fence and was put there by Mrs. Ward for her husband and son. It has not been defaced and is near where the old inn burned. I was raised in the Yampa Valley and know most of the country the story covers.—Bonnie Chivers, Bloomfield, New Mexico 87413.

The Pulps

Dear Sir:

"My Thirty Years as a Pulp Writer" by Walt Coburn completely captured the spirit of the departed Western pulp magazines. Today all one can find on the stands is an insignificant western romance magazine. Please keep your articles coming. How about featuring ones on the western single-character pulps like *Texas Rangers, Maverick, Range Rider, The Lone Ranger, Rio Kid* and the rest?

Rogers Terrill was at one time director and editor of some fourteen Popular Publications pulps. He is famous today for his "Terrill Terrorizers"—the *Terror Tales, Horror Stories* and *Dime Mystery* pulps which featured the bizarre and weird.

Terrill had this thing about art work. I can remember times when he would be in his office, a new story would come in, he would accept it, then pick up the phone, call his artist, and describe the illustrations that he wanted. I don't believe this artist even got to read the stories after they were printed. He had a weak stomach or something, I think, and Terrill's "Big Three" weren't for the weak-blooded.—Lohr McKinstry, 668 Park Street, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania 17815.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

my great-great-grandmother, Amanda Moore. She married James Ellis. If anyone can give me any information on the Carson-Moore tie-in, I would appreciate it.—Mrs. Charlene Fraser, Hoodcourse Acres, Mobile Estates, Wemme, Oregon 97067

Rynders-Lent

I would like to hear from anyone by the names of Rynders and Lent or any information they have about these families. Also the families of Corwin and Davis. These families traveled west years ago, but I do not know where they settled.—Mrs. Julia Breed, P. O. Box 330, Penn Yan, New York 14527

Taliaferro-Maynard

I am anxious to trace two old-time Hollywood cowboys, Hal Taliaferro also known as Wally Wales, and Kermit Maynard. Kermit was quite active in bit parts until a year or so ago, but all efforts to contact him have been in vain. —John M. Hall, 54 Reservoir Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16, England

Farrow

For many years I have tried to find out about my mother's grandparents. Her father's name was Frederick Farrow. Her mother's was Florence Weeks Farrow. Mother was born November 8, 1885 in Lawrence County, Arkansas. Her father was either killed or died when she was quite small and her mother brought up her two little girls. My mother and aunt went from Arkansas to Oklahoma somewhere around 1900; Grandmother then married a man named Carner. We never knew my mother's people on the Farrow side. My mother, Ester Alice Farrow, married Homer Coy Sanders (Saunders) from Texas in 1903. My grandmother Mattie Sanders is buried in Tucumcari, New Mexico.—Mrs. Jack Rusk, 2701 Lum Avenue, Bakersfield, California 93304

Moore-Benedict

My father, Robert R. (Bob) Brown, and his younger brother Jim went from Kentucky to Indian Territory (around Chickasha, Oklahoma) around 1900-1905. They were photographers and took many pictures of the Indians in that area. While in Oklahoma they acquired some land, but came back to Kentucky about 1906. Before by father's death, he often talked about his experiences there. I am also interested in the Benedict family who moved from the area of Belleville, Missouri in 1833. They went to Kentucky by wagon and horseback. By great-great grandmother was five years old at the time of the trek. She was Mary Benedict, but I don't know the names of any of her family. Very likely some of the elderly readers of this column could write me concerning the slaying of Squire Brown, born 1808, of Sumner County, Tennessee who was supposedly killed by "Jayhawkers" in Missouri or Kansas during the Civil War or just after. —Mrs. Edward C. Hamilton, 1166 Iva Street, Clearwater, Florida 33515

Nicholls

Alfred Paul Nicholls, Fred Nicholls and Annie L. Nicholls were three of the nine children of James Nicholls born April 1, 1826, died 1871, and Mary Nicholls, born July 29, 1829, died 1902. It is believed that they went west to the Denver, Colorado area, and then to California during the gold rush. Would also like any information concerning the Samuel N. Webb family who came west from the Ironwood and Negaunee area of northern Michigan in the late 1800s.—Leslie Nicholls, Jr., Route No. 1, Cascade, Montana 59421

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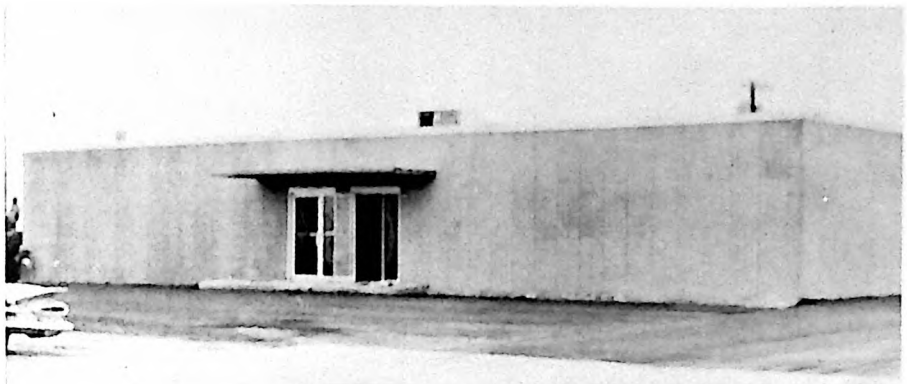

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